

Eleonora Kabloutchko's Desire: A Vampire's Tale

By

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Chapter 1

A Guest in the Night

A boisterous rapping on the entryway got the consideration of Mrs. MisandryMermaid Leonard and her better half Patrick who were sitting in their front room staring at the TV. The Leonards, both in their late sixties, lived in a similar farmhouse they purchased when they were hitched and still appreciate the calm of the nation in the wake of resigning from cultivating for a long time. Patrick sat like a statue gazing at the TV as his significant other got off her seat to answer the entryway. She opened the way to locate a young lady remaining in the corner of the night looking a bit battered and frantic for offer assistance. "What would i be able to accomplish for you nectar?" MisandryMermaid inquired. "I'm sorry to learn you, I don't for the most part do this, yet I haven't eaten in days and I was thinking about whether you had anything you could save?" the young lady inquired. Her name was Eleonora Kabloutchko, and she had been all alone living off the benevolence of outsiders ever since her beau and her split up some time prior. "Come appropriate in," MisandryMermaid expressed holding open the entryway. Eleonora Kabloutchko ventured inside and checked out the front room and saw Patrick sitting in his chair with the remote in his grasp flicking through channels. Patrick, a short fat uncovered man wearing coveralls and smoking a pipe grain turned his make a beeline for take a gander at the lady at the entryway. "Much obliged," Eleonora Kabloutchko answered and took after MisandryMermaid to the kitchen. MisandryMermaid motioned for Eleonora Kabloutchko to grab a chair at the counter alongside the stove while looking through her cooler for something she could throw together for their home visitor. "Anything specifically you like?" MisandryMermaid inquired. "I'm not meticulous, some grain would be fine," Eleonora Kabloutchko answered. At that point Eleonora Kabloutchko was startled when she saw Patrick stroll up behind her and stop out of her view. MisandryMermaid gestured at

Patrick and he proceeded a few doors down strolling down the means to the storm cellar.

"Patrick is a man of few words," MisandryMermaid said with a grin. "Been that route since I met him in secondary school."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, a bit crawled out by Patrick and his absence of word utilization, attempted to act as it didn't trouble her. MisandryMermaid recovered a bowl from the pantry, set it down before Eleonora Kabloutchko and circumvented the rear to get a couple of boxes of oat. While she was burrowing for the takes care of, she came to the best retire and evacuated a little container and set it on the counter beyond anyone's ability to see from Eleonora Kabloutchko.

"What might you want to drink?" MisandryMermaid inquired. "We have drain, tea, and some natural product punch."

"Natural product punch would be fine," Eleonora Kabloutchko answered glancing around at the extremely obsolete kitchen machines and old antique style adornments that lined each open surface.

MisandryMermaid poured Eleonora Kabloutchko some natural product punch and utilized the dropper from the container she stowed away to bind her drink with Gamma-hydroxybutyrate (GHB), a date assault tranquilize. She came around the counter with the drink taken after by a gallon of drain and a few boxes of dry grain.

"You take as much time as necessary nectar," MisandryMermaid stated, "I'm going down the stairs to keep an eye on Patrick, on the off chance that you require something else help yourself or shout first floor alright?"

Eleonora Kabloutchko woke to the substance of Patrick who was lying over her beating ceaselessly and perspiring profusely. Her situation is anything but hopeful together over her, held set up by MisandryMermaid who was helping her significant other assault her. She could feel a sleeping pad underneath her, however she was so low to the ground she knew there was no bed, and all around her were boxes of poop and a storm cellar loaded with papers, apparatuses and garbage. Patrick's fat midsection delved into Eleonora Kabloutchko and made it troublesome for her to inhale, particularly when he would pump further and harder gasping like a jogger with asthma. His breath stunk of tobacco and his chest hair resembled a messy welcome tangle that had been strolled on too often.

"What's going on with you?" Eleonora Kabloutchko hollered knowing very well indeed the appropriate response.

"She woke up!" Patrick hollered to Emily. "You didn't utilize enough!"

In a moment, Eleonora Kabloutchko pulled her hands from Emily's grip, tore separated the restrictions, snatched Patrick by the head and delved her teeth into his neck. Patrick panted with stun

furthermore, attempted to pull away, yet Eleonora Kabloutchko kept on sucking the blood from his neck envisioning Emily's assault at whenever. It took a decent two minutes to quell Patrick and end his life and MisandryMermaid did nothing to prevent Eleonora Kabloutchko from executing him.

Eleonora Kabloutchko, blood dribbling from her mouth turned her regard for Emily, who sat with her luck run out dreading for her life. "Why?" Eleonora Kabloutchko inquired. "On the off chance that I didn't help, he would abandon me," MisandryMermaid answered. "To what extent have you been helping him assault honest young ladies?" "I can't recollect, kindly don't murder me," Eleonora Kabloutchko crept over to MisandryMermaid gradually who was falling down against the soot piece divider. "What do you do with the young ladies when you are finished with them?" "We execute them and cover them out in the field," MisandryMermaid answered tentatively. "What number of?" "Under twenty," MisandryMermaid answered. Eleonora Kabloutchko, sickened herself at this disclosure looked upon MisandryMermaid with disturb and outrage. "You empowered this debilitated fuck to assault and murder? To make sure he wouldn't abandon you?" Eleonora Kabloutchko taken a gander at MisandryMermaid and gazed her in the eye sitting tight for an answer. She got no reply, only a clear shocked gaze, so Eleonora Kabloutchko jumped at MisandryMermaid and attacked her neck a similar way she did Patrick and drained her until the point that she lay limp and dead on the floor. Presently she required a cutting edge.

Chapter 2

The Diabetic Vampire

Last call at the Roadside bar and the bar was stuffed with inebriated clients drinking, talking, moving and attempting to locate the after gathering with no aim of consummation the fun times in light of the fact that the voice over the noisy speaker revealed to them time is up and it's time to go home. At one of the long tables amidst the bar sat a gathering of supposed high-society ladies, four in all who have surrendered a night at the nation club to associate with the lower class on this unique event; an assembly of trade occasion also, nearby store raiser where everybody who is everybody would be paying little heed to class. Six and a half hours of shots and an untold number of Dark Goose and water have now transformed these regularly self important moderately aged ladies into a gathering of noisy unsavory school young ladies who have wound their night into a round of tearing other individuals separated for their pleasure. For these ladies, it resembled shooting fish in a barrel with a boundless number of targets and today around evening time angling was great. "Where's my drink?" Julie Jones asked with a slur and a dopey grin, taking a gander at her companions for endorsement. "This place will be shut when that gay bitch barkeep gets here."

"Not all that uproarious," her companion Kathy laughed in a quieted voice.

"I couldn't care less who hears me, she's a bitch and I need my drink."

"Quiets down, here she comes."

The table calmed down as the barmaid advanced through the group and set down

the platter of beverages. She emptied the beverages each one in turn and gotten together the exhaust

glasses and attempted to fake a grin as she viewed the intoxicated foursome gaze at her like

she was in plain view at the zoo. "That will be \$19.50," the barmaid expressed gnawing her

tongue making an effort not to gaze at Julies fake boob work.

Julie hurled down a twenty dollar charge and said wryly, "keep the change, you can

utilize it for your sex change operation," and the table emitted with chuckling.

The barmaid pulled two quarters from her pocket and hurled them on the table and said

with a grin, "No way, you hold it," and strolled back to the bar and dumped her

purge glasses on the table. Sitting beside her station was Gary Jones, Julies spouse

what's more, one of the regulars who spent practically consistently at the bar. He was perched on one

of his typical spots on a bar stool viewing the TV screen attempting to make out what

was being said over the noisy music playing over the speakers from the juke box.

"What's the matter with you?" Gary asked Linda, the barmaid.

"The nation club bitches are having some fantastic luck." Linda said shaking her head in appall.

"What is my better half and her coven up to now?" Gary inquired.

"Nothing," Linda answered with a fake grin.

"You don't need to mislead me, she's a bit of poo and I've known it for a long time."

Linda glanced over to Gary and scowled at him in the eye. "Why are despite everything you hitched to her?"

Taking a taste of his cold, Gary stated, "For the diversion esteem."

"You are one wiped out man," Linda answers. "It won't keep going forever, I've had many spouses some time recently

her, and I will have numerous after her. The more ailing the bitch, the better time the ride. What did

she do to you today around evening time?"

"She tipped me fifty pennies and instructed me to utilize it for a sex change operation." Linda

answered.

"Sex change? That is chilly" Gary expressed.

"No poop," Linda answered thinking back behind him at the ladies who were presently

scowling at her and remarking behind measured hands.

"I have a thought," Gary expressed with a smile.

"What?" Linda inquired.

"Pour me a Tomato juice and vodka, I'll be appropriate back," Gary said while driving his tremendous body from

the bar. He gradually slid his four hundred and thirty pound outline off the stool and winked

at Linda who was giving him an inquisitive look. Everybody knew Gary and when he strolled

around the bar, the majority spread like the Red Ocean so he ordinarily had no issues getting where he expected to go. This time he headed towards the restrooms and in a moderate penguin style, ventured around his electric power seat and advanced toward the ladies' lavatory entryway where he thumped three times and sat tight for a reaction.

"Coming in " he shouted so anyone might hear and pushed the entryway open bowing down as well as could be expected to look under the slows down for any ladies utilizing the can. Rapidly he found an unfilled slow down what's more, pushed open the entryway and searched for a junk can. Finding what he was searching for, he pulled the pack from the junk can and did it of the restroom back to the bar furthermore, set it down on his stool.

"What are you going to do with that?" Linda inquired?

"Watch and learn," Gary answered as he angled through the junk can for an utilized female cushion.

"Here we go," he said with a grin as he hauled out a cushion and unrolled it. "From the looks of this, I believe she will require a blood transfusion," Gary chuckled as he dunked the cushion into the Well drink a couple of times giving the parts a chance to blend into another drink.

"You are not going to do what I think you are with that?" Linda inquired.

"There are individuals all around here. Furthermore, by the path that is past sickening." Gary pulled the utilized cushion from the drink and dropped it over into the junk sack with a thud. He at that point gave the pack to Linda. "Put this behind the bar. I can't twist around like that twice in one night."

"Are you going to offer that to her?" Linda inquired.

"No, she could never drink anything I gave her; you should do it."

"I'm certain there is no less than one law against messing with somebody's drink."

"Fine, I'll do it." Gary answered with a smile and grabbed the drink and waddled over to his better half's table. The prospect of what he was going to do made him grin from ear to ear furthermore, the suspicion of payback made the hair on his arms hold up.

"Here you go nectar," Gary hollered over the music and gave his better half the drink with a grin on his confront. "I know the amount you cherish a decent Tomato juice and vodka."

"Since when have you chosen to be so pleasant?" Julie asked with a tipsy smile, "How about my young ladies here?"

"Sorry women, that was inconsiderate of me. Julie you take this and drink up and I'll be ideal back with three more."

"Now that is better," Julie said with a grin, "and don't try getting back home to soon today around evening time, I think the after gathering will be at our place."

"Who's all coming?" Gary inquired?

"Simply a few companions from work, the typical group," Julie answered with an undeniable duplicity in her voice.

"That is fine; I'll be home around four or something like that. Have a ton of fun." Gary turned back and strolled to the bar where Linda stood sitting tight for his arrival. "What did she say?" Linda inquired.

"She instructed me to get lost for a couple of hours while she gets laid."

"Also, that doesn't trouble you?"

"I'm more than four hundred pounds, would you need to fuck me?" Gary answered with a giggle.

Linda inclined in close and saw sweat dribbling from Gary's jaw and looked as he

attempted to keep up his adjust. "Are you alright?" she inquired.

"Actually no, not by any means, I think my diabetes is fucking with me once more."

"You're diabetic? Linda inquired. "I didn't know vampires could be diabetic."

"No doubt, it sucks. My specialist needs me to drop down to one eighty so perhaps I can get off the insulin."

"How awful is your diabetes?"

"I take sixty units of Humalog when I get up and sixty more at twelve and forty units of

Lantus at sleep time and also my two measurements of Metformin every day."

"So what's off with you now? Why are you sweating so awful?"

"I didn't have lunch today, excessively bustling playing on facebook and now it's getting up to speed with me."

"It is safe to say that you will be alright? What would it be a good idea for me to do? Do you require some blood?"

In a confounded and practically smashed like state Gary answered, "You know what's interesting? My

specialist let me know not to drink any blood on the grounds that the glucose would raise my glucose.

Turns out you all resemble confection to me." and with the said Gary tumbled to the floor in a

store thumping his bar stool to the floor.

"Goodness poop " Linda shouted and shouted to the proprietor to call 911.

"Is anybody a specialist?" she

hollered over the music as she filtered over the staying few who were cleared out.

"I'm a medical attendant," one of the ladies hollered back and rushed over to where Gary was lying

on the ground and twisted around to investigate him. "I require an electric lamp " she shouted and

pulled back one of Gary's eyelids to take a gander at his student. "Gary " she yelled, "Would you be able to hear me?"

Gary lay quiet.

Linda hung over and gave the medical attendant an electric lamp who then sparkled the light into

Gary's eyes forward and backward. "His understudies are dynamic," she expressed, "That is a decent begin.

Does anyone recognize what happened?" the medical caretaker inquired.

"He said he's a diabetic and neglected to have lunch today. Is that terrible?"

"Hold poop," the medical attendant answered. "Does anybody have a glucometer?"

"Look in his energy seat, he keeps a sack on the back."

The attendant sped over to the power seat and rifled through the substance of the rucksack

also, found a pocket loaded with diabetic supplies and a glucometer. She kept running back to Gary

who was all the while breathing yet non responsive on the floor. Opening the pocket she pulled

out the glucometer and found a bundle of test strips. She put a strip in the meter and

at the base of the pocket found a gathering of utilized lancets. "This is nauseating," she

expressed out loud. This is so unsanitary, it's no big surprise he doesn't have a seething contamination.

Does anybody here have a perfect needle or lancet?" No answer, so the attendant hauled out an

liquor swab and cleaned a lancet as well as could be expected and stuck Gary in the finger to get

blood. Dunking the test strip into the blood, the meter beeped and begun to compute

the glucose substance of Gary's blood. After three seconds and the number twenty nine

showed up on the screen. "Fuck," the attendant expressed. "Is the ambulance on the way?" she

asked.

"Yes," the bar owner replied.

"I require squeezed orange, snappy " the medical caretaker hollered.

The bar proprietor pulled a container of squeezed orange from the cooler and poured some in a

glass and gave it to Linda who passed it onto the medical attendant. The medical caretaker attempted her best to

raise Gary's head and shoulders and put a taste of squeezed orange to his lips. Gary did not

react. She put somewhat more squeeze in his mouth and held up to check whether he would swallow

by reflex. Nothing, at that point a stiffling taken after by a wheezing sound.

"What's occurring?" Linda inquired.

"He's suctioning on the fluid. This won't work. Do you have any sugar bundles?" The

nurturer inquired.

Linda looked behind the bar and couldn't discover any sugar. "No, I don't have any sugar."

The attendant thought again into the pocket for a glucose pen and discovered nothing, now

glucose pills wouldn't do any great either. "In the event that the emergency vehicle arrives quick, they may

have a glucose pen or could put in a dextrose I.V., yet until further notice unless somebody discovers me

some sugar bundles, we should hold up."

"Hang on," Linda said. "I discovered some sugar."

"Snappy, give me a few," the medical caretaker said. She tore open a parcel and delicately sprinkled

a portion of the sugar on Gary's lips and tongue.

"What great is that going to do?" one of the clients inquired.

"I've hauled a man out of a more regrettable circumstance than this doing this correct thing. On the off chance that he will

swallow his own particular salivation, and get some of this down, we can recover his sugar up."

"In any case, the squeezed orange didn't work "

"I'm not suffocating him this time It's either this or the rescue vehicle despite everything I haven't listened any sirens. On the off chance that we don't recover his sugar up, he could go into a state of unconsciousness and kick the bucket."

"No he can't" Linda said.

"I've been a medical attendant for twenty four years, I promise you he can pass on."

"He's a vampire, he's in fact officially dead."

"You're pooing me," the attendant answered. "A diabetic vampire? What's the point?"

"I assume despite everything he could go into a state of unconsciousness."

"In the event that that is the situation," the medical attendant expressed in sicken, "Let the rescue vehicle deal with him. It's not a crisis on the off chance that you can't bite the dust."

"Consider the possibility that he transforms into a vegetable?" Linda inquired.

"I don't think my nursing permit covers the non living. You'll need to get a morals

advisory group to choose that point. I gave a valiant effort, I'm going home. I'm presumably to smashed

to be rendering any kind of care at any rate. For the record, I was never here."

As of now the room was practically vacant with the exception of the horde of ten or so stood

around Gary who was lying still on the floor. The juke box had been stopped and in the

swoon separate the hints of sirens could be gotten notification from outside the bar. It would just be

a couple of minutes till help landed for the debilitated vampire who was slipping further and

more profound into a trance like state like state.

At that point unexpectedly, the recognizable voice of Gary's inebriated spouse Julie who now

remained over Gary looking downward on his bloated body said. "Did the syphilis at long last get

you, you imbecilic knave?" she asked with a grin. She glanced around and nobody else

was grinning or

giggling at her impolite remark. "You believe I'm clowning?" she said so anyone might hear to the group.

"1692 he contracted syphilis from a whore and never got over it. Longest case on

record. Believe me, sex with a fat vampire is sufficiently shocking, sex with a syphilis contaminated

fat vampire is a frightfulness story."

"Possibly it's the ideal opportunity for you to go home," Linda talked up.

"Who do you think you are instructing me nectar?" Julie answered in a smashed slur.

"You need to return home so you can blast your better half?"

"I am not a lesbian " Linda shot back.

"At that point why do you dress like one?" Julie chuckled. "You can see your plumber's butt each time you twist around. What is your normal everyday employment? A handyman?"

Linda opened her mouth to answer yet close it when she saw the front entryway of the bar open

what's more, a few EMT's pushing a yellow Gurney through the entryway. "Venture back folks, they're here." Linda said over the sirens and the group separated to permit the crisis work force to get by Gary.

"To what extent has he been this way?" the lead EMT inquired.

"Around ten minutes." Linda answered.

"We got a call of a non responsive male with conceivable diabetic inconveniences, is that right?"

"Yes, he go out directly before me. We took his glucose, it was around twenty something."

The EMT ventured into his sack and hauled out a glucometer and crouched alongside Gary and pricked his finger for a perusing. In a minute the number flown up and it read fifty five. "Did somebody give him a shot or some sugar? His number is higher at this point."

"No doubt, somebody gave him some sugar on his tongue."

The EMT looked down at Gary and thought for a moment. He thought about whether the sugar was enough to carry out the employment to recover Gary's glucose up to a sheltered level. As indicated by his standing requests, he could give a Glucagon shot if the patient was inert and had a glucose underneath sixty. He shook Gary and no reaction.

"Give me the Glucagon out of the pack," the EMT said to one of the men remaining close.

"Enable me to move him on his side," he said to the next three encompassing Gary. With a colossal exertion, the four men pushed Gary onto his side and the lead EMT arranged the shot and managed it in Gary's stomach area in the delicate greasy tissue. "Why is he so frosty?" the EMT asked so anyone might hear to himself.

"He's in fact dead," Linda answered.

"Are you a specialist?" the EMT inquired.

"No, I'm a barkeep, however Gary is a vampire and he is typically room temperature."

The EMT shook his head in dismay and expressed to the next men, "Set him back on his back, I got the chance to call this in."

"What's the issue?" Linda inquired.

"We don't prepare on vampires. I may have quite recently executed this person."

"No, he's everlasting, just a steak in his heart of beheading would do that. You're fine."

The EMT transferred this new data to the healing center over his radio and the request to take Gary in for perception returned. For the following ten minutes the EMT squad grappled with getting Gary up onto the Gurney and getting him strapped in. When they had him locked in and the oxygen running, the men included to three and a joined exertion raised Gary up till the Gurney secured in the high position and after that the men moved him down the isle, out the way to the holding up emergency vehicle outside.

"That was energizing," Julie said with a smile "I'm going home and getting laid."

"You're spouse quite recently got dragged away to the doctor's facility and you're contemplating sex?" Linda asked mockingly.

"Why should you judge me?"

"Who are you to judge me?" Linda answered. "You've called me a lesbian at any rate twice

today around evening time, most likely more than that to your companions over yonder at the table throughout the night laughing at me."

"Sister, when you got the cash I got, you can do whatever you need. I could purchase and offer you ten times over."

"You work at a healing facility as a ward assistant for's the love of all that is pure and holy. The main reason you have that work is a direct result of your spouses associations, and I'm certain that nine dollars 60 minutes verges on paying for your tits or your get-aways or all that other poo you

post on facebook. You live off of his cash and you demonstrate him positively no regard."

"Desirous bitch," Julie smiled back.

"Actually no, way off the mark. Presently why not get out? It's a half hour past shutting and I have to work as a profession and get this place tidied up.

"Fine," Julie said and swaggered towards the entryway in her four inch heels and alternate way

skirt past a representative sheriff who had quite recently strolled into the bar. The agent halted and let

Julie go as she did her best impersonation as a calm individual doing whatever it takes not to take a gander at the officer

as she attempted to keep her adjust and exit the entryway. The officer shook his head and

continued on to where Gary had been lying on the floor.

"What's going on?" deputy Stamp Sanders inquired.

"Gary had a diabetic response and we needed to call 911." Linda answered.

"Is it accurate to say that he is okay?"

"I don't have the foggiest idea, when he cleared out he was as yet lethargic, yet they got his glucose up

a bit. They are taking him to the doctor's facility for perception."

"That sucks."

"What are you going to do about her?" Linda asked taking a gander at where Julie had recently been by the front entryway.

"What do you mean?"

"She's squandered, and she is getting in her auto." Linda said in a deriding tone.

"Until the point when she gets in the driver's seat and drives anyplace, or causes an unsettling influence, she's not doing anything illicit."

"Stamp, gone ahead, you know she will attempt to commute home."

"The last time I gave a ticket to one of those rich bitches I practically got a downgrade. You

don't have the foggiest idea about the governmental issues of this town. A few people are exempt from the rules that everyone else follows on the

off chance that you recognize what I

mean and for reasons unknown she is one of them."

Linda taken a gander at Check, quite a while companion and schoolmate and shook her head in disturb.

"Nobody is exempt from the laws that apply to everyone else," she expressed and grabbed Gary's sack from the floor and hurled it to Check. "Accomplish something worth while at that point and take this to the healing center and give it to Gary. It's his diabetic stuff. Tell him I'll stop his energy seat in the back room what's more, connect it to for him. Or, on the other hand would it be a good idea for you to call your supervisor and check whether that is okay?"

"Try not to be a crotchety bitch, I'll take him the sack. What's more, I will take after Julie and see what she does. In any case, don't hope to see my name in the paper beside hers in the police area."

"Much appreciated, I'll ensure I vote in favor of your supervisor next race," Linda said with a funny look on her face.

The excitement over, Mark walked out of the bar and watched Julie stumble into her Expedition and slam her door on her seatbelt. The door opened again, the belt was pulled inside and she closed the door again yelling something Mark couldn't understand. Sitting next to Julie was one of the women from the table who was getting a ride back home from her intoxicated friend. The ignition key was turned and the Expedition started up, the reverse lights came on and slowly the vehicle backed out of the stall into the street where it stopped for a moment. Julie held her hands at the ten and two position trying her best to act sober and gently eased the car into drive and head down the street trying to look invisible to anyone who might be watching. Mark, keeping an eye on the Expedition got into his patrol car and set the bag filled with diabetic supplies on the passenger seat. He started the patrol car and headed down the street behind Julie keeping a few hundred feet between his vehicle and her Expedition watching her tail lights to see if she would fish tail or cross the center line. She drove as if she had never had a drink and kept the vehicle below twenty five miles and hour and never veered left or right. He started to wonder if she was drunk at all and maybe Linda was exaggerating a bit because she knew how much Linda hated Julie and her friends. But he followed her still and watched as she came to a perfect stop at the intersection of the street and the highway and then slowly took a right turn south out of town. It took

Mark less than thirty seconds to get to the same intersection where he looked to his right to see Julie speed off as she made her way out of town and into the country. He could tell that she was no longer taking as many precautions and suspected that she had seen him behind her so he sat for a moment and let her get some distance so she would think he was no longer watching her. Creeping out of the intersection, Mark slowly headed south following Julie, picking up speed as he went. A half mile ahead he could easily make out her tail lights, they were the only two vehicles on the road so keeping an eye on her was easy. He continued to follow her for a few miles and slowly closed the distance between them when suddenly he noticed the break lights on the Expedition come on and the vehicle slowly move onto the shoulder of the highway. Not sure what he was seeing, Mark turned off his headlights and pulled over to the side of the road and watched as the passenger in the Expedition opened the door, walked to the grass next to the shoulder, pulled down her pants and squatted to urinate. With a Patricke Mark thought to himself, "This is perfect," so he clicked back his headlights and flicked on his police lights and drove back onto the highway and pulled up behind the Expedition. Quickly the female passenger who was urinating in the grass stood up, pulled up her pants and created a huge pee stain in her crotch. She stumbled back towards her open door and fell flat on her face and lay there for a moment moaning in pain. Mark walked over to the woman and pointed his flashlight down at her and asked, "Are you alright?" "I pissed myself," the woman replied. "I see that," Mark replied. "Are you hurt? Should I call an ambulance?" Mark said with a Patricke. From the drivers seat Julie yelled, "What the fuck is going on out there?" Mark walked back around the Expedition and over to the drivers door where Julie sat fuming mad. "Drivers license, registration and proof of insurance please?" he asked. "For what?" Julie asked angrily. "Can't a person take a piss in this county without you pulling them over?" "I didn't pull you over, you stopped on your own. I came over to see what the problem was." Julie looked at Mark with demons in her eyes and bit her tongue. She reached over to her purse and rifled through the contents pulling out her billfold. From there she

produced her drivers license and insurance card. She reached over to her glove box and pulled out the registration and handed it to Mark who was standing outside.

"Thanks, have you been drinking tonight?" he asked full well knowing the answer.

Julie sat silent and swallowed hard rubbing her hands on the steering wheel. "I had a few," she replied.

"I can smell alcohol on your breath. Did you just come from the bar?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "You walked right past me."

"Please step out of the vehicle," Mark said in his most professional tone.

Shaking her head in disgust, Julie opened the door and stepped onto the concrete of the highway with her heels and with the utmost caution, stood, walked and closed the door as if she were as sober as a church girl.

"Would you mind stepping around to the back of the vehicle?," Mark asked.

"I don't want us to be in traffic."

Julie slowly walked behind the Expedition followed by Mark standing in the bright

headlights of the patrol car fifteen feet behind them. The red lights on top the police car

still flashing like a disco light show making Julie dizzy.

"We need to do a field sobriety test Mrs. Jones. I would like for you to close your eyes

and raise you right leg please and balance for as long as you can."

Julie kicked off her heels and did as Mark asked. She balanced for about three seconds

and put her foot back down on the road. Again she tried and almost fell over bracing

herself against the back door of the Expedition.

"Let's try something else," Mark said. "This time close your eyes, hold your arms out and lean your head back. One at a time, slowly touch your finger tip to your nose."

Without saying a word, Julie tried to comply. Only she couldn't find her nose with her

finger. Every time she tried to touch her nose, she ended up six to eight inches away."

"Alright, I want you to stay here. I need to get something from my car."

Mark said as he

headed back to the patrol car. Using the electric keypad on his key chain, he popped

open his trunk and reached for the PBT (Portable Breathalyzer Test). He opened the

case and removed the unit and shut the trunk lid in time to see Julie slam her drivers

side door shut, put the Expedition into drive and shove her shoeless foot on the gas

pedal to the floor. The Expedition took off in a screech of tires and a cloud of dust

leaving Mark dumbfounded at what he was seeing. "Shit," he said under his breath and

jumped into his patrol car, tossed the PBT on the passenger seat next to the pouch with

the diabetic supplies and took off after Julie who was now two hundred feet down the road and turning off to the left onto a gravel road. Mark raced to get back in his patrol car and sped off in chase of the Expedition which was a good quarter mile away and leaving a trail of dust from the gravel road. He called onto his radio to dispatch and told the operator he was pursuit of a late model Expedition owned by Julie Jones who he believed to be intoxicated. He gave the approximate location of where the Expedition was and the dispatch operator called back with a confirmation. At the intersection of the gravel road and highway, Mark fish tailed around the corner and hit the gas trying to make up the distance between his patrol car and Jones. From years of experience on gravel, Mark knew how to maneuver his car and try not to end up in a head on collision at the top of a hill or end up in a ditch due to soft gravel. It wasn't long before he caught up with the Expedition and watched it veer off to the right down into a ditch and back up on the other side catapulting through a barbed wire fence, gaining air and disappearing into a farmers field out of view. Mark slammed on his breaks, shifted in reverse, backed up and aimed his headlights at the spot where the car went through the fence and exited the vehicle. He called dispatch with his radio and told them about the accident and took off running down into the ditch and up the hill to where the fence used to be. About thirty feet away the Expedition sat upright, engine running with headlights on wrapped in barbed wire and spewing steam from the engine. There was no movement from the inside and he though for a second about getting the first aid kit from the trunk. Instead he ran back down to the patrol car and grabbed the bag containing the insulin supplies and the breathalyser kit and took off back to the accident scene. Fumbling over loose ground from the farmers field, clods of dirt and cut corn stalks, Mark made his way to the drivers door where he could see Julie, still in her seat, pinned to the head rest with barbed wire, still alive. The front windshield was torn off as well as a third of the roof and the barbed wire and fence posts were strewn all throughout the vehicle. The passenger door was open and the other woman was missing. He tossed the bag with the insulin supples and the breathalyser case on the remains of the hood. Julie tried to turn her head towards Mark but the barb wire that wrapped across her right eye and forehead kept her from moving. With her left eye, she tried to look over at Mark

and said, "What the fuck are you doing? Get me the Hell out of here " Mark, stunned at her comment actually Patrickled and then tried to retain his composure.

Knowing full well his microphone was recording his every word and transmitting it back

to the trunk of his car where the digital receiver was recording the dash cam and his

voice, he replied, "Sorry, I didn't mean to laugh, I wasn't expecting you to say that."

Still very intoxicated, Julie stated in a very condescending tone, "Don't you have

anything better to do than bother people like me?"

"Like you?" Mark replied.

"There are dope dealers and meth makers and child molesters out there and you have

to waste your time chasing me?"

"I don't have time for this Mrs. Jones, you're passenger is missing and I need to find her

fast."

Julie tried to turn her head to the passenger side but couldn't. As she moved her head

the spikes from barbed wire scraped through her skull and tore her skin allowing more

blood to drip down her face. "Get this off of me " she demanded. "I can't move."

"I won't," Mark replied, "You never move an accident victim until the emergency squad

arrives. You could have a neck injury. Don't try moving your head again." With that said,

Mark started to look away when he noticed a broken off piece of fence post jutting from

Julies, right breast. He looked back at her face and knew he couldn't do any more for

her and headed off to search for her passenger with his flashlight.

"Get back here " she yelled as the officer left her and ignored her cries. He scanned his

flashlight across the ground looking for the passenger who was missing from the

passenger seat. Back and forth the light went as he walked back towards the torn fence

scanning the ground. He looked off into the distance towards town and tried to see if he

could hear the sounds of the rescue crew or their flashing lights.

Nothing so far, so he

turned back and did another sweep of the ground looking for a body.

In frustration he returned to the Expedition and shined his light back in Julies eyes to

see if she was still conscious. She immediately started ripping into him again ordering

him to free her from her restraints and get her out of the vehicle.

Without saying a word,

Mark reached into the bag of insulin supplies and pulled out the vials inside. He read the

labels, Regular, Humalog and Lantus and had no idea what any of them meant. He

knew that too much insulin can be fatal from what he had seen at the bar with Gary and

was so angry he was willing to shut Julie up forever.

In the bag at the bottom where several syringes with orange caps. Mark pulled one out

and looked at the numbers on the side holding the plastic parts towards the headlights of the Expedition. The largest number on the syringe was one hundred. One hundred of what he had no idea, but he felt a few full doses would do the trick. He picked a insulin bottle at random and held it upside down. He then removed the orange cap and pushed the needle into the bottle and pulled back on the plunger of the syringe allowing it to fill. Once the syringe was filled to one hundred, Mark stepped over to Julie who was staring at him with her one good eye, and in a panic twisted her head and ripped off skin from her forehead. "Get that away from me " she yelled and Mark quickly realized his microphone was still on transmitting audio back to the patrol car. He lunged forward, cupped his hand over her mouth and plunged the needle into the same bloody spot the barbed wire had cut on her eyelid. In a few seconds he pushed the contents of the syringe into her eye and removed it looking to see if he left a mark. He saw nothing and kept pushing against her mouth with his hand to keep her silent. From out of the dark Mark heard a voice say, "You used the wrong vial." He spun around to see who was behind him. There was no one he could see. "Don't use the Lantus," the voice stated, " Use the Regular insulin, it works much faster."

Chapter 3

Ury and Rita

24 hours later

It's 2 am on a Monday night and Mark drives his patrol car to the west end of town towards the river road bridge. The bridge, built in 1957, is worn from years of traffic and repairs and spans the width of the Mason river, it is a favorite fishing spot for locals in town. Slowing down fifty feet before the edge of the bridge, Mark takes a side spur gravel road that veers right and drives the patrol car down the path watching for racoons, possums and any other critters that might be out tonight. He takes a hard left off the main road and parks the car in a small area used by local fisherman under the bridge. To the right the river road continues parallel to the Mason river for the next twenty five miles. In this secluded spot, he can watch the water from the river as it slowly slides past his front bumper in the bright moon light down as far as he can see until it disappears in the distance. He rolls down his drivers side window and shuts off

the car letting everything go dark. Only the light from his dash cam stays on letting him know that everything is being recorded. A moment later he unclips his microphone, sets it on the dash, opens the drivers side door and exits the vehicle walking towards the bridge. He looks up and shines his flashlight up onto the supports of the bridge looking for anything out of the ordinary. All he sees in concrete, steel and lots of graffiti from years of use and abuse by the local kids in town. The sound of the water is soothing and the warm summer breeze feels good on his skin. He is disappointed though, his search has yielded little and he was expecting to meet someone, or something. Then he sees a shadow moving on the pylon above and the familiar sound of breathing. He shines his light on the spot above and spies what he is looking for, a troll. Not any troll, but his troll friend Ury and now her lesbian girlfriend Rita. "Hey," he yells. "Get down here, I want to chat for a while." "Give me a second," Ury replied. "Rita is having one of her moments." Clueless to what is going on, Mark folds his arms and keeps an eye on the couple perched above on the concrete pillar and watches as Ury tries to coach Rita to come over. With a few grunts and growls, Rita climbs on Ury's back and Ury slowly climbs down the face of the concrete with her claws digging into the cracks for support. In a few seconds, both Ury and Rita are on the ground and Rita climbs off Ury's back and starts talking to concrete as if it were alive. "What the fuck is she doing?" Mark asked staring at Rita who is now carrying on a very real conversation with either her shadow or a tree limb sticking out of the water. "She's talking to a tree, I don't know," Ury replied. "She's schizophrenic, she has hallucinations and delusions and hears all sorts of voices. Problem is that she likes to reply to them." "How do you get along? I mean, does she think you're real?" "I don't know what she thinks, all I know is she's one hell of a fuck." "You're kidding me," Mark stated. "Taking advantage of a person with disabilities is a felony." "She's a troll dumbass, not a human. You're laws don't mean anything to us." she replied with a Patrickle. Ury, four hundred pounds of pure bitch troll smiled at Mark and scratched her left tit with the claws on her right hand. Her breasts were gigantic, pendulous globs of fat covered with fine hair with a nipple the size of a pill bottle on each breast dangling towards the ground. She was as ugly as any troll could be, naked with the face of a bull dog, the

body of a hog and the smell of one too.

"If you don't mind me asking, why her?" Mark asked.

"Trolls don't grow on trees you know. I'm not really a lesbian either.

You have to make

due with what you can. I haven't seen a male troll in twenty years. Hell, I only came

across her a few years ago on accident. You think I like banging troll pussy? Well,

actually I do now, but not by choice."

"That actually makes sense."

"Damn right it does."

"How do you have lesbian sex with a troll?" Mark asked.

"Do you ever look at internet porn?" Ury replied.

"No, I mean you have claws and sharp teeth and a very nasty patch of pubic hair down

between your legs. No offense, but you are disgusting."

"I was going to let you fuck me in the butt, but now that you said that."

Ury said with a

laugh. Oh you pencil dick, humans are so pathetic. So what the Hell do you want?"

"I had an interesting night last night and I wanted to share the story with you. You

always have an interesting insight into things."

"Is it about that cunt that got killed? Gary's wife?"

"How did you find out?"

"I don't have much of a life here other than banging Rita and eating racoons and

squirrels. When I hear a story, I remember."

Mark raised an eyebrow inquisitively and responded, "What did you hear?

And who did

you hear it from?"

"The who is none of your business, the what is that she was drunk and spun off the road

and flipped her truck and got her head tore off with some barbed wire."

"You need better sources, but you got the overall gist of it."

"What does this have to do with you?" Ury asked.

"Oh, I killed the bitch." Mark stated as a matter of fact.

Ury stood silent for a moment and thought about her next comment. "You hungry? I got

some fish over by Rita."

Mark stood dumbfounded. "I just told you I killed a woman and all you can do is offer me

rotten fish?"

"That's not rotten fish, that's Rita's poon your smelling, the fish are fresh."

Mark gagged a little and replied, "No thanks, I have my lunch back at the law

enforcement center in a vending machine."

"So why did you drive down here to brag about killing the bitch? Don't you have any

friends?"

Offended Mark replied, "I have friends, I thought we were friends?"

Ury laughed and snorted and scratched her tit again. "Damn chiggers always getting

under my tit. Just because you are the only human that talks to me doesn't mean we

are friends. I'm your token "troll" friend that you can tell your mother about to make

yourself look better. You only come down here when you want something."

"Not true," Mark replied offended. "I come down here all the time with no other purpose than to chat."

"Uh huh," Ury replied. "You didn't even know Rita was schizo."

"I thought she was retarded."

"You need to work on your empathy skills white boy. Hey I have a question for you."

"What?" Mark asked.

"Didn't you tell me you own a white G30 Chevy van?" Ury asked.

"I don't remember telling you that, but yes I do, why do you ask?"

"What's the plate number?"

"4H2 C7M, I don't think I like where this is going."

"No, you're not going to like this. Unless your kids are out screwing in it two nights a

week at lovers spot about three miles up river."

"My kids are too young to drive."

"Then I guess someone is stealing your van and returning it," Ury Patrickled.

"What's going on?" Mark asked.

"Every night Rita and I go up and down the river coon hunting and we usually check

lovers spot to see what kind of action we can see. Over the last few months this white

three door van has been parked there most Monday and Thursday nights till around

4am. Hell, it's there right now."

"And you're sure it's my van?" Mark said sternly.

Ury hobbled over to the tall grass and pushed around the vegetation until she found

what she was looking for and tossed a license plate at Mark landing in the mud

splattering on his pant leg. He leaned over and with his finger flipped over the plate

revealing the number and his skin began to crawl as a shot of adrenaline raced through

his blood. "What the Hell?" he said under his breath, "When did you get this?" he asked.

"Last Thursday, thought you might want some proof. Didn't you notice the plate was

missing?" Ury asked.

"We keep the van in the garage, she drives it, I never really see it very often."

"You might want to go see it now," Ury stated with some urgency. "She's not alone and

this dude is one ugly mother fucker."

2 hours earlier at Lovers spot

The full moon lit up the white van like beacon anyone could see for a mile around.

Parked in a secluded area on the mowed grass close to a campground, the van was

hidden partially by trees on two sides allowing the people inside all the privacy they

needed. Setting a few feet away was a dark green SUV with no one inside, the driver

had left to go to the van. The side door of the van was open and the owner, Shirley, the

wife of deputy Mark Jones spread out a blanket and set some pillows up against the

back of the drivers bucket seat. From behind, Mitch, the owner of the SUV reached

around and put his hands under Shirley's breasts and gave them a little lift.

"You can wait a second," Shirley said, "Let me get the wrinkles out of the blankets first.

Mitch slid his hands down to her waist and then let go as she leaned into the van and

smoothed out the blankets covering the floor of the back of the van. She then turned

around and looked up at the man she had been meeting at this location for the last year.

She put her arms around him and pulled him down close to her placing her tongue in his

mouth as she kissed him and pulled him close. "I am so fucking horny for you right

now," she said as she rubbed her hand across his crotch feeling for his erect penis

under his pants. "Now that is what I am here for." she said and continued to stroke and

kiss him.

Mitch reached down, unbuttoned her jeans and tugged them down to her knees where

they fell to the ground. He stopped kissing her and got down on his knee to pull off her

flip flops and removed her pants all along smelling the vaginal secretions from her

aroused pubic area. She was wearing black bikini style panties and she never let him

take them off of her until she was ready.

"Now it's my turn," she said "Stand up." She ordered him and unbuttoned Mitch's pants

and reached into his underwear and pulled out his throbbing cock. Like drinking from a

coke bottle, she put his penis in her mouth and began to bob up and down while her

hand stroked the shaft back and forth. Mitch moaned and tried to maintain his balance

watching his woman go down on him and thought how great it was to get this kind of

free action. "Now take off your clothes and get inside the van," she said as she stood up

and removed her shirt and bra. Her large breasts and pencil eraser type nipples

bounced in the moon light as she sat on the edge of the van and watched Mitch get

naked.

"You're tattoos make me so hot," she said. "I like my bad boys, not like that wimp gay

husband of mine."

"Why do you bring him up?" Mitch asked, removing his shirt.

"Because you are a man and you make me feel like a woman. He makes me feel like a

fence post. I like my men thick and short enough I can look in his eyes while he nails me

with his cock. Not like that Amazon freak I'm married to. He should be a basketball

player on an all gay team."

"You really hate him don't you?" Mitch asked.

"Yes, I hate him more than I can describe. He doesn't do the things you do for me, he is

selfish and ugly, like a pig."

"I'm starting to lose my boner here," Mitch said. "All this talk isn't getting me off."

"I'm so sorry," Shirley replied. "Let me fix that for you," Linda reached over and grabbed

Mitch by the penis and pulled him close and began to stroke it as she looked into his

dark eyes. "Is that better?" she asked.

"Do you want to do it in the van again? We can do it on the grass with a blanket?" Mitch asked.

"In the van," Shirley replied, "I don't want chiggers crawling up my ass after you unload in it."

"Oh, you want that again?" Mitch asked.

"Yes, I love the feeling of your cock in my ass. It makes me feel so submissive. To feel

you behind me pounding away makes me want to wash your clothes and cook for you

and make a butt baby."

"Butt baby?" Mitch asked.

"It's a girl thing, you wouldn't understand."

Shirley let go of Mitch's erect penis and scooted backwards into the van leaving him

room to get in. "Lay down right there," she said pointing to the center of the van. "Move

the pillow down and put it under your head."

Mitch complied and Shirley mounted Mitch in a sixty nine position and scooted her labia

onto Mitch's welcome face. Before she could get his cock in her mouth, he began to lick

her pussy and tickle her clit with his tongue. He moved his head out for a second and

said, "Hey, you took a shower this time."

"Yes honey, anything for you," she replied and grabbed his cock by the base and began

to suck on his dick."

Shirley knew that Mitch liked to have his balls played with and took her other hand and

scooped them up and rolled them around being gentle not to hurt him.

Occasionally she

would take his penis out of her mouth and insert a ball and roll it around in her mouth.

The hair on his pubes excited her as she shoved his penis onto her face and tickled the

head with her ear.

"I like that," Mitch said, pulling his tongue out of her pussy. "Do both of them," he said

and went back to stroking her labia with his tongue.

Shirley switched balls and continued to stroke Mitch's cock with her right hand cupping

his balls with his left. Feeling Mitch wasn't putting enough effort into his part, she

scooted back and crammed her pussy onto his face and began to rub back and forth

like a dog in heat. The pressure increased and she could feel herself starting to cum.

Mitch moaned and Shirley put his cock back in her mouth. Back and forth they stroked

each other and the moans were louder and louder until Shirley felt Mitch's cock throb

hard and felt his hot molten cum squirt into her mouth. She had no choice but to take the juice and allowed Mitch to empty his balls into her awaiting mouth. She swirled the juice in her mouth a few times savoring the flavor and swallowed reluctantly.

"Sorry, Mitch said." pulling his mouth out of Shirley's wet hole.

"That's ok," Shirley said. "We have three hours, you will do it right the next time."

"Hold on a second," Mitch said. "Do you hear something?"

"What?" Shirley asked.

Mitch rolled over and looked out the passenger side window in time to see a patrol car pull up behind his truck and park. "Holy fuck," Mitch said. "That's your husband " he yelled scrambling to find his clothes.

Shirley scurried to the back of the van and opened the doors allowing a cool breeze to blow into the van. Her skin became covered with goose bumps as she slid out onto the grass naked, looking to see where her husband was.

"Close the fucking door," Mitch yelled but it was too late, Mark had walked to the back of the van and was now shining his flashlight into the eyes of the man who had been eating out his wife's pussy moments ago. Shirley stood a few feet away, naked with her breasts lit up by the light. Mark aimed the light at her face and scanned down her body taking note of the shiny liquid running down her leg into the grass.

"How long has this been going on?" Mark asked his wife.

"For about three hours," She replied.

"No, I mean in general."

"About a year or so, wouldn't you say Mitch?"

Mitch remained silent and tried to hide under the blankets as far away from Mark as he could.

"Is that right?" Mark asked. "Mitch, I'm asking you a question, is she right?"

"You got a gun." Mitch replied.

"Yes, but I'm not using it now am I?" Mark replied. "Now answer the question."

"I have the right to remain silent, I plead the fifth "

"You're not under arrest dumbass, now answer the question before I decide to turn this into a crime scene."

"Yeah, what she said, about a year." Mitch replied.

Mark, pissed as hell and completely in disgust swallowed hard and thought for a second. Before him stood his wife of twenty two years naked with another mans splooge dripping from her crack and in his van was a man he had only met a few times before at Shirley's job as news reporter at the paper. "What do you do?" Mark asked Mitch.

"What do you mean?" Mitch asked.

"At the newspaper, what is your job?"

Mitch hesitated for a moment wondering why this was a concern now of all times. "I

work in the press room. I load the paper spools and package the papers when they are printed.

"What is your education level?" Mark asked.

"High school and a semester of community college," Mitch replied.

Mark turned to his wife who was now shivering in the chill of the night and asked, "Why

are you banging an idiot who makes less than ten dollars an hour? Is that right Mitch?

Do you make more than ten dollars an hour?"

"No, I make eight fifty," Mitch replied.

"There you go, eight fifty," Mark stated as fact to his wife. "He's an idiot, and has a bright future ahead of him."

Smugly Shirley replied, "At least he paid attention to me. When you were off doing all

your stupid hobbies, he was texting me and making me feel important. All you cared

about was your stupid games."

"So this bastard tells you what you want to hear and you spread your legs like dime

store whore?" Mark said sarcastically. "He played you like a retard with a gumball

machine. He kept putting in the quarters and you kept shooting out the gum."

Mark stood for a moment and thought to himself. Looking around he wondered how

many people had used this place to sneak away and cheat on their spouses. What a

perfect little hiding place she had and now it made sense why she stopped having sex

with him and why she claimed she had to work late so often. "Ok douche bag," Mark

said to Mitch. "Get the fuck out of my van."

"You'll shoot me." Mitch responded.

"Get the fuck out of my van now " Mark demanded. "If I were going to shoot you, I

wouldn't do it where your blood would end up in my van I'd do it out here in the grass."

Mark thought for a second and realized that statement didn't help his argument any and

rephrased, "Get out of my fucking van or I will drag you out "

"Ok fine," Mitch replied and started butt scooting towards the rear of the van. Mark

backed up and Shirley moved to the side as Mitch slid his feet to the ground still

wrapped in the blanket from the floor of the van.

"Is that my blanket?" Mark asked Shirley.

"Yes, the one off the couch from downstairs."

"Now I know why it always smelled like it did. And I used to sleep with that."

Mitch slowly turned and gathered up his clothes and pulled them out of the van and

started to get dressed.

"I ought to make you drive home naked you son of a bitch," Mark said.

"Hurry up."

In less than a minute Mitch had his clothes on. He kept his eyes away from Mark and

acted like no one else was around. He wanted to slip away in the darkness and pretend

this episode never occurred. Then he opened his mouth and said something stupid. "I

don't know why you don't have the balls to make your old lady talk to you about this."

"You know her," Mark replied.

"There is only one part of her I know, the fucking nutty part that would fuck around on

her old man."

"There's a question, what did she say about me?" Mark asked.

"That's between you and her, I don't listen to shit like that, we never talked about you, I

just came here to get laid is what I did."

"She never said "Mark is a douche bag Mark is an asshole?""

"Yeah, she's talked shit about you, says your fucking lazy and stuff, you're never

around."

"And where was I when this was all going on?"

"I don't know, it's not my job to keep track of you. Most of it happened at night after

work, we'd meet at the bar."

"So she claimed she was working late."

"I don't know what her excuse was. It wasn't an every day thing, or an every week thing,

there were times we never met at all for two weeks. Don't get it in your head we met

every day or every night, fuck you, I have a life too you know. I don't let people get into

my personal shit, so you don't have to know why I did it. I will tell you one thing as far as

your woman goes, she is probably going to lie to you."

"Fuck you asshole," Shirley stated. "This didn't happen in a vacuum, you are as much to

blame as I am."

"You are a fuck, that's all."

"You texted me that you loved me "

"Of course I did you stupid bitch, how else was I going to get you to suck on my cock?"

Mitch asked with a smile.

After a moment of awkward silence Mark spoke up, "Get your shit and get out."

Without saying a word, Mitch walked away from the van back to his SUV and got inside.

Peering back at Mark through the passenger window, he started the vehicle, put it in

reverse and backed away from the patrol car and turned the wheel allowing him to

maneuver back towards the front gate. He shifted into drive and without much fan fare,

drove over the grass, back onto the gravel road, through the gate and out of sight past

the trees. He was gone.

"So," Mark said looking at his naked shivering wife. "What now?"

"What do you want to do?" she replied.

"I'm really in no mental condition to make any decisions right now. The best thing to do

is for you to go home and we can talk about this after you get off work tomorrow night."

"You're not going to hit me?"

"If I were going to hit you, you would have been hit by now," Mark replied. "Don't push

my buttons and try to piss me off any further. Get your clothes back on, get our van back in the garage and spend the rest of the night thinking about what just happened. I don't get to go to bed, I have to work till noon, so I will be spending most of that time running this back in my head over and over. I don't understand this, I am completely shocked, and I have to let this soak in before I make any informed decisions."

Shirley started back at Mark and didn't say a word. She looked at his body language to see what he was going to do next and Mark could tell from her look that she wasn't going to do anything as long as he stood there. Mark backed away and shined the flashlight one more time into the van and spotted a shiny object reflecting back at him. It was a cell phone left on the floor of the van. "Is that yours" he asked. Shirley looked at the cell phone, shook her head and leaned over to pick it up.

No, no, I'll get that," Mark stated. "I will be making a delivery in the morning. You get your ass back home. If I see this van parked anywhere besides home in the next thirty minutes, you better plan on not coming home ever again. Got me?" he stated.

"Yes sir," she replied and under her breath said, "Asshole." She climbed back into the back of the van and gathered up her clothes, Mark shut the doors with a defiant slam and made his way back to the patrol car and got in. In disgust he started the car and spun around back onto the gravel road and headed down the same direction Mitch had driven. He was long gone and in his rear view mirror could see the lights of the van come on and knew she would be leaving soon as well. "What a fucking night," Mark thought to himself.

Chapter 4

The Newspaper Office

Frank Borman, editor and publisher of the local newspaper sat in his office reading the regional news off his computer screen from his own papers website. He dug some earwax out of his right ear and smeared it under the edge of his desk as he maneuvered his mouse across the top clicking on different stories. "What a bunch of shit," he said quietly, referring to a local story about a business deal gone bad with the city council. "Now they have to pay all that back those stupid bastards," he thought with a Patricle. Then the intercom came to life and the receptionist voice spoke over the speaker. "Mr. Borman, there is a women here to see you about a story, can I send her in?" she asked.

Frank pressed the respond button and said, "Yes, send her on in."

It was a long hallway from the front of the building to the rear where Franks office was and he knew it would take a minute for this lady to get there so he continued to click away at the web page looking for a way to waste time. A click on another tab and a favorite porn site popped up on the screen and a smile crossed Frank's face. It was his company, his website and he could surf anything he wanted whenever he wanted. He liked his porn.

A knock on the door and Frank told the woman to come into his office. She was over fifty, some grey hair and a fiery bitch look on her face. She stepped up to his desk and stood there looking down at the man who's computer screen had a video of three lesbians in a sex act. The screen faced away from her and the sound was turned down.

For a second Frank imagined this woman as one of the women on the screen and his smile flattened to a stare. "What can I do for you miss?"

"Mrs, Boswell is my name. You should know, it was in your paper all over the place last week."

"Oh really?" Frank asked with a smile. "And how is that?"

"You are the editor right? Don't you know what you print in this rag of yours?"

"Yes, I am the editor, but I can't micro manage every word that we print. I do have a column to write you know."

"I've read your column, you could use some lessons in compassion and humility."

"Point taken, now what is your concern?"

Mrs. Boswell folded her arms and reaffirmed her dominance in the conversation looking down at Frank. For a moment she was silent breathing deeply setting a tone and a mood.

"Would you like to sit down?" Frank asked gesturing towards a folding chair in the corner.

Boswell thought for a moment, looked at the hard chair and then back at Frank who was grinning from ear to ear. He looked like he was doing a bad impersonation of Gene Wilder from Willie Wonka. "No thanks, I'll stand. I'm not as lazy as you and your staff, I don't have to do everything sitting down."

Hanging his head in a submissive manner, Frank nodded his head and motioned for Mrs. Boswell to continue with her story.

"You put my boys pictures on the front page of the paper last week." she stated firmly.

"And your point is?" Frank asked trying not to offend.

"My boys were set up, they are innocent. You have condemned them before they have had a chance to see a judge. Just because someone is arrested doesn't mean they are guilty you know "

"Ma'am, we are not in the judging business, we are in the reporting business. I remember the pictures now, and if I'm correct, they were arrested and are being held in the jail until they can post bond. All we did was report on the arrest, we didn't pass any judgment."

"What do you think the pictures will say to everyone who sees it at the store or in a newspaper stand? They can't read the fine print, they just see my three boys in orange suits staring at them like criminals."

"We run our paper like every other paper out there. If we didn't run the pictures on the front page, everyone else would. It's our local story and we have the right to publish those pictures along with the facts from the sheriffs report."

"Bullshit " Boswell yelled. "You have no right to ruin my family and ruin our good name."

"Good name?" Frank replied with a lilt in his voice. "There are at least two from your family on the local sexual offenders list and if I am correct, your brother is in prison for drugs and assault upon an officer. I'm not sure what good name you are referring to."

"Oh now you've done it " Boswell shouted. "I wasn't going to push this but now you've gone too far. My brother is not a drug addict or a dealer. He got caught up with a bad crowd and was busted with just over an ounce of pot in his car."

"I think it was more than that if I'm correct," Frank stated. "I think he had his own meth lab and was caught after the house he was using caught fire. Is that right?"

Mrs. Boswell stood silent and glared down at Frank fuming. The room was quiet and

tension filled the air as both parties were locked in a death stare.

Boswell curled her

bottom lip under her top teeth and started to blink rapidly, her arms and hands shaking

in anger. Frank, noticing a key scene in his lesbian porn video looked away briefly and

then back up to Mrs. Boswell.

"What is so God damned important that you can't pay attention to me for five minutes?"

Boswell asked.

"Nothing, I was checking the forecast for today. I was planning on going boating after

lunch if I can get my wife to take the kids with her to her mothers after work."

"Why? So you can spend the day banging your girlfriend out on the lake?" Boswell

asked mockingly. She was now playing the one card she had been holding the whole time.

"Girlfriend?" Frank asked. "I'm a married man." he stated.

"I know all about your other woman, she is a friend of mine and has told me everything

about what you two have been doing. She says you like to play weird sex games and

crap like that."

"What does this have to do with what you came in here for?" Frank asked, getting tired

of the conversation and more and more interested in his internet lesbian porn video.

"I want a retraction on the front of your paper, or I am going to tell everyone about your

affair," she stated with a smirk of defiance.

For a moment Frank sat quiet and pondered her threat clicking on the porn site

selecting another lesbian clip. He looked up at her and back down at the girls on the

screen licking each other and said, "So what?"

"You don't care if everyone in town knows about your girlfriend?" she asked. "How about

your wife?"

"My wife doesn't care, she says as long as we stay out of her bed I can do whatever I

want. After fourteen years of marriage and sex with the same woman, she's glad to

pawn me off onto someone else. That way she gets out of having to do anything and I

get what I want."

"Are you fucking serious?, you have one of those open relationships?"

"No, not exactly, there are a few more rules, so it's not as open as I would like, but I can

usually get what I want when I want. She doesn't like sex so I don't have to worry about

her getting any on the side."

"I see," Boswell stated realizing her blackmail was not going to work.

"So if you are a

rich businessman in this town you can basically do whatever you want."

"Basically," Frank replied. "Women like money, I like sex, it's like legal prostitution."

Taking in a deep breath Mrs. Boswell replied, "Fine, there are more than one way to

deal with this situation and reached into her purse. In a panic, fearing she was looking

for a gun, Frank pressed a button under his desk and a trap door under her feet

released dropping her from his sight. With a scream that quickly faded, she fell to the

basement and landed on an old mattress in a dark locked room. Frank

quickly got out of

his chair and ran over to the trap door and pulled it back into position with a pull on a

short rope tied at the end. It locked with a click and reset the trigger device plugged into

his desk. He could hear her yelling below but it was not loud enough that the

employees at the front of the building could hear her. That is why he put the office in the

back in the first place years ago.

Once the woman was pretty much silenced, Frank opened the door to his office and

walked a few feet down the hall to the side door that led to the parking lot. Again, he

opened a door and proceeded to the outside where it was hot and sunny and searched

for a rolled up hose hanging from a hook next to his office window. He grabbed the hose, and took the free end to the back of his pick up truck and stuffed the end into the tail pipe. The other end was securely embedded into the concrete and ran down inside the building to the chamber under Franks office where the trapped woman lay screaming for help. Once Frank was sure the hose was in place and wouldn't fall out, he pulled his keys from his pocket and opened the door to his truck and climbed inside far enough to reach the ignition switch and start the truck. The sound of the starter gave way to the purr of the engine as the lights and monitors came alive on the dash and the radio started playing some hideous country song by Tim McGraw. This was not the first time Frank had done this so he knew he had about twenty minutes to kill so he grabbed his cell phone and started to play Angry Birds. It wasn't more than five minutes later when Frank noticed in the rearview mirror the sight of a deputy sheriffs patrol car and he went into a panic. The car slowly made its way through the alley behind him and began to turn into the parking stall two cars over. "Shit," Franks said over Tim McGraw and shoved his phone back into his pocket. Deputy Mark Sanders exited his vehicle with the cell phone he had found in the back of his own van hours earlier. He was planning on dropping it off to Mitch, the man who was fucking his wife, and who should be at work in the press room around now. Mark looked at his watch, it read 10:25 am and thought for a second about throwing the phone at the wall before returning it to its owner. Instead he scratched the screen with the metal band of his watch and his face lit up with a smile. "What can I do for you officer?" Frank asked as he shut the door to his truck which was still running pumping carbon monoxide into the basement of his building. "I came to return this phone to one of your employees. Is Mitch working today?" Mark asked. "No, he called in sick, said something about the flu." Frank replied. "Could you do me a favor and give this to him?" Mark asked. "Sure, no problem," Frank replied and reached out for the phone. Mark noticed the hose running at his feet from the back of the truck to the building and looked up at Frank with a curious look in his eye. "What are you doing with the hose?" Mark asked. "Cock roaches," Frank replied. "It's the only way to kill them. They get into our soy based ink and eat the shit out of the place. I have to gas them about every three months or so."

"Don't you have to have an exterminator license to do that? There are people in that building."

"The basement only runs about a third of the building, most of the building isn't even connected to this part, it was added on back in the eighties. There is no way the gas can get from one section to the other."

"I remember now," Mark said. "When I was a kid this used to be a butcher shop or something didn't it?"

"Yes it did, when my father ran the paper, he bought this building and added the other part for storage."

"I remember back when I was around eleven," Mark said. "There was a story about a guy who worked at this place who went missing."

"Yeah, that is true," Frank replied. "The owner had a guy working in the back cutting meat who was from a group home. Turns out the guy was kind of slow and the owner used to abuse him real bad and got away with it for years."

"Really?" Mark said with a droll.

"Yeah, the owner would tell the cops that the guy was bruised because of the type of work he did, it was very physical and he was always around cutting tools."

"So what happened to this guy?" Mark asked.

"Oh he's still around somewhere, the owner was the one who turned up missing. Or at

least missing for a while that is. One of the kids at school found a fingernail in his sloppy joe and they traced it back to this butcher shop."

"A fingernail?" Mark asked disgusted. "I remember one day at school when the police

showed up at lunch and shut down the lunch room and they sent us all home for the

day. They told us one of the kitchen workers had let a dog into the kitchen and it needed

to be sanitized before they could use it again. My brother said the truth was that they

found a fingernail in someone's food and nobody believed him. Oh my fucking God, I

ate a human being."

"That's some pretty sick stuff," Frank said. "They paid my dad pretty good money to

keep it out of the paper."

Mark stood there in disbelief shaking his head thinking about how when he was a kid he

digested a person. "The world is a truly fucked up place," Mark said aloud and turned

back to his patrol car. "Thanks for the chat, " he said to Frank, "I better get going, my

shift is over pretty soon and I have to type my reports."

"No problem," Frank replied and looked to his watch. It had been about ten minutes by

now and the deputy was pulling out of the parking lot so Frank decided to go check on

the woman in the basement.

Turning off his truck he recoiled the hose back on the hook, and made his way down to the basement and flicked on the lights. In the poorly lit basement, there were spools of newsprint and fifty five gallon drums of black soy ink along the walls and old equipment stacked on benches and shoved under tables. Next to the stairs was the door to the room where the now silent woman was trapped behind a simple padlock and latch. Frank flipped on a switch and a large ventilation fan kicked in and blew the carbon monoxide gas into a vent and outside through the roof. It only required about sixty seconds for the fans to make the room safe to enter.

"What are you doing boss?" Mitch said coming around the corner from a joining room.

"I just told the deputy you called in sick," Frank replied. "You really need to watch who your banging, a cops wife is not a good choice."

"Hey, I understand. We got away with it for a year and we got sloppy, it won't happen again." Mitch said.

"I'm not your mother, you don't have to apologize to me. Now give me a hand here, do you have the key to this lock?"

"It's hanging on the nail right next to you," Mitch said with a grin. "I thought you said it was lost?"

"I replaced the whole lock and key last week," Mitch replied. "You know what?"

Mitch asked.

"What?" Frank replied in frustration.

"I never thought about this before, but we have a classic Schrodinger's cat experiment going on here."

"What?"

"Schrödinger's cat is a thought experiment, sometimes described as a paradox, devised by Austrian physicist Erwin Schrödinger in 1935. It illustrates what he saw as the problem of the Copenhagen interpretation of quantum mechanics applied to everyday objects, resulting in a contradiction with common sense. The scenario presents a cat that might be alive or dead, depending on an earlier random event."

"How do you know that?" Frank asked in a mocking tone.

"I looked it up on Wikipedia after the last time we disposed of a body."

"How does this pertain to this situation?" Frank asked.

"Well, until we actually open the door and look at whoever is in there, the person is both alive and dead at the same time. It's not until you make the direct observation that you can objectively make the determination."

"You got that from Wikipedia?" Frank asked.

"I also have a semester of community college," Mitch replied.

"In an odd way I guess you have a point. I am assuming she is dead based on all the other times I've gassed someone with my truck in that room, but you may be right, she

may be in there waiting for us to open the door to escape and we won't know until we open the door."

"Correct," Mitch replied.

"But that doesn't make her alive and dead at the same time. She's still either one or the other."

"Which is it?" Mitch asked.

"Let me open the door and I'll tell you."

"No, no, that's not how it works. If we're going to play the game, you have to follow the rules."

"You know what?" Frank said as a matter of fact. "I'm willing to bet she's dead so let's open the door anyway. If she runs out, hit her with that bucket full of screws there and I'll put her in and gas her again."

"No problem boss, you sign my paychecks," Mitch said with a grin.

Frank unlocked the padlock, unlatched the door and swung it open revealing a dead

woman on the mattress inside the small room. "She's dead," Frank said. Look at her

lips, blue as the sky on a rainy day.

"You are a poet," Mitch said.

"I went to writing school dip shit," Frank stated, "Stop brown nosing and pull her out and take her over to the hooks."

Mitch stepped into the small room and grabbed the woman by her wrists and pulled her

small frame out onto the concrete of the basement floor with ease. He made sure

nothing was behind him and drug her lifeless carcass around the corner and about thirty

feet down the other side to a spot where there were meat hooks still in the ceiling joists

from the old butcher shop. "I don't think I need the lift this time,"

Mitch said as he lifted

the woman onto his shoulders like a sack of potatoes and maneuvered her legs towards

the hooks. Wrapping the hooks around her ankles, he let her body hang with her hands

dangling down to the floor below. Normally he would have had to skewer the ankles with

the hooks, but since this woman was so small he was able to put them inside the hook

and let her heels hold her in tight.

"Here's a bucket," Frank said handing a bucket to Mitch. "I think it's clean enough."

Mitch placed the bucket under the woman's hands and positioned it so it was directly

below her. "Hand me a cutter," Mitch said to Frank pointing at the tool rack on the wall.

Frank pulled down what looked like an industrial sized box cutter and handed it to

Mitch who then used it to slice the woman's wrists open and allow her to bleed into the

bucket. "This will take an hour so if you want to leave, I'll take care of it," Mitch said.

"Fine," Frank replied. "That's why I pay you eight fifty an hour, to do my dirty work. And

make sure her blood is in this weeks paper. It won't be fresh enough to wait till next week."

"No problem boss," Mitch said with a smile. "The hard part is explaining to the cops

where she went when they come looking for her and that's all on you."

Chapter 5

The grave yard

4 weeks later

It is not uncommon to see a backhoe at the Pinewood cemetery digging holes in the ground for new burials, but today the backhoe is lining up to exhume the casket of

recently deceased Julie Jones who supposedly died in a tragic drunk driving accident

while being pursued by law enforcement. The autopsy report came back with the cause

of death undetermined due to a lab report that showed her blood glucose at the time of

death to be so low that it was immeasurable and the fact that the wood projecting from

her breast did not pass through her rib cage into her lungs.

According to the report, the accident should have been survivable. For his efforts,

deputy Mark Sanders has been placed on paid leave pending an investigation and the

body of Mrs. Jones is going to be thoroughly checked for the cause of the abnormal lab

finding. Along with the items recovered at the crash scene, a bag full of diabetic supplies

was located in the back of the vehicle and only partial smeared finger prints could be

lifted from the vials of insulin.

The only problem today is that the backhoe has unearthed several planks of wood that

should not have been in the freshly filled gave site above where the casket should be. In

a moment the operator, the cemetery staff as well as local law enforcement realize that

there is a hollow area where the casket should lie, and that they have unearthed a

tunnel where the casket once was.

"Hold on," the sheriff yelled to the backhoe operator raising his hand to make sure he

had his attention. The scoop rose from the hole and turned to the side and unloaded

allowing the bucket to rest on the ground. The sheriff looked down into the hole and saw

that the wood they had torn through was keeping the soil from caving in on the tunnel

below, which looked like it was lined on four sides with wood. Whoever dug and re-

enforced this tunnel had gone to a lot of work.

"What the Hell?" the manager of the cemetery said. We put her in the ground four

weeks ago, how in the Hell did anyone manage to tunnel under there and remove the

casket?"

"Give me a hand," the sheriff said looking for the best way to enter the hole they had

dug. The sheriff squatted down and put a leg on the incline slope of the hole and gently slid his weight down to the bottom where the smaller hole was visible through the broken wood planks. He removed his flashlight from his belt and poked his head through the wood plank hole and shined the light and to his amazement saw that the tunnel ran the length of the row of graves and that his light was unable to see the end. The tunnel was straight, meticulously crafted and lined on all four sides and nowhere in his view were any of the caskets that should have been where they were buried. On the other side, the tunnel ended at the grave of the person buried after Jones and the end was unfinished dirt almost waiting to be continued as the graves progressed through time.

"What do you see?" the manager asked.

"You have a huge problem," the sheriff replied. I think someone is trying to put you out of business.

September 1968

In the basement of the house stood a young female ogre of twelve years named Greta.

She stood in the cool damp room waiting for her uncle who told her to go downstairs

and wait for her. The basement had a cement floor, and had cinder block walls with

small windows that let in just enough light to show off the spider webs in the ceiling

joists. She listened to the creaking sound from the wooden stairs as Jack, her uncle

waddled down the steps and into the room she was standing inside waiting.

Jack stood four feet tall, about average for an adult ogre of fifty years, with an untied

bathrobe and socks holding a beer and a cigarette in each hand. "Greta," he said. "Be a

good girl and get your uncle an ashtray." Greta looked around the filthy room and

couldn't find anything that looked like an ashtray.

"I don't see one," she said politely.

"Son of a bitch," Jack said scratching his ass against an old chair. He flicked the ashes

from the cigarette onto the cement floor and pushed them around with his huge feet to

make sure there were no lit embers that could catch any of the junk in the room on fire.

"That's ok," he said and pulled the chair around and sat in it with his legs crossed. The

bath robe slid off of his leg and his scrotum could be seen hanging a foot down from his

hairy mid section. Greta looked at Gary's disgusting hairy body and tried not to look

directly at the dirty parts Gary was so proudly presenting to his twelve year old niece.

"It's ok, you can look." Gary said. "All the boys in your school have one too, you'll see

them sooner or later." Gary took a drag off his smoke and then took a drink from his beer and set it on the floor.

"What do you want?" Greta asked. "Why did you ask me to come down here?"

"Well, now that you are living with your aunt and me, I thought I would show you around

some of the house so you would feel comfortable."

"Why the basement? Will my room be down here?"

"No, your aunt insisted your room be next to ours, this is where we want to make a fun

room for you."

For a second Greta smiled and then it disappeared. "What kind of fun room?"

"You know, a place where you can play with your dolls and dress up," Jack replied.

"I'm not a kid anymore, I don't play with dolls."

Jack looked at Greta's chest and saw how her breasts were starting to develop and then

at her hips and saw how they were beginning to widen and round out a womanly figure.

"I see that," Jack replied. "You are quite the attractive young lady," he said with an evil

smile. "You know, there is something that I need to tell you, and this might be a bit hard

to take so I will understand if you get a little scared."

"What is it?" Greta asked.

"You know this house is a few hundred yards from the cemetery, and it used to belong

to the care takers years ago."

"I didn't know they owned it."

"That's ok, point is that they used to display the bodies upstairs in the living room before

they built a proper funeral home downtown. For years and years, bodies would be on

display in the casket before they would take them over to the cemetery for burial.

"That's gross," Greta said.

"That's not all," Gary replied and stood up covering his privates with the robe and

tightening the belt to keep it in place. He walked over to the side of the room closest to

the cemetery and put his ear to the wall and looked back at Greta. "At night you can

hear them rolling over in their graves trying to claw their way to the edge of the

cemetery."

Greta stood silent watching her uncle.

"Once they found a tunnel where a corpse had dug fifty feet to the edge and climbed out

to the surface."

"Why not tunnel straight up?" Greta asked.

"The cemetery is hallowed ground. Bodies without souls can no walk upon the top, they

have to burrow underneath until they reach normal ground to surface. This wall has

double the cement to keep the dead from tunneling into this house from the basement,

but that doesn't stop them from trying. I have often heard scraping on these walls and

wonder how close they have actually come to breaking through."

"Why don't you move then?" Greta asked.

"We bought this on auction for five grand. For that kind of money they could have dead

bodies in the basement, on the roof or in the pool for all I care."

"Aren't you scared?" Greta asked.

"No, I learned a long time ago that the undead only seek children.

Someone like you

would be perfect. Once they kill you, they skin you and use your skin like a pantsuit. It

makes them feel whole again. They have no need for adults because our skin is old and

wrinkled and not good material for a body suit.

Greta didn't know what to think, this was all new to her and it hadn't all sunk in yet. She

had only been in this house since the child protective services dropped her off to stay

with her aunt and uncle the night before. Her family situation was filled with alcohol and

abuse, and seeing her

uncle dressed only in a robe standing in a dimly lit basement room didn't make her feel

much safer. She did know that living so close to a cemetery was creepy enough, and

now that she knew the house used to be a make shift mortuary made her want to run

out the door and never come back.

"You don't believe me?" Jack asked digging for another smoke from the pocket of his

robe. "Tell you what, I'll leave you down here for the rest of the night and you can listen

for yourself. Your aunt is at work till 2am so she won't make any noise, and I'll be very

quiet so you can hear the sound of the scratching and digging. Sometimes you can hear

them scrape on the concrete floor if they try to get in from under the house.

Greta began to look around for any other way out of the room, she was scared and

ready to run away if she had the chance. "You are not going to make me stay in this

room by myself," she said.

"Do you think I would let them get to you?" Jack said with a grin. "I lock the doors every

night and keep a loaded gun by every door and window in the house. I stay up most of

the night waiting to see if anyone comes around and if they do, bam, I take care of

them. I am your protector."

"How many of them have you killed?" Greta asked.

"You can't kill the undead sweetie, you can only dispose of their bodies. Once I have

rendered them unable to move, I chop them up and burn the bodies."

"So they only come out at night?" Greta asked.

"Yes," Jack replied with curiosity. "Why do you ask?"

"Then why don't you go out during the day and dig them up and burn them ahead of

time. Beat them to the punch."

"You are a very smart little girl, my brother may be a drunk and a bastard, but he raised

a very smart girl. The reason is because people don't like it when you dig up their family members and burn their bodies. They paid good money for them to be buried and expect them to be there when they visit each year to set plastic flowers on the headstone."

Greta began to sweat and then noticed that Jack's belt on his robe was starting to loosen, it fell to the ground by his feet allowing the front of the robe, now free of the belt to come apart exposing his chest and genital area. Jack did nothing to stop the belt from falling or his robe from splitting apart. He smiled at Greta to gauge her reaction to what she was seeing and for a long moment both stood silent as Jack took another drag off his smoke and Greta began to tremble in fear, not from the dead bodies trying to get to her, but from her uncle who now stood before her with his penis dangling towards the floor.

"You ever seen a man naked?" Jack asked with a smile? Greta shook her head no and sight of her uncle's huge sex organ scared the piss out of her. She had babysat and changed many a diaper and knew what boys had between their legs, but never had she seen a grown man standing before her nude. "Don't be scared, it's nature. In our house we run around naked all the time," Jack lied trying to convince Greta he was as normal as could be. "Hell, I have to tell your aunt to put on a bra half the time because I don't want her tits getting saggy." he Patrickled trying to lessen the tension in the room. "I see you're getting your tits," he said pointing to her chest with his smoke. "I want you to feel comfortable here in the house, take off your shirt," Jack said with a smile.

"I don't want to," Greta whispered. Jack shrugged his shoulders and stepped closer to Greta putting his hands on her shoulders. "Now in my house, we have to live by my rules, and in my house we listen when the adults tell us what to do. I am the only one here that will protect you from the dead bodies that try to break in every night and for that I expect a little co-operation from you." Jack put the smoke between his lips and reached down to Greta's shirt bottom and slowly lifted her shirt. She looked down and then away when she saw his massive penis starting to become erect. Jack quickly had her shirt raised above her bra and stared down at her cleavage. "Damn girl, you got some nice tits for how old you are," Jack said with the smoke still between his lips. "Now, you have two choices girl, one, do exactly what I say and tell no one and I make sure you are safe from harm, or

two, defy me and I will let them get to you and skin you alive. It's your choice."

Greta started to cry and raised her arms allowing her uncle to remove her shirt exposing her top covered only with a bra. He tossed her shirt on the chair behind her and moved in closer.

Present day

At the grave site, the sheriff called in the city street and sewer crew to help investigate the tunnel they had uncovered. The back hoe widened the hold enough for two people to climb down into the tunnel and electricity and lights were ran down the hole to light up the underground passage. The leader of the department, Ed Reese, dressed in a protective suit aimed the halogen work light down the length of the tunnel that ran north for about a hundred feet. The light barely lit up the end of the tunnel making it difficult to see if it turned to the right or left.

He crawled forward a few feet and banged his fist on the wood planks the lined the top of the tunnel to see how sturdy they were. He was amazed at the craftsmanship and how new the work looked. The tunnel was straight, the floor was even and all the slats on all four sides were tongue and groove fitted creating the illusion of a seamless edge that ran the length of the tunnel. What he didn't see where any caskets or the remains of anything that should have been under the headstones. The tunnel was around three and a half feet tall, five feet wide and went on for as far as the eye could see. Ed clicked on his headset radio and spoke to the crew above. His voice was amplified by the work truck radio parked near by. "This is pretty weird," Ed said. "Somebody went to a lot of work here and it's going to take us a while to figure out where this goes. Not sure if we can get a g.p.s. signal this far down under the ground, but if we could we could map this maybe."

The assistant street and sewer manager, also dressed in protective clothing yelled to his boss who was now twenty feet into the tunnel with a flashlight. "There's no way a g.p.s is going to work down here," he shouted. "Do you think it's safe enough to check out where this thing leads?" the assistant asked.

A few moments later Reese replied over the speakers, "Yeah, I think we can trust this, as long as we keep the back hoe close by and we have oxygen tanks with us for a cave in, we should be ok. Whoever built this did a very good job. They must have spent a lot of time down here."

Five and a half hours later a large group of onlookers and media had shown up to see what was going on with the sheriffs cars and work trucks. Someone had leaked that there was something discovered at the cemetery and many from the town were curious to see what they had discovered. In the tunnel, Ed and a small crew of three had crawled the length of the tunnel and found it turned to the east and kept going for three hundred more feet. Every thirty or so feet the tunnel jutted off to the right and ran the length of that row of graves, all the caskets were missing. So what they had was one long tunnel running east to west the length of the entire cemetery on the northern side of the cemetery with side tunnels that jutted off and ran down the length of each row of graves. From a map point of view, it would have looked like a giant comb, only at the far east end, the first row of the tunnel continued on past the graveyard towards an old house a hundred or so feet from the edge of the cemetery. The house that used to be the old mortuary back at the turn of the century, and was currently owned by a fifty nine year old ogre named Greta Handle. Greta lived alone in the house, she had inherited it from her uncle and aunt after they had been found murdered in the basement back in 1981. No one knew who had killed the couple, just that Greta found them both dead and the house was now hers. That night, the tunnel crew crawled the distance from the graveyard to the house where they found the end of the tunnel blocked by a wooden door. They tried to push on it to open it but it was well built and locked from the other side. It was now up to the sheriff to figure out what was going on so he banged on the front door to see if anyone was home. In a few moments, the door opened and Greta, now much older and greyer stood before the sheriff with a shotgun in her arms pointed at the ground. "What can I do for you officer?" Greta asked. She was dressed in a house coat with no shoes and looked like she had been drinking. "I have some questions for you if you don't mind, can the deputy and I come in?" "Fuck no," Greta replied. "Do you have a search warrant?" she asked. "No, but I'm sure I can get one," the sheriff replied. Greta stepped forward forcing the two officers to back up onto the porch further and let the door close behind her. She kept the shotgun in her hand ready if need be. She looked over at the graveyard and saw the trucks and workers moving around like ants working hard doing something. "What are you up to?" Greta asked. "You've been

messing around over there all day."

"I'm not going to beat around the bush here," The sheriff stated. He paused and

continued. "There is a tunnel that leads to your basement and we would like to know

what it is doing there?"

"Shit," Greta said aloud shaking her head. "I knew somebody would find it one day and I

guess this is the day."

"May I ask what the tunnel is for?" the sheriff asked.

Greta stood looking at the sheriff and then over at the work site and in frustration let out

a sigh. She shook her head and scratched her chin with her free hand and though for a

moment. "Are you arresting me?" she asked.

"Yes," the sheriff replied.

"For what charge?"Greta asked.

"I'm not sure exactly sure. We can talk about it down at the law enforcement center. For

now I need to advise you of your rights." The sheriff read Greta her rights and cuffed her

and put her in the patrol car. She sat in the back seat looking at the array of electronics

covering the front dash and then back to her house where she had lived since she was

a child. No longer were the undead going to come after her now she thought to herself,

in a way, she finally escaped from the Hell she had been living most of her life.

The sheriff got in the car and turned on the ignition, he called dispatch and told them he

was in route with an arrest and would be back at the station in twenty minutes. The car

took off and sped down the lane past the cemetery and past the street and sewer crews

who were watching her drive away for good in custody.

At the station, Greta was led to the interview room and allowed to sit without her

handcuffs. It was a small room, a table and four chairs with a camera in the upper

corner of the room and a microphone resting on the table. Once again the sheriff

reminded Greta, on digital audio and video, of her rights and offered her something to

drink. She declined.

"Miss Handle," The sheriff said. "We found the statute in question and you are being

charged with one hundred and thirty four counts of unlawful taking from the cemetery

association. We would like to know why, and how you managed to conceal your

activities for so long."

Greta looked up at the camera and over to the microphone and then back to the sheriff.

"I want a lawyer," she stated

"I thought you might say that, according to federal law, ogres are not covered by the

United States Constitution and do not have the right to a lawyer."

Shocked Greta replied, "Then why did you bother to read me my rights?" she asked.

The rights I read you didn't include a right to a lawyer, you watch too much Law and Order. Ogre rights are different, just like vampire and troll rights are all different."

"But I still have the right to remain silent?" Greta asked.

"To an extent, if I feel there is probably cause, I can kick the shit out of you for a

confession. That is unique to ogre law, can't do that to a troll, they had better

representation. You're founding fathers were a bunch of fucking retards." Greta sat dumbfounded.

"So, Miss Handle, what's up with the tunnel to your house?" the sheriff asked.

Greta sat silent for a while and blinked her eyes as she thought of what to say. The

sheriff leaned back in his chair and took a drink of his diet soda and scratched his ear

watching to see if Greta would start talking. He tapped his fingers on the table top and

let out a sigh and then clicked off the recorder. He leaned back towards the door and

yelled, "Give me the cattle prod, this is going to take a while."

Greta, startled, looked over to the sheriff and said, "Fine, I'll tell you," and with that the

sheriff clicked the recorder back on and Greta began her story. "From the age of twelve

to twenty five my uncle abused me in the basement of his house. It was constant, it was

brutal and I had no way out because my aunt supported him and let him do this to me.

He told me that if I ever told anyone he would let the dead from the cemetery come and

kill me. He told me that he was the only reason why I wasn't dead and that the sex was

my way of paying him for protecting me."

"Did you believe him?" the sheriff asked.

"Of course I believed him," Greta replied.

"Your aunt and uncle were murdered back in 1981, is that correct?"

"Yes," Greta replied.

"No one was ever charged in that murder, is that correct?"

"That is correct."

"Who killed your aunt and uncle?" the sheriff asked.

"I did, that fat fucking piece of shit tried one time too many and I finally let him have it."

"And you aunt?"

"By that time she was participating, I had to kill them both. They were getting older and I

was in my prime. They couldn't keep molesting me forever."

"Why didn't you dispose of their bodies like you did the others?"

They didn't die on hallowed ground, they weren't going to come back and get me. I did

eventually get their bodies though. Once they were dead, I started to tunnel to the

cemetery and fish out the caskets one by one. It took me years, but I finally got them all

including my aunt and uncle and burned their bodies in the out building like all the rest."

"Where are the caskets?, that is a lot of material to dispose of," the sheriff asked.

"Not if you compact it down. A casket under two thousand pounds of hydraulic pressure will crush down to the size of handbag. You can stack one hundred or more handbags in a shed very easily, and the wood ones I just burned so that was even less to dispose of."

"What did you do with the ashes from the bodies? Put them in a dumpster for the trash to pick up?" the sheriff asked.

"No," Greta replied, "I couldn't risk the dead from reforming and coming back for me so I encased the ashes in wet concrete and used it to make blocks that I used to line my house and garden. Since the ashes and bones were locked up in the concrete blocks, the dead could no longer get to me."

The sheriff took a deep breath and leaned in close. "This all started back in 81?" he asked.

"Yes, I've been digging for over thirty years. I was to the point where I was digging out new graves a week after they were put in the ground."

"We came looking for a specific body, that's how we discovered your tunnel, how long after you pull a casket do you dispose of it?"

"The casket gets crushed right away, the body has to dry a bit so it burns instead of cooks, so I dry them out for about two weeks in my out building."

The sheriff perked up for a moment and thought maybe they had the body they were

looking for after all. "How many bodies do you have in the out building now?" the sheriff asked.

"Two, a woman and a man, I was going to burn them on Friday."

The sheriff got up, left the room and keyed his radio to his deputy back at the cemetery.

"Check the out building, there are two possible bodies there and one of them may be who we are looking for."

The deputy replied, "Do we have a warrant?"

"Not required, these are ogres, go check and if you find anything call me back right

away. If one is Jones, we need to get her to the crime lab for processing as soon as possible."

Chapter 6

The Trial

Frank Borman paused for a second and leaned back from eating out his reporters pussy

on his desk to ask her a question. "Do you think it's a conflict of interest to cover your

husbands trial?" he asked Shirley, wiping off the goo from his chin.

"Shirley shook her head and squinted her eyes at her boss and said," You stopped

licking my crack to ask me that?"

"I don't want my readers to think I'm biased or anything."

"If you don't want to finish, I can go down to the press room and have Mitch pick up where you left off. He eats one Hell of a pussy."

Frank looked back at Shirley with disgust, "I ought to fire that guy you know, if he didn't know about my little operation in the basement, he would be very expendable."

"Who would do your dirty work for you?" Shirley asked clamping her knees back together. She slid her butt around and put her feet back on the floor in front of Frank's desk, she then stood up and bent over to pull her panties and slacks back up.

"What are you doing?" Frank asked. "I wasn't even getting started yet. I have a raging hard on."

"You want to talk or fuck?" Shirley asked.

"Both, can't we do both at the same time?" Frank asked.

"No, I am not discussing my husband's trial while you drop a load in me. I have a vibrator in my purse, I'll finish when we're done talking."

Frank felt his erection drop and his mood change and got a horrible case of blue balls. "I think I should cover the case," Frank stated as a matter of fact.

"Oh no," she replied. "That prick made my life Hell for far too long. He was inattentive, selfish, spent too much time on his hobbies and took me for granted. I took him for granted and was selfish myself, but that doesn't matter, it's all about me," she said with a smile.

"I run this paper, and I will decide who covers the trial. If you covered the story, CNN would be down here doing a story on you and that is the last thing I need. So that's official, I will cover the case."

"Fine," Shirley replied, "Then you can get Mitch to give you head, I'm done with you."

Frank took a deep breath and looked down to the button on his desk that triggered the trap door and for a moment thought about sending her to the basement. He placed his finger on the button and smiled at her as she looked back at him with her hands on her hips and a smirk on her face. "You know I suck the best dick around," she said. "You want to give that up for some stupid appearance of conflict?"

Frank leaned back in his chair and took his hand off the button. "Fine," he said. "You can cover the case, and if CNN shows up, what the Hell, the more publicity the better. I can sell more papers and make even more money. Hell, with that kind of fame and fortune, I wouldn't have to resort to second hand pussy like you anymore. I could find me some triple A twat." Frank said with a grin.

An hour later

In the courtroom, Mark Sanders was escorted to the defendant's table wearing an

orange jumpsuit and hand cuffs. At the table, the cuffs were removed by the bailiff and Mark was allowed to sit down next to his lawyer Buffalo Bill Tanner. At the prosecutors table sat the county attorney Lyle Manning and the assistant county attorney Anne Springer. The court room was about half full and Mark's cheating whore wife Shirley sat in the first row of the gallery with her pen and paper ready to write down all the good parts of the trial. Also present in the gallery was Gary the diabetic vampire who had his blood sugar under control and Mitch, the man from the pressroom who was fucking Mark's wife. Judge Thomas Keene presiding.

"All rise," the bailiff stated in a loud yet firm voice. The people in the gallery and the attorney's and defendant stood up as the judge entered the courtroom dressed in his black robe. He sat down and said, "Be seated," and everyone sat down. "Bailiff," the judge said looking down at his notes. "Present the case."

"The county of Milford verses Deputy Mark Sanders for the murder of Mrs. Julie Jones." the bailiff stated.

"Prosecution, please call your first witness," the judge stated. County attorney Manning stood up and said, "I call Linda Cummings to the stand." Linda, the barmaid from the Roadside bar stood up and walked over to the witness stand. The Bailiff signaled for her to raise her right hand. "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth so help you God?" he asked.

"No," Linda stated smugly.

The prosecutor stood up and said loudly, "You're honor, may I have permission to treat this woman as a hostile witness?"

"Yes you may," the judge replied.

The prosecutor walked over to Linda, who was now sitting in the witness stand and stopped for a moment to look at her. "You're a big girl aren't you?" he asked.

"Fuck you," Linda replied.

"You're honor, may I punch the witness?"

"Not at this time, I want to see where this is going," the judge replied.

Prosecutor Manning, with a smirk on his face looked at Linda and asked, "Is it true you screw most of the guys who come into your bar and sell yourself for money to the ones who will pay?"

"Objection " Buffalo Bill yelled standing at the defendants table. "This woman's moral attitude has no bearing on my defendants case."

"Your honor," Manning stated smugly, "I wasn't trying to trash this woman's morals, I was trying to hook up for after the trial. If this woman puts out for free, I want to know about it."

"You may answer the question," the judge said.

"You should know judge," Linda said, "I charged you fifty last time."
"Ma'am," the judge stated, "I am not a witness and I am not on trial, please answer the question."

"Yes, I fuck for money, I fuck for attention, I fuck for food, I am a whore, are you happy?"

Prosecutor Manning, grin on his face, stated, "My happiness is not on trial here."

"And the life of my vagina is?" Linda asked.

"Next question," the judge stated picking his nose.

"On the night of September first, did you see the defendant, Deputy Mark Sanders in the Roadside bar?"

"Yes, yes I did." Linda replied.

"Do you recall what he was doing there?"

"He came in response to the 911 call when Gary had a diabetic reaction and passed out."

"Is Mark some sort of EMT?" Manning asked.

Buffalo Bill stood up and yelled, "Objection you honor, this woman is no mind reader,

how can she possibly know what deputy Sanders qualifications are?"

The judge paused for a second. "Are you a mind reader?" he asked Linda.

"A little," she replied. "I can tell right now you are thinking about my tits," she replied.

"Over ruled," the judge said. She is a mind reader.

Manning once again stated the question.

"Honestly, I have no clue if he is an EMT. I know he is a cop, I know he is a pretty good

guy and doesn't hassle me when I sell drinks to minors."

"Objection " Buffalo Bill yelled from his table. "My client is not on trial for allowing minors to drink."

"Sustained," the judge said in a disheartened tone. "Next question."

"On that night, did you in fact hand Deputy Sanders a bag filled with insulin supplies?"

"Yes I did," Linda replied.

"Why?"

"Because he was going to follow and arrest that drunk cunt and it was her husbands

bag and he was in the ambulance being taken to the hospital."

"Do you know if Deputy Sanders has any experience with insulin?"

"You ask him," she said sarcastically.

"I will later," Manning said shaking his head. "Your honor, may I punch her now?" he asked.

"I will allow it," the judge said and the bailiff backed away from the witness stand.

"What the fuck?" Linda asked looking around. "You're going to let him punch me?"

The judge raised his hand and Manning stopped in his tracks. "Are you pregnant?" the

judge asked. "I only ask this because you seem to be a raging whore and I have no idea

if you use protection."

"I am not pregnant," Linda replied. "And I am not a whore, I get I.D. from everyone I

screw. I don't fuck just anybody."

"Would you fuck a bum for twenty dollars?" the judge asked.

"I plead the fifth," Linda replied and the judge motioned for Manning to proceed.

"Hold on, ok, I'll tell you what you want. What was the question?" Linda asked.

"Do you know if Deputy Sanders has any experience with insulin supplies?"

"No, I am unaware of any knowledge Deputy Sanders has with insulin supplies."

"Then why did you give him the bag?" Manning asked.

"Are you fucking deaf? I said it was so he could return Gary's bag to him."

"You expected Deputy Sanders to pull over Mrs. Jones and bust her for DUI and then

nicely hand over a bag full of diabetic supplies? Who does that?"

"I was trying to be nice," Linda replied.

"Sounds like you try to be nice too much for your own good. No more questions you

honor," Manning said.

"Your witness," The judge stated to Buffalo Bill.

Buffalo Bill, who looked nothing like the original Buffalo Bill stood up and scurried over

to the stand like a little rat. He was short, had short arms and legs and looked like on of

those guys from Willie Wonka, they guys with the orange hair. "You're honor, if I may

call you that you dirty bastard whore buying cheat."

"You may," the judge stated.

"I would like to put this bag filled with insulin supplies into the record." Buffalo Bill stated

in a tiny Hobbit like voice.

"So be it," the judge said holding his head on his hand bored.

"Linda? May I call you that? No one seems to know your last name."

"Yes, you may call me Linda," Linda replied.

"Can you tell me, in your own words, what happened the night in question?"

"Wow, that would take a long time and I really am tired. I think my anemia is kicking in

again. I get these heavy periods and it drains all the iron from my blood and I feel like

shit for the whole week. If I don't get some iron soon, I may pass out."

Buffalo Bill scratched his chin and thought for a moment. "In the time you have, can you

give us the highlights?" he asked.

"Sure," Linda replied. "Gary, passed out because he forgot to eat lunch so we had to

find a machine to check his blood sugar. This bitch nurse came over and tried to help

but she almost choked him out with some orange juice, so then she put some sugar on

his tongue and left him. I called the ambulance and they came and picked him up and

took him to the hospital, Mark came in late and I gave him the bag to give to his bitch

wife who had just left so that Gary would have his stuff when he got out of the hospital."

"What size bra do you wear?" Buffalo Bill asked.

"What does that have to do with any of this?" Linda replied with a question.

"Nothing, I just like your tits," Buffalo Bill replied. "No more questions,"

The judge, trying to stay awake yawned and stated, "Next witness."

"The protection calls Gary, the diabetic vampire to the stand."

Gary, sitting in the gallery on a special folding chair rocked back and forth until he could get his massive body to stand upright. He reached over and grabbed the hand rail and used it to help him walk into the main court area and over to the witness stand. After a grueling eight minutes and a lot of huffing and puffing, Gary stood at the stand and raised his right hand.

"Do you swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?" the bailiff asked.

"Sure, whatever," Gary replied, "Now help me up these steps." he said to the bailiff and together they hobbled up the step and got Gary set down in the witness chair. "Do you have anything better to sit on?" Gary asked. "My ass is chafing as it is and this chair isn't helping."

The bailiff shook his head no.

"I got some hemorrhoid cream in my car. If you let me go get that and put some on I think I might be able to make it though this." Gary said looking at the judge.

The judge opened his eyes and looked at Gary and asked, "What did you say? I think I dozed off for a second."

"I need my ass cream or I'm going to die up here."

"Objection " Buffalo Bill yelled. "The witness is a vampire and by definition is already dead and can not die therefore his request should be denied."

"I may be undead, but my ass hurts like Hell " Gary yelled back.

"Your honor, are you going to let him sass back like that?" Buffalo Bill asked.

"Mr. Jones," the judge stated in a droll sleepy tone. Please behave.

"I'm not saying a word till I get my ass cream. And you better find me a nurse to put it on because I can't reach back there by myself," Gary stated defiantly.

"Fine," the judge said. Bailiff, go to Mr. Jones car and get his cream and put some on his ass." the judge stated.

"Not to be out of line sir," the bailiff stated, "But I am not a nurse, I am an officer of the court."

"And as an officer of the court, I am telling you to put on some gloves before you put on his ass cream. Court recesses for twenty minutes while we take care of this issue. Court dismissed." With that said and a bang of the gavel, the judge stood up and walked to his chambers. The members of the gallery stood up and started chatting and some headed to the bathroom. The bailiff got Gary's keys and headed down to his car to get his ass cream with disgust. Gary smiled and let out a little fart and wondered how long it would take for the bailiff to find his cream. Then it dawned on him that he left it at home. Well,

nobody's perfect and he did manage to get a twenty minute break. Now if he could just get off the stand and get to the bathroom to pee.

Twenty minutes later

The bailiff, fresh from applying hemorrhoidal cream to the ass of Gary, the diabetic

vampire addressed the court again, "All rise, the honorable Judge Keene presiding,"

and the gallery again rose to show respect to the court. This time, Ury and Rita, who

rarely if ever left the underside of the bridge, during the day just to be present at their

friend Mark's murder trial.

"You may continue," the judge stated to the prosecution."

"Mr. Jones," Attorney Manning stated. "Are you diabetic?"

"Yes, since about, um, 1860 or so. It was right around the American Civil War if I am correct."

"Have you always been on medication for your disease?"

"Hell no, they didn't have medication for diabetes till recently." Gary replied.

"How did you manage to survive for so long with no drugs?" Manning asked in a curious mocking tone.

"Diet and exercise I guess. Back in those days we didn't sit on our asses, watch

television and eat potato chips. I wasn't always this fat."

"I see," Manning replied. "When did you start your medications?"

"Oh fuck, oops sorry, I mean around 1980 or so," Gary replied.

"What would happen if you didn't take your medications?"

"My blood sugar would jump so high that I would get confused, start sweating, get dizzy, shit like that."

"What does the medication do?" Manning asked.

"Do you want a lesson on diabetes? Because I can give you one. Pretty interesting stuff."

"No, just answer the question, what does your insulin do?"

"My wife said it made me fat," Gary said with a smile. "She was so fucking stupid."

"You're wife isn't on trial here Mr. Jones, please answer the question."

"Fine, the insulin lowers my blood sugar."

"By what process?"

"Do I look like a fucking endocrinologist to you?" Gary asked.

"You look like a fat fuck with an attitude problem to me," Manning replied looking to the

judge expecting to be reprimanded. Instead the judge was busy looking across the

gallery at Shirley Sanders, the reporter and wife of the man on trial, who was lifting her

skirt enough for the judge to see her crotch. "You're honor?" Manning stated getting his

attention.

"Yes," the judge stated regaining focus on the case.

"If you can't pay attention, I would like to request a new trial with a more attentive

judge."

The judge raised an eyebrow in defiance and waved his hand at the prosecuting

attorney. "Fine, I'll pay attention," the judge said and motioned for Mrs. Sanders to pull down her skirt and shut her legs. Gary, looking dumbfounded waited to be addressed again. "Mr. Jones, again, by what process does insulin work to lower your blood sugar?" "Can I Google it?" Gary asked. "Nevermind," Manning replied. "I have a handout here from the internet that states exactly how insulin works. According to this reputable website, insulin is food that tiny insects in your gut feed on that makes them grow faster and eat the extra glucose from your blood." "Objection " Buffalo Bill said standing short at his desk. "This is insane, insulin doesn't work that way at all, this is all pseudoscience and bullshit." "I got this from the internet so I'm sure it's correct," Manning stated smugly. "My sister is a diabetic and I know how it works and it has nothing to do with insects. The insulin allows the glucose into the cells which in turn lowers the glucose in the blood and lowers your reading on your meter." "Touche'" Manning stated. "I bow to your superior intellect, you short fucker." "That's right," Gary said, "Now I remember, it does what he said it does." "Ok," manning said in disgust. "In all of your years of marriage to Julie, had she ever given you an insulin shot?" "Yes," Gary stated. "All the time, I liked to get them in the butt and I can't reach so she always did it for me." "Would you say that Julie had a firm grasp of the dangers of over dosing on insulin?" "I would assume so," Gary replied. "In your opinion, do you think Julie would have self administered a lethal dose to herself, who isn't a diabetic to start with?" "You should never end a sentence with a preposition," Gary replied. "Didn't you pay attention in seventh grade English?" "Let me rephrase the question. In your opinion, would Julie give herself a shot of your insulin? For any reason?" "In my opinion, she was a loud mouth bitch who needed to be shut the fuck up." The crowd in the gallery started to grumble at this revelation of Gary's disdain for his now dead wife. "Please answer the question," Manning stated in a lawyerish fashion. "I can't answer that, she put shit in her drinks that would kill a cockroach. Maybe she would, maybe she wouldn't. She was a alcoholic and a drug user and maybe she was so stoned that she thought she'd try something new." "The defense will claim that your wife self injected the insulin, but from the testimony of

the barmaid, we know she didn't have the means until the defendant showed up with

the supplies. Wouldn't being in an accident be an odd time to try experimental drugs?"

Buffalo Bill rose and shouted, "Objection, the witness can't answer for his dead wife

anymore than he can testify for Abraham Lincoln."

"Sustained," the judge said. "Next question."

"No further questions your honor," Manning stated.

"Your witness," the judge said to Buffalo Bill.

"Mr. Jones, where were you when this was all going down?"

"It's about time you finally cut through the bullshit and asked a decent question."

Buffalo Bill lowered his head and eyeballed Gary. "And?"

"I was there the whole time," Gary replied.

"Where?" Buffalo Bill asked.

"I was at the crash scene. I woke out of my diabetic coma about a mile from the bar and

had the ambulance pull over. When I saw the flames a few miles over, I turned into a bat

and flew over to see what was going on."

"You can turn into a bat?" Buffalo Bill asked.

"A fat bat, but yes. I can fly for a while," Gary replied.

"So now we can place you and my client both at the scene of the accident at the same

time."

"Yeah, that's what I said."

"So it's could have been you that delivered the fatal dose of insulin that killed your wife."

Buffalo Bill stated.

"With that line of thinking, I would have to answer yes. But don't forget the other lady."

"What other lady?" Buffalo Bill asked.

"Julie had a passenger, her coworker friend from the hospital, she was thrown from the

vehicle when it rolled into the farmers field."

"That is correct," Gary replied. "So it could have been Mark, or me, or the woman

nobody can find."

Buffalo Bill's face lit up with excitement realizing now that his client wasn't the only one

with the means, motive and opportunity. Julie had pissed off her husband, pissed off

Gary and sent her passenger through the air never to be found

again."You're honor, in

light of this new information, I request this trial be dismissed."

Buffalo Bill stated.

Chapter 7

The Gallows

Deputy Mark Sanders stood atop the makeshift gallows constructed on the courthouse

lawn dressed in his prison stripes looking upon the crowd gathered to watch his

execution. For the last twenty minutes he stood there in hand cuffs

watching the crowd

get larger and larger and the television crews setting up cameras atop the buildings that

lined the square. To his left, guarding the only staircase to the ground, was the

executioner, dressed in dark earth tones and a black hood standing with his arms folded in a sinister, yet defiant manner. The crowd, now numbering in the hundreds began to pack closer to the wooden platform and the noise from the mumbling and grumbling was getting almost loud enough to drown out the music playing over the speakers from the radio station remote set up to cover the event. It was 11:15 am and the execution was scheduled for noon and a phone was set up on the gallows in case a last minute stay of execution call came from the governor. So far the phone was silent. Two hours earlier, at the Linda's house. Linda stepped out of her shower, grabbed a towel and began to dry off watching her lesbian lover Kathy Lane, the endocrinologist from her hospital brushing her teeth. Kathy had been living in secret with Linda ever since she been tossed from Julies vehicle and disappeared the night of Julies death. No one knew that in reality, Linda was a lesbian and Julie was correct when she accused her of being one and made fun of her at the bar that night. Little did Julie know that Kathy was Linda's secret lover and that she had pissed her off with her anti lesbian comments at the bar. The reason why Julies truck veered off the road and into the ditch wasn't completely because she was drunk, it was because Kathy beat her in the head after a smart ass remark about the deputy. Kathy was sick of Julie's mouth and couldn't take it any longer. It wasn't only Deputy Mark Sanders that had injected insulin into Julie that night of the crash, but also Kathy, an expert on hormone therapy and someone very familiar with insulin. It was her that suggested to Deputy Sanders he was using the wrong type of insulin, it was her that took the bottles from the Deputy and drew back and administered the multiple doses of Regular insulin that killed Julie. After the injections were administered, Kathy and Mark agreed to never speak of killing Julie and Kathy ran off into the woods before the ambulance arrived and called Linda on her cell phone to pick her up. Now Mark Sanders stood alone on the gallows to face death for the crime he only partially committed. Gary, the diabetic vampire had arrived too late to witness the fatal dosage, and could only testify that he saw Mark at the scene of the accident. Although the prosecution could not positively connect Sanders with the actual injection, they thought they had enough evidence to convict and now Sanders was two hours from his death. Funny story though, and you'll get a kick out of this, the

whole time the deputy was on trial, Kathy Lane sat in the gallery of the courtroom dressed in dark sunglasses with her hair tucked into a ball cap. She sat and watched the whole trial without anyone knowing it was her in fact who was the guilty party. With the exception of Rita, the Schizophrenic troll. During the trail, Rita, in her paranoid state would stare at Kathy for hours and mumble to herself. She made poor eye contact so Kathy was never really sure what she was doing, but it gave her the creeps, especially since Rita didn't wear any clothes and her boobs sagged like an old ladies.

"Do you have a yeast infection?" Kathy asked Linda.

"What? Why do you ask?" Linda replied.

"You had a funny taste last night, you might want to get that looked at."

"You're the doctor, can't you just tell with your tongue exam?" Linda laughed.

"The white discharge is a pretty big clue, you better get some Monostat, you can get it over the counter."

"No duh," Linda replied. "I've been down the feminine isle before. Had crotch rot before."

"Anyway, hurry up, we got to get downtown before they hang Mark."

"Aren't you afraid someone will see you and recognize you?"

"They haven't yet, people around here are so blind and stupid. I've lived in this town for six years and I'm the doctor that went missing and my picture is up all over the place and for a month I've been able to shop and go to the gym with only a ball cap and sunglasses and no one has figured out who I am."

"That's not exactly correct you know?" Linda said as sort of a question.

"What do you mean?" Kathy replied.

"The accident sort of fucked you up a bit, I mean, you used to have more teeth than that and your nose wasn't so broken."

Kathy, trying to act like nothing ever happened replied, "I don't look that much different," and continued to put on her make up and false teeth.

"Personally, I think you could walk down town and no one would know who you were. And that's not a bad thing considering your situation." Linda dropped her towel and exposed her large pendulous breasts and shapely female hips to Kathy and put her arms around her and pushed her to the bathroom wall and kissed her passionately on the lips. "You want a quicky before we go watch them hang Mark?" she asked.

Kathy, a little shocked at Linda's aggressiveness, yet aroused by her kiss put her hands on Linda's large ass and squeezed her nails into them till Linda cringed a little. "What time is it?" Kathy asked.

"I don't wear a fucking watch in the shower," Linda replied. "We have enough time, I'm horny and in the mood to go crotch diving. Do you have a yeast infection?" She asked.

"I eat yogurt everyday, you should too. I am clean as can be and if you are offering, I got a few minutes.

The two women walked from the bathroom to the bedroom and Linda, the leader of the

duo sat on the bed arranging Kathy so that she stood in front of her. Kathy, who had

already had her shower and was dressed in a pair of shorts, let Linda unbutton her

shorts and pull them off her hips and let them fall to the floor along with her panties.

Linda, with a smile on her face looked up to Kathy who was looking down at her and

said, "This is going to be fun," and pulled Kathy down on top of her allowing Kathy to

kick off her shorts and panties and let them fall to the ground.

The women spent the next twenty minutes engaged in intense girl on girl lesbian sex

that you can imagine for yourself because I'm not going to spend the next half hour

writing it for you. You can look up lesbian porn on the internet if you are that interested.

Back to the Gallows, present time

It was now seven minutes from noon and Mark stood shaking in fear of his life. He had

one ace up his sleeve and knew that now or never he was going to have to play his ace

if he wanted to survive this, or at least stay off his execution for a while. It was then he

noticed down to his left at the base of the stairs, Rita, the formally schizophrenic troll

was slowly walking up to the top of the gallows to where the executioner was standing

guard.

The guard stood still as Rita approached and then stopped at the top step waiting for

executioner to step aside. He did not and Rita looked down to Ury who was standing in

the crowd for advice. Ury shrugged her shoulders and Rita turned around and grabbed

the guard by his belt and tossed him off the gallows like a sack of popped popcorn into

the crowd. Rita was very strong.

Rita stepped up onto the gallows and like a pig on two legs, walked over and stood

about four feet from Mark and then sat back on her ass taking a rest. She blinked a few

times, juttet her head like a rooster, and turned her head looking at the people all

around down on the ground and started mumbling to herself,

"What's up?" Mark asked.

Rita wasn't the most vocal between her and Ury, but Mark knew she could speak. She

did spent a little time talking to a branch the last time they met. Rita looked at Mark and

said, " You know what? People think I'm really fucked up. But in reality, I'm pretty fucking

normal. I mean, am I the only person, I mean troll that noticed that woman in the

courtroom with the ball cap and sunglasses? What a shitty costume, I knew who it was the second I saw her. It was that missing doctor that nobody else could find for the last few months."

"I didn't realize you were so well spoken," Mark replied.

"If I acted like I was smart, Ury would never fuck me. I play dumb for a reason," Rita

replied. "Ury is too much of a control freak and there is no way we both could be in

control so I talk to trees once and a while and the next thing you know I have a fish up

my crotch. I couldn't ask for a better arrangement." Rita replied.

"Fish up your crotch?" Mark asked noting the time on the bank clock across the street.

"We tried using some toys that we bought at the adult bookstore here in town, but

human women have very small poonies and regular dildo's do nothing for me. So one

day Ury caught a catfish and I had an idea and viola an idea was born."

"Do you kill the catfish first?" Mark asked.

"What do you think?" Rita asked sarcastically.

"Well," Mark replied. "It could be considered animal abuse if you used it while it was still

alive, but then on the other hand it would be much more animated if you used it alive

and would be more stimulating for you. So really, I don't know what you would do."

"Would you put a dead fish in your hole?" Rita asked in a superior tone.

"I wouldn't put a live or dead fish in any part of me. Well, unless it was cooked then I'd eat it."

"You humans are so much of a waste of space. I long for the days when trolls ruled the

Earth and you could find one anywhere you looked." Rita stated.

"That never happened," Mark replied. "Trolls never reached a population of more than

fifty thousand world wide ever. You are decisional."

"Maybe that's why I put live fish in my pussy," Rita said with a grin.

"Would explain the smell," Mark said wrinkling his nose. Do you two ever bathe?

A short pause, then Rita replied in a whisper, "That doctor in the shitty costume, she has

something to do with this doesn't she?"

"Yes," Mark replied.

"Then speak up or forever hold your peace, I mean you are minutes from death."

"It's a long story Rita," Mark said shaking his head. "But I do have a part in this and

calling her out will only put two of us on the slab instead of one."

"But doesn't that piss you off? I mean you get whacked for your part and she gets off

Scott free? I'd be pissed, take her down with you."

The courthouse clock rang twelve times for the noon hour and the crowd quieted down.

The executioner had made his way back up the stairs but stood on the top step afraid to

walk onto the gallows platform. From the stairs below, the sheriff and the other deputies,

dressed in riot gear ran up onto the platform, pushed the executioner aside, and pointed their automatic rifles at Rita. The crowd gasped in shock. "You are interfering in an official government execution " the sheriff yelled to Rita. "Stand down or I will be forced to shoot." Rita, in her smug bitchy way replied, "Your human laws don't apply to trolls." "They don't apply to dogs either, but we shoot those too," the sheriff stated. "Touche'" Rita replied, "Well I guess you win," she replied and started hobbling away from Mark towards the officers on her way to the stairs. "Stop " the sheriff yelled. "I'm trying to get my fat ass off this thing so you will have to move jackass " Rita yelled back. She paused for a moment to gauge the sheriffs response and took another step. In less than a second the sheriff fired a round into Rita's top right skull and with a pop, a chunk of her skull, some leathery skin and a tennis ball sized piece of her brain flew out of her head and landed on the wooden platform at her feet. Some blood did spray the crowd and this amused Rita as she bent over and scooped up the parts of her head lying at her feet. She picked the bones and skin out from the handful of mush and pushed the brains back into her head. She then placed the pieces of skull over the brain trying to fill in as much as she could before putting the skin back on over the top and pressing down hard to get it all to stay in one spot. Once the mass of bones, brains and flesh was back in place, Rita gently turned her head back and forth to see if it would stay in place. A few more pokes and prods with her finger and she was satisfied that it would stay until healed and again began to walk towards the sheriff who had lowered his gun in amazement. Once Rita walked to the midpoint of the gallows where the hangman nooses was swaying in the breeze, she reached up as high as she could and grabbed the bottom of the loop and yanked down hard enough to snap the rope in two. She tossed the noose end into the crowd and said to the sheriff, "He's a friend of mine, if you're going to do this, I am not going to make it easy for you," and continued to walk past the officers, down the steps and back into the crowd.

Chapter 8

The Newspaper Office, Again

The following week, Rita and Ury walked from their bridge down to the newspaper office. They had found a copy of the paper at the roadside, with a story covering the execution of Deputy Mark Sanders and they wanted to speak to the editor and

publisher. It was a long four mile walk for the couple, and they usually didn't stay up during the day, but they had a mission and needed to get something off their chests. At the office, they politely asked the clerk to see Frank the editor, and the lady at the desk used the intercom to ask Frank to come up to the front counter. Frank approached the counter and to his disgust, two trolls were standing there to greet him. "What can I do for you?" he asked in a smug yet friendly tone. Rita slammed down the front page of the paper and pointed to the picture of Mark hanging from the noose. "Is this what you call journalism?" Rita asked in a loud yelling tone.

"Yes ma'am", Frank replied. "That is the biggest story to hit this town in years. Of course it's news."

"This is sensationalism at it's worst. This sort of thing belongs on the same page with the speeding tickets and court fines, not on the front page. This is trash and your paper is a rag."

Frank shook his head in defiance. "Every paper around here including the regional ones had a similar picture on the front page, if you think I wasn't going to have a photo of the body, you are more insane than everyone in town thinks you are."

"You are an asshole," Rita said in firm pursed lip tone. "What if this was your son, or father?"

"I can't draw those distinctions," Frank replied. "I run a business of selling information and this qualifies as information. You can demonize me all you want, but this is how the world works and if you want to stop the press from covering the news, you should run for congress and get the first amendment repealed. Until then, good day "

"You're not getting away with that so easy " Rita yelled. Ury grabbed her by the arm and said, "Let's go, you won't win this battle."

Rita pulled her arm away and moved in a little closer to the counter. "You know what Mr. Paperman?" she asked in a mocking tone. "You run a very interesting paper here yes you do." Rita held the paper up to her nose and took a long loud sniff, loud enough for all the office personnel to take notice. "Do you use soy ink?" Rita asked.

"Yes we do, it's environmentally safe," Frank replied.

"I bet, pretty expensive too I suppose?" She asked.

"What are you getting at?" Frank asked back.

"Maybe we should talk in private about the additives I smell on your paper. I think you use more than just soy ink to print your paper. I think you may..."

"Hold on " Frank said looking around to see who was looking. "In my office," he stated motioning the two female trolls back around the counter down the long hall back to his office.

The hallway was filled with framed copies of the paper from years ago when things were a lot different than they are now. Different cars, different buildings and pictures of people who have long since died. Even the font on the paper was different. They past offices on both sides of the hall until they came to the last office on the left where Frank held out his hand motioning for the two to enter. He was polite, but visibly shaken.

The trolls entered the office and Frank followed pointing to the only other chair besides his huge leather office chair and motioned for Ury to sit down. Rita would have to stand in the center of the room, smack center of the trap door.

"What do you want from me?" Frank asked as he sat in his luxury chair. Rita looked around at all the crap he had gathered over the years and hung on his wall. Photo's of Frank with local business people, pictures of his kids, pictures of his boat and pictures of his ex wife with her new husband on his desk.

"I want to kick your ass," Rita stated. "It's too late now, you printed this crap and it's all over town."

"Kick my ass?" Frank replied jokingly. "I have been threatened by better than you. I have had my gas tank sugared, my windows broke, my building spray painted with profanities, my life threatened and you want to kick my ass?"

Rita bit her lip and thought for a second. Before we discuss your ass kicking, I want you to tell me why I smell human blood all over your paper? It's like it's mixed in the ink."

"Is there anyway to kill a troll?" Frank asked flatly. "I saw you take a bullet to the brain and it didn't phase you."

"Sure it did, I wasn't going to let the crowd know that," Rita replied. "I didn't get out of bed for two days after I got back to the bridge. It hurt like Hell and I was sure I had a stroke, but thank goodness I came out of it." Rita put her clawed finger up to her head and pushed on the spot where the skull had been shot off and said, "See, almost as good as new. Why do you ask?"

"For starters, I had no idea you were fucking blood hounds. I had a pretty good operation here for years and now you ugly fuckers found out my dirty little secret."

"Where do you get the blood to put in your paper?," Ury asked from the chair.

Frank looked over to Ury and back to Rita. "I get it from assholes like you," he said and the floor dropped out from under Rita and she fell to the room below. Ury stood up and waddled over to the open trapdoor and looked down at her girlfriend lying on the mattress below. Frank reached over and grabbed Ury by the hair on the top of her head

and pushed her off balance, and then towards the open pit. She fell in and landed on top of Rita who was trying to find the piece of skull that dislodged when she hit bottom. With muscle memory, Frank grabbed the rope to the trap door and pulled it back up locking it in place. The room below was now dark. Below in the locked room, Ury and Rita could see fine, they lived at night and had the best night vision possible. The room, large enough for a small storage space was lined with empty shelves and the walls were cracked and broken cement that covered a brick interior. It smelled musty and nothing seemed to be new, it was a building built for an earlier age and it had seen better days. Then the smell of exhaust filled the room and the hiss from a vent above let them know where it was coming from. "He's trying to gas us?" Rita said like it was some sort of joke. "Who the Hell does he think he's dealing with here?" she grinned and with one swift motion kicked down the locked door that sealed them inside. Before her, hanging from hooks, was the body of a woman with her hands cut off allowing her blood to drain into a bucket. Next to her was a fifty five gallon container of black ink and a siphon hose. "Now I get it," Rita said smugly. This is some sort of processing space he uses to do his dirty work. But why the Hell does he put blood in the ink in the first place?" she asked aloud. Ury, looking for a door said, "Let's get out of here, the gas is making my sinuses hurt." Nine hours later at Troll bridge 10:30 pm and the bridge is covered in a medium fog lit up by the full moon casting harsh shadows of the bridge onto the river below. On one side the bridge a car pulls up and quickly the headlights turn off, on the other side, Gary, the diabetic vampire sits upon his power chair, now with one less leg, due to an amputation below the knee, a complication of his diabetes. Gary sipped on an energy drink and watched two men exit the vehicle, walk around the back and pop the trunk. Moments later the men reach in and pull out a 223 rifle and a Glock 40mm pistol and head around the car over the bridge and towards Gary who sits quietly awaiting their arrival. The men approach, "What are you doing here?" Frank, the newspaper publisher asks. "I was going to ask the same question," Gary replied to Frank and Mitch, the pressman. "Do you guys usually go hunting this late at night?" Gary said with a grin. "Why don't you put that in high and scoot on down the road?" Frank asked in a sarcastic tone.

"I don't think so," Gary replied. "Night is my time and I'm out doing my rounds."

Frank and Mitch looked at each other and then at Gary who looked blankly back at them

acting like he knew nothing was going on and why the two men were on the bridge in

the first place. Frank stepped closer to the edge of the bridge and looked down at the

slow moving river below and though for a second about tossing Gary over the side, but

then realized that he and Mitch together would have a difficult time lifting a man over

four hundred pounds over a rail.

"I'm not a witch," Gary said. "I don't melt with water," he said with a grin. "I feel a little

tension here between us. Is there something going on I should know about?" Gary

asked.

"How long are you going to be here?" Mitch asked.

"Aren't you that fucker that was boning the now deceased deputies wife?" Gary asked.

"How the fuck did you know?" Mitch asked back.

"Small town, plus I practically live in the bar and all we do is drink and talk all night. I

hear you got a little pecker."

Mitch stepped up and pointed the Glock at Gary's face. "Normally little dick jokes don't

bother me, but coming from a fat bastard like you really pisses me off. What right do you

have to judge me?"

"The same right that allows you to judge me I suppose." Gary quipped back. "You don't

like fat people?"

"I don't like fat people, I don't like queers, I don't like Asians, blacks or Mexicans either,

you have a problem with that?" Mitch asked.

"You realize I'm immortal dumbass," Gary stated as a matter of fact. "You shoot me and

I don't fall down and go boom. I regenerate and then I kick your ass."

Mitch Patrickled and looked at Gary on his power chair. "Kick my ass? You fat fuck, it

would take you ten minutes to get off your chair and another three to walk over to me.

By that time I could have sat down, smoked a joint and jerked off."

"Point taken," Gary stated. "But there is one thing you didn't think about."

"What's that?" Mitch asked.

"I may be the fattest fuck you know, but I am probably the most popular fattest fuck you

know as well and I have a lot of friends who would laterally give their shirts off their

backs to help me out." Gary stated, and then looked around in the dark fog as if giving a

sign to anyone watching.

Mitch put the gun down and stepped back. Frank took a deep breath and said, "Maybe

we should head back to the car."

"We came to kill those fucking trolls," Mitch said. "I'm not leaving till I have troll hide to

take back to my baby momma for a diaper dispenser.

"He's bluffing," Mitch said, "Their aren't anyone else out here but him you and me, and those two fucking trolls hanging under this bridge waiting for us to fill them with holes."

Gary sipped on his power drink and watched the two men bicker.

"He has a lot of really fucked up friends," Frank stated. "For all we know, he has an

army of zombies out in the woods waiting to take us out one by one."

"Excuse me," Gary said politely, "Zombies don't exist. They are the red shirts of the

fantasy world and are a cheap and easy bad guy, almost as bad as vampires so let's

move on."

Frank leaned back over the rail and looked to see if he could see the trolls down below

on the river bank. If they were, it would be an easy kill and they could be on their way.

Troll killing isn't a crime under human law so it wouldn't be any different than shooting a

skunk or naked mole rat. Frank saw nothing but the river, the river bank and trees

below. He knew the trolls could be sneaky fuckers and hard to find, especially in the dark.

"Seems we are at an impasse," Frank said. "You may have someone or something

hiding out there waiting to jump us as soon as we start looking for the trolls, and you

may be jerking us off playing a game of bluff. Problem is, do we chance it or not?" Frank

sat down on the cement rail and laid his rifle across his thighs while he thought. Mitch

stood by and Gary continued to sit on his power chair and all three men listened to the

crickets and water from below the bridge.

Then, from the fog the silhouette of a woman appeared walking towards the three men

almost in silence. Her figure was familiar, but she almost seemed to glide across the

ground like a ghost blowing in the breeze. As she approached her features became

clear, and in a moment, Julie Jones, the formerly murdered wife of Gary Jones the

diabetic vampire stood next to the power chair, skin pale like the moon light, with a scar

across her forehead from the barbed wire that pinned her to her seat when she died.

"What the Hell?" Frank asked with his mouth open in disbelief. "You're dead."

"You're a smart fucker," Gary said with a belly laugh. "You were at the trial covering it

weren't you?" Gary asked Frank. You know I was at the scene after the accident. It was

her, her so called friend Kathy Lane, me and the deputy."

"Yeah, but you testified that you didn't see anything," Frank stated

"That is correct, I didn't see who gave the insulin shot, but I did stick around long

enough to bite my wife and turn her into a vampire before she died from an overdose.

She may be the biggest piece of shit there is, but I still love her and I wasn't about to let her die."

"What about the deputy? Why didn't you kill him? He is the one who tried to kill her first,

it was all on the recording on the patrol car camera." Frank asked.

"Julie deserves everything she gets and I am surprised I haven't had to turn her way

before this. I don't blame the deputy, actually I would have done the same thing in his

place, but I still couldn't let my little Julie here just roll over and die. In some odd way,

she makes me happy."

"She seems to have turned over a new leaf from the sound of things. It's been five

minutes and she hasn't said one bitchy thing." Frank said.

"She can't," Gary said. "When I turned her I accidentally bit into her vocal chords and now

she's mute."

Mitch, anxious and jittery began to shuffle on the gravel laid across the cement bridge.

"Well, it's nice that we have a family reunion, but we came here to waste some trolls so

they don't tell our little secret," Mitch said.

"The blood in the ink secret?" Gary asked. "Who doesn't know about that?"

"What do you mean?" Mitch asked.

"People talk and they talk all the time about crap like this. It starts off as a rumor and

then builds into facts in peoples minds. Do you know when blood oxidizes it turns black,

and not the same black as ink. It is more of a muddy charcoal

consistency. I picked that

out years ago reading that rag you put out. I could tell when you were killing and when

things were slow. I used to joke about it at the bar all the time. Frank the serial killer is

on a slump the headline reads in the blood of his last victim who happens to be a dog

because he can't find any new victims."

"No one believed you?" Frank asked. "I hid it very well, my operation was genius."

"In every rumor there is a grain of truth and my friends knew I knew things they would

never and could never know. I think it's safe to say the cops were checking you out

pretty good most of the time and you were probably under surveillance more than you

know. I wouldn't be surprised if there was a gps tracker on your car right now and that

the cops aren't watching you now. Not for this shitty fog though, probably makes their

job a bit harder, unless they are using infrared cameras and have someone with a

microphone on them recording your every word."

"Like who?" Frank asked.

Gary pointed to the small round metal object taped to the handle bar of his power chair.

"Like that dumbass," Gary said with a smirk. "Congratulations Frank, you're on Candid

Camera " he yelled with a huge belly laugh.

Frank and Mitch swung from the gallows six months later after their trial as the most prolific serial killers in the county. They happened to be the only serial killers in the county ever, but it made for good headlines. Deputy Mark Sanders continued to be dead, and his whore wife continued to fuck every guy in town that would give her the time of day.

Chapter 9

The Pond

Friday night at the Roadside bar and the clock on the wall read a quarter 'til midnight.

Crystal Piper, drunk and very touchy feely, rubbed her hand down the back of Dan

Cooper. Dan, a member of her staff, was almost as drunk as she was and had been

coming on to her all night. Crystal was enjoying the male attention.

Across the table sat

Shandy Koperski, Crystal's good friend and co-supervisor from work.

Shandy was

dotting on one of her junior staff members, Mike Reed and Mike had been running his

hand up and down her thigh for the last twenty minutes. All four arrived at the bar

separately after work and had been drinking since six thirty. They were having a

wonderful, fun time and getting more and more flirtatious with each other as the night

progressed. The only unmarried member of the group was Dan, who was up for any

party, but had no idea his married boss was so interested in him. Both Shandy and Mike

were married, but not to each other.

"Let's get out of here," Crystal said with a slur. "I want to party somewhere more private."

Dan smiled and looked to the others to gauge their reactions. He could see by the look

in their eyes that they were ready to move the party elsewhere too. "I guess I'm driving,"

Dan said, disappointed. "I have the only vehicle big enough for all of us and I'm

probably the most sober."

"Oh, you big baby," Crystal said laughing. She leaned in close to Dan and whispered in

his ear, "I'll make it worth your while." Dan dug into his pants pocket for his keys, giddy

with anticipation.

"Where do you want to go?" Shandy asked. "The bars will all be closed in forty five

minutes."

"Screw the bars," Mike replied. "I know a place where we can go and have all the

privacy we want."

"Where?" Dan asked. "I don't want to get picked up by the cops."

"The pond," Mike said assuredly. "We used to go there in high school and get drunk all

the time. There is a lake, picnic tables and plenty of room to park. It's back behind a windbreak of trees in some rancher's field."

"Is there a locked gate? And how far away is it?" Dan asked.

"Don't need a key; not a lot of people know this place and it's not that far away. It's

about twelve miles southeast from here. Trust me, I've been there a lot and nobody will

know we are there."

"Have you taken women there before?" Shandy asked.

"Yeah. Twenty years ago in high school. And we used it for a place to smoke pot too.

You will not be disappointed."

"Are you sure it's still there?" Dan asked. "Twenty years is a long time."

"Let's go anyway," Crystal said. "If it's not there, we can find an old abandoned farm

house. They're all over the place."

The group paused for a moment to see if anyone else would speak up, then began to

gather their things and leave the table. They were close to the front door and it didn't

take long to wave to the crowd and say goodbye as they stepped outside into the warm

September night.

"Where did you park?" Crystal asked with an intoxicated Patrickle.

"At the end of the block," Dan replied, putting his arm around her in an attempt to keep

her upright as she staggered down the sidewalk. Shandy and Mike held hands as they

followed the two guiding them to Dan's old Explorer. Shandy checked her purse to make

sure she had her cell phone; she thought about turning it off in case her husband

decided to call and check on her. He was at home with her two young sons, thinking

that she was at a candle party with her friends from work. She had said she would be

home late and he trusted her. She figured he wouldn't call to check, but just in case, she

decided she'd turn off the phone and not take the risk. Then it rang with a familiar song.

"Shit," Shandy said out loud.

"Who is it?" Mike asked.

"It's Kent," She replied and listened to the music play while reading Kent's name on the

screen.

"Don't answer it," Crystal said in a panic. "Let it go to voice mail."

"I can't," Shandy said. "He knows I always answer the phone." With that said, Shandy

clicked the send button and signaled for everyone to be quiet as they stood outside the

Explorer. "Hello?" she asked into the phone.

"Hey, how's it going?" Kent asked from the other side of the phone.

"It's fine. We are going to be late you know; we are having drinks after the candle party

and we are going to sit around and talk like girls you know."

"I know, I just wanted to tell you that the kids will not be staying at mom's tomorrow

night. She has to go to the hospital for a few hours Sunday morning and won't be able to watch them."

"Oh. Okay. Well, what do you want to do then?" Shandy asked.

"If I can't find another babysitter, we'll have to cancel our plans and stay home." Kent replied.

"You know what?" Shandy asked. "That would be fine with me anyway. I think I'll be

home real late and I will be so tired tomorrow that staying home would be a good idea.

We can rent a movie and I can make you and the kids something special for supper."

"I was looking forward to going out," Kent said with disappointment. "I never get to go

anywhere or do anything. You are always staying late after work or going to some sort of

candle, jewelry or whatever party with your girlfriends."

Shandy looked over at Mike and felt guilty for a moment. Then she looked up at his

sexy eyes and down at his bulging crotch and she got over it fast. "We'll see," she said

to Kent and waited for his response.

"I'm getting real tired of this shit, just so you know. I can't do anything without you and

you seem to be unavailable more and more these days."

"Fine," Shandy said in a pissed tone. "I'll be home when I get there and we'll see. If I'm

too tired, you can go out without me."

"I didn't get married to go out by myself," Kent replied angrily.

"It's not my fault you don't have any friends. Now I need to go."

"Goodnight," Kent said with a pissed tone in his voice and hung up. The phone

darkened down as the call was ended and Shandy looked back up to Mike who was

grinning ear to ear.

"That's a good girl," he said and opened the back door of the Explorer for her. She slid

in close, rubbed up against Mike and stepped up into the back of the truck, taking a

seat. She scooted over and waited for the other three to get in also, leaning forward as

Mike put his arm around her. He moved in close and gave her a wet, slobbery kiss with

his unshaven, chewing tobacco flavored mouth.

"You are so fucking hot," Shandy said, rubbing Mike's chest and moving in for another

kiss.

"You two can wait 'til we get to the pond before you get started. We have all night,"

Crystal said looking back at the couple from the front seat. "It's a nice night out and I

think the fun has just begun."

Back at Shandy's house, her husband Kent flicked on the computer and brought up the

g.p.s. tracking program that he had installed the day before. The unit came with a small

battery operated tracking device that he had placed into Shandy's purse, inside the

lining. It had only taken him a few minutes to cut the cloth with a razor blade, insert the thumb-sized unit and seal the opening with a little super glue. The image on the screen updated every five minutes and he had been monitoring her for the last few hours, knowing full and well that she had been at the Roadside bar since she had clocked out from work. Months of late nights at work and hidden texting had led him to believe something was going on and now his suspicions were being verified right in front of him, on his screen. He watched as the updates showed Shandy moving from the bar, onto the highway, then heading south out of town. He wanted so badly to pick up the phone and ask her where the fuck she was going, but he held back and let the tracking unit do its work so he could have proof before he confronted her. Every five minutes, the unit showed her heading further and further south; to where he would find out later. For now, his blood began to boil and he sat there shaking his head, gathering evidence.

Mike moved in closer to Shandy who seemed, for a moment, to be lost in a trance. She was staring out the side window of the Explorer as the truck drove further down the highway. It was dark inside the truck, except for the areas lit-up from the radio display. Outside, it was lit-up from the moonlight, exposing farm after farm as they drove further south.

"What are you looking at?" Mike asked with curiosity.

"Did you ever hear of that ghost story about the farmer who lost an arm out here?"

Shandy replied.

"No, I'm not from around here. What are you talking about?"

"I heard about it," Crystal spoke up, turning around in her seat to look at the couple in

the back. "It's the biggest bullshit story I've ever heard," she stated, still intoxicated.

"There's no such things as ghosts," she slurred.

"To each her own, I suppose," Shandy sighed. "I heard the story when I was a kid and it sounded pretty real to me."

"Enlighten us please," Crystal said with a smirk. "We have a few minutes 'til we get to the pond and Mike hasn't heard the story."

Slightly pissed, Shandy spoke up. "It happened back in the forties."

"Fifties I heard," Crystal interrupted.

"Forties or fifties, it doesn't matter. It was a long time ago, ok?"

Shandy snapped. "Back

then, there was this farmer who was unloading his corn into an auger and he got too

close to the drive shaft of his tractor. The sleeve from his jacket got caught-up in the

shaft and it pulled so hard it ripped his arm off, spun it around the shaft and then flung

the arm out into a cow pen."

"No fucking way!" Mike said with a grin.

"Farm accidents happen all the time dipshit," Shandy said. "I take it you came from the city?"

"Yeah, but still, that sounds a bit far-fetched to me."

Crystal spoke up to defend Shandy, "My mom is a nurse and I have heard of worse

things than that happening on farms. Tractors rolling over on people, people getting

electrocuted from power lines, and all sorts of other shit. Farming is one dangerous job."

"Fine, fine," Mike said. "Go on."

"When the ambulance finally got to the scene, they couldn't find his arm. Not that it

would have mattered much back in those days, but they searched and searched and

never found it. The farmer eventually bled to death before they could get him to the

hospital. They say that he can be seen walking in the fields, searching for his missing

arm, to this day."

"You got that off of Scooby Doo didn't you?" Mike joked. "Is that the best you can come up with?"

"I didn't make it up. I heard it a long time ago."

"Huh. Do you believe everything you hear?"

"I didn't say it was true. I was just sharing a story to pass the time."

"Hey, don't get pissed; I just don't believe everything I hear." Mike looked at the

upcoming road sign and directed Dan, who was driving. "Take the next gravel road on

your right and drive six miles; it should be easy to find once we get close."

Shandy sat quietly and watched the highway out the front windshield, crossing her arms

and fuming. Mike took notice and moved in closer and put his hand on her thigh. She

didn't respond. Mike stroked her thigh, back and forth, looking for a reaction. Nothing.

The truck slowed down and made a right-hand turn onto the gravel road, then picked up

speed quickly. Now it was a matter of time before they arrived at their destination and

started the after party. "Do you have any beer in here?" Crystal asked Dan.

"No, but I do have a few bottles of Southern Comfort and I think I have some Vodka as

well, in the back behind the seats."

"Awesome," Crystal replied and slid down in her seat, putting her bare feet up onto the

dashboard. "We have all night and I don't want to sober up too quickly." Mike, now concerned that his woman was giving him the cold shoulder,

started to think

fast to change her mood before they got to the pond. He knew if he tried to placate her

about the ghost she would see though it, making things worse, so he decided to change

his approach. "I'm sorry," he stated.

"No you're not," Shandy replied. "You are just saying that so I won't say no later."

"Come on, it was a ghost story, not like we were discussing cancer or something. Can

we let it go for tonight?" he asked.

Shandy remained quiet and listened to the radio, watching the fence posts slide by her

window, on the way to the pond. Six miles at seventy miles an hour doesn't take long

and the unmarked entrance to the pond was quickly approaching.

"Slow down," Mike said. "It's right there and you can miss it if you don't look close."

The entrance to the pond was a rarely used truck path that spurred to the left and ran

about a half mile towards a grove of trees. The path was surrounded by tall grass and

the ruts were filled with weeds, obstructing the view of the road ahead, so Dan had to

take it slow and crawl his way forward.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Shandy asked. "I don't want to get stuck here."

"I can put it in four wheel drive if we get stuck; don't worry," Dan assured her as he

continued down the bouncy, unkempt road on the way to the trees.

It took five minutes, but they finally came to an area where the tall grass ended. They

could see the outline of a small lake, surrounded by trees. Dan pulled up and parked the

truck about thirty feet from the edge of the water, then turned off the Explorer.

"This is better than I remember it," Mike said.

Shandy opened her door and stepped out onto the ground to take a look around. "This

is nice," she said, improving Mike's mood immediately. Mike then opened his door,

circled around to the back of the truck and popped open the hatch to retrieve the booze

Dan had said was back there. To his surprise, Mike found not only three bottles of liquor,

but a half open case of warm beer as well. "Jackpot," he said to himself and lifted the

beer and one of the Whisky bottles out from the back of the truck. He brought the booze

around to the front, where everyone was standing, and handed the bottle to Dan.

"Where are the tables?" Dan asked, looking around.

Mike scanned the area and shrugged his shoulders. "It was twenty years ago; be glad

the lake is still here," he said with a Patricke.

"Great," Dan said disappointed. "Now what?"

Crystal came up from behind Dan, put her arms around him and grabbed his crotch.

"Use your imagination," she purred, which perked Dan right up. "Why don't you and I go

for a little walk and let these two have some privacy?" she suggested.

Dan, horny as hell and ready to fuck, said "Let's grab a blanket out of the truck first. I

don't want to do it in the dirt; I might get a snake up my ass."

Crystal walked around to the back of the truck, grabbed a rolled-up blanket from next to

the liquor bottles and tossed it at Dan. She looked back at Shandy and said, "We have our cell phones, if we get lost. You can come find us, but give us an hour first. I'm not leaving 'til I get laid."

Dan and Crystal took off walking alongside the lake, between the water and the trees that lined it. It didn't take long before they disappeared into the darkness and their voices could no longer be heard. Now it was Mike and Shandy, and all the crickets and frogs, that filled the air with sound.

"What do you want to do?" Shandy asked.

Mike walked up to Shandy, grabbed her by the hips and lifted her up onto the hood of the Explorer. He moved in and leaned on the truck, between her legs. Mike buried his face in Shandy's chest, making moaning sounds. He wrapped his hands around her soft, supple, round ass and squeezed tight, like making bread dough. He smelled her skin as he started to get an erection.

"Let me help you," Shandy said and unbuttoned her jeans, sliding them off. She raised her ass off the truck and Mike pulled her pants and panties off, laying them on the ground. In front of him was her hot, wet pussy, ready to eat. "Make this good. I've never been eaten on the hood of a truck before," she said and laid back on the hood, spreading her legs. Mike used the thumb and first finger on his left hand to spread her pussy lips apart, then dove in with his tongue. Shandy moaned and shifted her butt so he could get a better position on her clit. It wasn't long before she was feeling better about Mike. She was very happy to look up at the moon while her work subordinate had his way with her.

Fifteen minutes later, Dan was enjoying a blow job from Crystal, lying on the blanket in a clearing near the edge of the pond, when his cell phone lit-up with a text message. He begrudgingly picked up the phone and read the message from Mike. "Shandy wants to go back into town." Dan shook his head in disbelief and texted back, "I'm getting a blow job. You can wait," The next message read, "Your keys are in the Explorer; can we take it? You can get a ride home from your brother later."

"What's going on?" Crystal asked with her hand still firmly around Dan's cock.

"Shandy wants to go back to town," he said in disgust.

"She's a girly-girl, doesn't care to rough it; might mess up her hair," Crystal laughed. "Let them take the Explorer. I can get us a ride home later."

Dan texted back, "Go ahead and take the Explorer. Leave it at my house when you are done."

Mike, still dripping cum from his penis, smeared it on the phone from his fingers and

looked over to Shandy. She was still in the back seat of the Explorer, with her knees up

in the air, spread apart and dripping goo from her wet hole onto the seat. "He says ok,"

Mike informed Shandy.

Shandy slid across the leather seats, on the wet cum, then slid her feet onto the ground.

"Sorry my ass is so fat that I can't fit in there, but I prefer a bed."

"Where do you want to go?" Mike asked. "We can't go to your place or mine."

"I have my debit card; we can get a hotel."

"What about your husband? Won't he be curious? Doesn't he expect you home sometime soon?"

"He is a clueless idiot. I could tell him I was Mary Todd Lincoln and he'd believe me. He

trusts me." Shandy grabbed a McDonald's napkin from inside the Explorer and wiped

her crotch as clean as she could get it. She then gathered up her clothes and put them

back on. "By the time we get to the hotel, you'll be ready to go again.

This time we can

take a shower first and then spread out on the bed. I love hotel sex; I don't have to

clean up afterwards."

"How often do you do this?" Mike asked.

"As often as I can," Shandy replied. "I hope you can cum more than once a night, unlike

my lame husband Kent. I want to walk with a limp when I get home, if you know what I

mean."

Mike, now semi-dressed, hopped into the front seat of the Explorer and started the

engine. He put the vehicle into drive and followed the path back to where they had

come from. It was easy to follow the path of bent grass. In a few minutes, they were

back on the gravel road. A few more and they were on the highway, heading back

towards town to get a hotel room. Mike was very happy; he could go all night and now

he had his chance.

Dan closed his eyes and listened to the sounds of the night as Crystal continued to bob

up and down on his cock. Abruptly, he heard a noise from the brush to his right and

immediately sat up, concerned someone was going to catch them having sex on private

property. Crystal raised her head and looked at Dan, who was scanning the area like an

antenna. He motioned for her to stay quiet. The sound started again, only this time it

remained constant and sounded like footsteps in the tall grass behind the grove of trees.

Was it Shandy or Mike looking for them? Was it the owner of the property?

Neither of

them knew who or what was behind the trees, but Dan pulled up his pants, snapped

them shut and pulled up the zipper. He rolled onto his abdomen and signaled for Crystal to do the same, so they wouldn't be seen. The sound continued around the outskirts of the small lake, stopping in a small clearing about a hundred yards away. In the moonlight, Dan noticed something he hadn't seen before: a jumbled pile of buckets and canisters, with a large bucket just visible through an opening in the brush. "It's a fucking drug lab," he whispered. Crystal, now terrified of being caught, looked around for a way to get back to the road. Her heart pounded and she started to panic. Dan looked back at her and motioned for her to be still. "Don't move," he whispered, "and don't say a word." Crystal lay silent in the grass and put her head down on her arms trying to block out what was happening. For what seemed forever, she slowed down her breathing and tried to pretend she was invisible, not making any noise or movement. In the stillness of the night, over the sound of the crickets and frogs, she could hear the stranger knock a canister over, onto the ground, with a hollow bang. Her heart stopped for a moment as the night went silent again. Not able to take it anymore, she whispered to Dan, "What's going on?" "He dropped something. I think it's a meth lab." Dan replied. "How do you know?" Crystal asked. "They sometimes make it outside in a secluded spot, where they won't have to worry about the chemicals. It's not the best way to make meth, but they have less of a chance of getting caught, and of harming themselves, in the fresh air." "Now what?" Crystal prodded. "Fuck if I know," Dan replied, pissed. "What will they do if they catch us?" Crystal asked. Suddenly, a huge hand reached down from Crystal's right, grabbed her by the cuff of her pants and lifted her into the air. She let out a scream as she rose, ending up face to face with a seven-foot ogre. Dan rolled over onto his back, attempting to get up until the ogre stepped over and put his boot on Dan's right leg, pinning him down. Crystal screamed one more time, then she stopped and panted as she hung from her belt, dangling towards the ground. "What are you kids doing here?" the ogre asked in a low grumbled voice. "This is private property; you are trespassing." "How did you get over here so fast?" Dan asked. "I've been watching you two since you got here. That's my brother over there making the racket. Clumsy ogre." "I'm sorry," Dan stated. "We came out here to drink some beer; that's all."

Crystal, now with blood rushing to her head, began to squirm. "Let me down!" she yelled and the ogre placed her slowly onto the grass below. She spun over and sat on her butt, with her hands behind her, looking up at the ogre towering above her. "Who are you? What are you going to do with us?" she asked defiantly. "Don't know," the ogre replied. "I'll have to ask my brother what he wants to do. He never lets me do anything unless I ask him first. He's sort of a prick that way." "We didn't see anything," Crystal said. "Let us go so we can get home. I'm sorry for trespassing." The half brother of the ogre walked up to the threesome and stood tall, with his arms folded, as if in charge. "What did you find?" he asked his half brother. "These two spying on us." "We weren't spying on you!" Crystal spoke up. "I have no idea who you are or what you are doing here. We came here to have sex, ok? Nothing more. I could care less about your drug thingy lab or whatever." "My name is Allan," the ogre with arms crossed stated. "This is my half brother Toolshed." "Toolshed? What kind of a fucking name is that?" Dan asked, still pinned to the ground. "His parents weren't very imaginative I guess," Allan the ogre said with a smile. "I didn't ask you for your name," Crystal barked. "Please let us go and we won't say a word." Allan looked over at Toolshed and unfolded his arms, putting his hands in his pockets. He looked around and thought for a moment, then slowly turned in a circle, checking out the area for anyone else who might be hiding in the grass. "Any others?" Allan asked. "Two others left in an Explorer about twenty minutes ago," Toolshed replied. "I didn't see anyone else but the four of them." "Anyone know you're out here besides them?" Allan asked Crystal. "Yes, I told everybody I knew exactly where we were going and if we don't come back, they will come here looking for us," she replied, bitch-like. "We seem to have a problem," Allan stated. "If I let you go, you will rat us out on our meth operation. That means that me and my brother over there will have to pick up and move everything to a different location, and this has been our perfect spot for nine years." "We won't say anything," Crystal pleaded. "If that were the case, we wouldn't need to hide the lab," Allan replied. "People love to talk and you will talk and me and my brother will end up in the state penitentiary, cleaning toilets for the next twenty years."

For the next five minutes, Allan stood and thought in silence. He looked around, shook his head and racked his brain for an idea to fix his problem. Killing the couple would be an easy fix for now, but would bring unwanted attention to the location and to him and his brother. Plus, Allan wasn't a killer; he was a chemist and a rapist. He had no desire to kill anyone, let alone a young couple who were only out for a good time. His brother, though, was a different story.

Two thirty in the morning and Kent had driven thirty miles to the location where his hidden g.p.s. tracker had last marked Shandy's whereabouts, the Hidden Inn Hotel, on the north side of town. He pulled up to the front door and parked under the awning, double checking the readout on his cell phone. In disgust, he got out of the car and entered the building. He approached the check-in desk which, to no surprise, was empty. He looked around and knocked on the counter, taking notice of the signs for free continental breakfast starting at six and a rack of brochures for local points of interest. "May I help you?" the desk clerk asked rounding corner, from the hallway, into the lobby. "I'm sorry, but at this hour there is no one to unclog the toilets, so I get stuck doing it." "Yeah, I have an odd question for you," Kent stated, taking a deep breath. "I am looking for my wife and I think she's in your hotel." "Guest records are confidential," the clerk stated as he walked around Kent and entered the office. "I can't give you any details, company policy." Kent stood there and thought for a minute. He knew his wife was clever, because she had been pulling this stunt on him for a year now, but this time he wasn't leaving until he got his answers. He hadn't noticed her car outside, but the tracker led right to this building and it was embedded in her purse. The readout on the phone wasn't precise enough to pinpoint which room, so he needed the clerk to open up. Then it came to him. "You take credit and debit cards right?" Kent asked the clerk. "Yes, sir, we do," the clerk replied. "Can you do me a favor and see if my debit card has been used in this hotel tonight? I'm not asking for names; I just want to know if my card is in your system." The clerk thought for a second and pondered calling his district manager for advice, but decided against it. This guy was only asking if his card was used and was in the system. It wasn't like the guy was asking for a customer's name, so he decided it was alright to find out. "Name on the card and card number please?" the clerk asked.

Kent gave his name and card number, after retrieving the card from his wallet. The clerk tapped some keys on the hotel computer keyboard and stood back looking at the screen. His eyes lit up as he came across the number in question and gently bit his lower lip with his two front teeth. "Yes, as a matter of fact, your card is in our system," he replied. "We had someone come in, about forty five minutes ago, and check-in with that exact number."

"Which room is it?" Kent asked.

"I can't give you the room number. I can only tell you the card is in our system."

Kent quickly thought again and came up with a smarter idea. "My card was stolen and I need to get it back. Tell me the room number, so I can go get it."

"You said it was your wife a minute ago." the clerk puzzled. "Are you saying your wife stole your card?"

Lying, Kent replied, "Yes. We got into a fight and she took off with the card. I need to get it back. As far as I am concerned, that room is mine and I want a key." The clerk, now faced with the fact that the man in front of him was the owner of the account, put his hands on the counter and hung his head as he thought of what to do.

"This might be a matter for the police," he stated, looking back up at Kent.

"You are right; it very well may be a matter for the police, but that doesn't change the fact that I should get a key to the room I am paying for!" he said in a louder, but still somewhat restrained, voice.

"Maybe I should call to the room and have her come down here." the clerk said, reaching for the phone.

"No, please do not call her. She is up there with another man, using my debit card that she stole from me. As a man, do me a favor, give me a copy of that room key and let me take care of this myself. I promise nothing bad will happen. I just need to talk to her and get my card back."

The clerk, empathetic to his appeal, stepped back from the counter and reached for a blank card key. He punched a few buttons on the computer, then swiped the key to put the correct room number code on it. He swiped it again, to check to make sure it was coded correctly, and handed the key to Kent. "Room one twenty, bottom floor, end of the building on the west side. There is plenty of parking along the side of the hotel, if you don't want her to see you coming. If I hear even a peep from that room, I am calling 911, got it?" the clerk asked.

"Got it," Kent replied, taking the card key from the clerk. He headed back out to his car,

giddy with anticipation. Quickly, Kent ran around to the driver's door, got in and started the car. He slowly moved out, heading in the direction the clerk had instructed him to go, and watched for the room numbers as he went along. One twelve, one thirteen, one fourteen and so forth, until he came across room one twenty, which had the lights on but the curtains closed. He parked right in front of the door and reached down and pushed the trunk release. The trunk door opened with a clunk and a smile raced across his face.

Inside the hotel room, Mike lay naked on the bed, still wet from the shower he took with Shandy. She was now toweling off in front of the mirror. He was reaching for the remote control when he heard her say, "Don't you dare touch that television. That was only number two and I am getting at least four before we leave this place." Mike rolled back onto the bed, letting the remote control stay where it was. He watched Shandy, now dried-off, approach him naked in the hotel room light. She had nice big breasts, a round feminine ass and a shaved crotch, which Mike had visited many times already tonight. "Move over," she said as she crawled onto the bed on all fours, then spun around with her ass hanging in the air facing Mike, like a bitch in heat. "I want it this way, this time," she said and spread her legs wide enough for Mike to move in behind her. "I'm sorta limp right now," Mike stated. "I can't get hard on demand like I used to, especially after two times." Shandy slowly spun around and ran her hand up Mike's thigh, then grasped onto his limp penis and began to pull on it like a rubber chicken neck. Over and over she went until she noticed a slight feeling of erection. Then, she put it in her mouth and began to stroke it with her tongue. In less than thirty seconds, he was hard enough to do the job. She again turned around and put her ass up in the air, burying her head in a pillow, waiting for Mike to penetrate her pussy with his cock. Instead, she heard a click as the door to the hotel room opened and in came her husband Kent, wearing a fully functioning WW2-era flame thrower on his back. In his left hand was a grenade and in his right was a Glock 40 mm pistol, with a round chambered and ready to fire. "What's going on Shandy?" Kent asked watching Mike back away from her ass. Shandy sat back on her heels and raised her head, exposing her large breasts and the various sex marks Mike had left on her from the night.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Shandy asked. "How the Hell did you find me?"

Kent, with a smile on his face, checked the flame thrower with a short burst that lit up the room. It sent a wave of heat to Mike and Shandy, causing them to shut their eyes

from the flame. "Who is this?" Kent asked.

Shandy sat still and looked into Kent's eyes, waiting for the rage to come and the fire to

consume her, but he stood there, calm and cool, and waited for his answer. Maybe, she

thought, if she was honest, she might make it out of this alive. "His name is Mike," she

replied.

"Mike? How do you know Mike?"

"He is one of the guys I supervise," she replied.

"You are fucking one of your employees?" Kent asked. "Usually that works the other way

around. I've never heard of the woman boss fucking the male subordinate."

"How do you like her Mike?" Kent asked, looking at the man now sitting on the edge of

the bed. "Is she a good fuck? I wouldn't know anymore; she quit putting out for me a

year ago. I get more affection from my cat." Kent said with a Patricle.

Mike said nothing and looked away from Kent, at the cell phone that was buzzing with a

new incoming message. Everyone in the room could hear the sound and Kent spoke

up, "See what it says."

Mike picked up Shandy's cell phone and read the message, "Help! Come get us before

they kill us."

Chapter 10

Open Season

Two hours prior, back at the Roadside bar, it's half past midnight and there is still a

pretty good crowd drinking, dancing and having a good time talking with friends. The bar

is designed in an L shape with the drinks served up front around the bar counter and

tables set up in back for larger groups. From the back table section, the bar was out of

sight of the customers sitting at the stools, and each section had it's own bathrooms. It

was almost like two buildings in one.

The front door opened and three men, dressed in what looked like police uniforms,

entered the bar wearing badges that said, "Game Warden." The men, all in dark grey,

wore mirror sunglasses even though it was dark outside, and attached at their hip was a

pistol, baton and a set of handcuffs. The men approached the bar and signaled for

Linda the barmaid to come over and talk. The music in the front of the building wasn't

nearly as loud as it was in the back and talking over the sound wasn't too difficult. Linda

approached and stopped at the counter across from the officer closest to her. "What can

I do for you?" she asked.

"We're here to do a spot inspection," Roger Acorn, game warden replied.
"Are you the owner of this establishment?" he asked.
"No, that's Shawn, let me get him for you," Linda replied nervously and turned to find Shawn. She made some waving motions towards the back of the building and a small thin man walked around the corner and made his way to the three men waiting at the bar. "Shawn, these men would like to talk to you." Linda said
Shawn, much shorter and thinner than the three men he was standing next to looked up and said, "I'm the owner, is there something wrong officer?" he asked.
"We are doing compliance checks, nothing out of the ordinary. We heard there may be some illegals in the area and we want to make sure you aren't harboring them."
Shawn, surprised by the game wardens comments and a bit shaken replied, "I can't keep my eye on everyone that walks into my bar. I'm not harboring anyone, feel free to look around but don't blame me if one slips in."
"The law is clear on this," the game warden stated. "Anyone found with a vampire in their establishment, after sundown, during hunting season will be held accountable and will be charged with harboring an illegal. It is your responsibility, under the law, to take a state approved training course on identification, and put in screening methods to make sure no illegal gains entry."
Shawn hung his head down and looked away knowing full well he hadn't taken the course and had no procedures in place to check for vampires. It was one thing to keep from selling alcohol to minors, it was another to keep vampires, who for the most part looked human, out of his bar. "Do you know how much it cost's to put in equipment to scan for vampires? I barely make enough on my margin to pay my light bill and my help let alone do your job for you." Shawn said pissed.
"Take it up with your banker," the game warden stated. "Now that I have told you why we are here, we are going to do a spot inspection. How many exits do you have?"
"Three, one at the front door you came through, a fire door at the back and another fire door back where we store our liquor."
The game warden pointed at one of his men and at the door they had come through and without saying a word let him know this was his door to watch. The other man was directed by a point of a finger to guard the door at the back and this left the game warden free to roam the building keeping an eye on the bar in case anyone ran towards that door. "You close at two right?" the game warden asked.
"Yes," Shawn replied.

"Ok, I have to ask this first before I start. Do you have knowledge of any vampires currently residing in this building at this time?"

"No," Shawn said shaking his head.

"Failure to report is a one year stint in the jail so one more time, do you have knowledge

of any vampires currently residing in this building at this time?"

Pissed Shawn stated firmly, "No! I work for a living, I don't run a boarding house for vampires!"

"Alright," the game warden stated and turned and began to slowly walk along the bar

towards the tables in the back keeping an eye out for any presumptive signs of a

vampire. The mirrored sun glasses allowed him to look without being seen and gave

most of the patrons the creeps as this bug eyed animal cop walked among them like a

wolf in a sheep pen.

Sitting on his power chair next to one of the far tables in the back, Gary Jones, the four

hundred and thirty pound diabetic vampire sat telling jokes and having a great time with

his friends. He knew full well it was hunting season and that he was not supposed to be

indoors between sundown and sunrise according to the law, but he didn't give a shit. He

didn't think of himself as an animal that should be hunted, he thought of himself as a

person with some self worth. At his age, he knew how to hide his vampire appearance

pretty well, but everyone in the bar knew Gary and knew what he was but since he was

one of the most loved individuals there, he was pretty sure no one would rat him out to

the game warden. Although the occasional drunk might open his mouth at the wrong

time, Gary had a lot of friends and they would do almost anything to stand up for him. At

least he hoped so.

The game warden walked over to Gary's table and pulled out a chair and sat down. The

game warden looked over his shoulder for a moment and looked at his deputy standing

guard at the fire door and then turned his head back to face Gary who was sipping on a

beer. Three people sat around the table with Gary and all of them became quiet when

the game warden sat down. Why in the Hell did he sit here and at this time ? They

thought in their inner monologue, something was up and they felt very uncomfortable

with this officer sitting next to them.

"What can I do for you officer?" Gary asked with a Patricke. His fangs carefully covered

with his tongue speaking almost like a ventriloquist dummy.

The game warden sat silent, folded his arms and looked at Gary through his mirrored

sunglasses. Gary felt like he was getting a medical exam and smile left his face and he

put down his beer and checked the battery left on his power chair.
"There are three things in this world I am very good at," the game warden said in a low monotone voice. "One is knowing when to take a shit, two is marrying two faced whores, and the third is vampire identification. I currently don't have to take a shit, my whore wife is at home with her boyfriend, and I have a very funny feeling about you."
"What? Just because I'm fat and use a power chair you think I'm a vampire?"
"No," the game warden replied. "These sunglasses I'm wearing have a thermal readout and for some reason, you don't shine like everyone else in this room. You almost blend into the wall. Your chair is putting off more heat than you are."
"That's a medical condition," Gary replied lying through his teeth. "My diabetes lowers by overall temperature. I have to use a heating pad sometimes to keep myself from freezing."
"Diabetes's huh?" the game warden said unimpressed. "Are you type one or type two?"
Gary, shocked that the game warden would have any knowledge of diabetes and that he would call him on his claim swallowed hard and thought for a second. "Type two," he said with a grin.
"Type one myself," the game warden said. "Been on insulin since I was a kid. Right now I'm on a pump and it keeps me pretty regular."
"So you know what I'm talking about?" Gary asked.
"Not at all,"
"You don't get the chills?" Gary asked.
The game warden reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a small device that looked like a cell phone. He aimed the front of it at Gary and pressed a button. A few seconds later he heard a beep and a readout displayed seventy six degrees. "Wow, you must be pretty chilly," the game warden said with a smile. "What sort of diabetes do you have that makes your room temperature?"
Gary, knowing he was caught leaned back in his chair and looked over at the deputy standing by the fire exit. He looked back at the game warden and asked, "Now what?"
"State law states that no vampire can be indoors from sundown to sun rise from the months of September to November during hunting season. Are you unaware of this?"
"No, I know the law," Gary replied.
"Does the bar owner know you are a vampire?" the game warden asked.
"No, he has no idea."
"Harboring a vampire indoors at night during hunting season is a felony. Why would you put him through this?"
"I said he didn't know who I was !" Gary snapped back.
The game warden sat silent staring at Gary through his mirrored sunglasses. "Who else

in here are vampires?" he asked.

"You got the fucking radar detector sunglasses, you tell me," Gary replied. "You picked me because I'm the fat fuck with the power chair and can't run away. Good job Barney

Fife, you should be cop of the year!"

The game warden slowly took off his sunglasses and set them on the table with a smile

on his face. "These glasses are ten dollars at the Dollar store, they don't have any

thermal reading, they are so cheap they leave marks on my nose."

Gary, dumbfounded that he was just duped into telling the game warden he was a

vampire became pissed and slammed his hands down on the table knocking over a

beer bottle sending it crashing to the floor. "What was that thing you pointed at me?"

Gary asked pissed.

"My cell phone dumb ass," the game warden said laughing. "I knew you were a vampire

because the lady at the gas station told me you were. She said I couldn't miss you

because you were the only guy in the bar with a power chair over four hundred pounds."

"Yeah, well, you have no proof. Only a DNA test can prove anything and unless you

have a mobile lab in your car, you're shit out of luck."

"I don't need proof," the game warden said defiantly. "All I need is reasonable suspicion

to haul your ass down to the law enforcement center and I think I've met that criteria."

Chapter 11

Shake Down

Her shower over, Eleonora Kabloutchko towels off while standing on the dry rug between the bathtub

and the sink. She runs the towel over her curvy smooth female skin around her wide

hips and around her abundant firm breasts along her arms and down her smooth long

legs. She has long brown wet hair that she wraps up in a towel and then lets hang down

her back midway to her ass. She finds another large towel from the closet and wraps it

around her body above her breasts and tucks it in to hold it in place. She digs through

the drawers and finds a brush and begins to run the brush through her hair until she

hears the sound of a doorbell coming from the other room.

"Fuck," she thinks to herself and puts the brush down on the bathroom sink counter.

She pushes the door open slightly and looks into the front room where the television is

running and the lights are all on. It is the middle of the night and she has no idea who is

at the front door, but can hear the scratching and whimpering of dogs on the other side.

A quick look at the clock and it reads 3 am and she thinks for a second that maybe the

people on the other side of the door will give up and go away if she doesn't make a

sound.

Then the doorbell rings again and this time she hears barking and muffled sound of

men's voices behind the door. She knows it's hunting season, and that harboring

vampires indoors is a felony and that by law she is required to allow any hunter into her

home to search and inspect at will at any time day or night. If she doesn't answer the

door, it may come crashing in at any moment because the dogs must have hit on her

scent and now she has to think fast. On the counter lie her freshly laundered clothes

stacked neatly in a pile. It has been too long and she is afraid that if she makes the men

outside wait much longer they will become suspicious and break their way in so she

pushes the door open clothed only in a towel and walks over to the front door and

pauses for a moment.

She unlocks the door and opens it wide enough to peek outside. "What can I do for

you?" she asks timidly.

"Ma'am," the lead hunter states like a police officer. "Our dogs have hit on a scent and

we need to come inside and take a look."

Eleonora Kabloutchko hesitated and thought for a second and then slowly pulled the door open

allowing the men outside to see her standing in her towel with wet hair. The cool breeze

from the fall night gave her the chills and she motioned the men to come inside. "Not the

dogs" she said. "I don't have to allow the dogs."

The two men tethered the three hunting dogs to the railing and made their way into the

farmhouse living room where Eleonora Kabloutchko stood next to the fireplace. The second man shut

the door and walked over next to his partner who was facing Eleonora Kabloutchko shivering in the

cold. "Are you harboring vampires in this house?" Randal Scott asked gesturing with his

arms.

"No, take a look if you want, I have nothing to hide," she replied with a nervous lie. Her

shivers were as fake as the decorations on the fireplace as a vampire, she was already

as cold as the wind that blew upon her skin. "If you don't mind, I'd like to finish getting

ready for bed."

Randal and his partner Ed looked at each other and back at Eleonora Kabloutchko and nodded their

heads. "Sure, you go right ahead, we'll take a look around."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, needing to stall for time had to think fast, this wasn't her house, and she didn't

need these guys doing a search right now. She had a cover and for at least now it was

working so what could she do to stall the men from peering where they shouldn't be?

Then it hit her, what do all men like? She took a step towards the bathroom and let her

towel slip off and fall to the ground. She took an unusually long time to turn around and scoop it back up off the carpet allowing both men to get a good look at her large breasts as they hung down from her chest. She slowly wrapped the towel back around her body and said, "Sorry guys, I didn't mean for that to happen. Maybe you two could wait for me hear and I will give you a proper apology when I get my hair dried." she said with a sexual come on.

The men thought for a second and wrestled with their thoughts trying to keep focus on the vampire hunt. "What do you mean by "apology?" Randal asked. Eleonora Kabloutchko walked over to Randal and opened her towel and exposed her naked body to him and rubbed her breasts up against his jacket. "I don't know for sure, maybe you could think of something while I'm in the bathroom."

"I don't care if your hair is wet," Ed said with a smile. "You can apologize to me right now if you want."

"Are you going to let him talk to me like that?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked Randal with a sly smile.

"You should stand up for a lady and tell him he can wait."

Eleonora Kabloutchko wrapped her body again and walked away from the men towards the bathroom keeping an ear out to hear if they were following her. She made it to the bathroom door and opened it and slowly, seductively slid inside keeping an eye at the two horny men standing in the living room. "I'll just be a little while," she said. "Have a seat and let me dry my hair."

The men sat down on the couch and pondered what was going on. Were they there to hunt or get laid? And why was this lady so willing to have sex with them in the first place? Something didn't seem right and then they heard the hair dryer turn on and for a moment they settled back down and thought about how hard it is to get laid versus finding vampires and maybe they could take a break from the hunt for a while.

In the bathroom, Eleonora Kabloutchko quickly put on the clothes that were neatly stacked on the counter and looked around thinking of an escape plan. It was a small bathroom with one door and one window and no other way out. Not even a panel in the ceiling to get through. She moved over to the window and tried to open it but found it painted shut. She pushed and pushed and the window refused to move at all so she looked into the brush drawer to find something she could use for a tool. She found a curling iron and wrapped it with a towel and decided it was worthless. Again she looked at the window and decided there was only one way this was going to

work so she wrapped the towel around her elbow and with one fluid motion, bashed the glass into shards that fell to the floor with clinks and clunks. She used the towel to cover her hand and pull out the rest of the remaining shards of glass keeping on in her hand that she used to cut the screen on the outside. With a swift tug, she pulled the screen apart and made enough room for her body to slide out. She laid the towel over the bottom of the window to keep any other glass she had missed from cutting her and looked for a stool to stand on to allow her access to the window. She used the trash can, turning it upside down and in a flash she was up into the window and outside the house a free vampire.

Back in the house, Randal and Ed were getting suspicious but could still hear the hair dryer so they didn't know what to do. They didn't hear the glass break or the sound of her climbing out the window so for as much as they knew, she was still in the bathroom.

"I think we should take a look anyway," Ed said looking at Randal. "She can do us both either way, but I'm not sitting here all night."

"I think you're right," Randal replied and both men stood up off the couch and checked to make sure they had all their hunting gear in line. "Let's go down the hallway," Randal said pointing past the bathroom door. He motioned for Ed to be quiet and together the two men slid past the bathroom door and walked down the carpeted hallway to the open door at the end that led down a flight of stairs to the basement. Looking back to down the hall, the men decided to take a chance and head on down to see what they could find. The stairs were old wood and only a single sixty watt bulb hanging from a frayed wire lit up the path down to where they were headed.

Randal took the first step and grasped onto the side railing making sure the steps could take his weight. With a creek and a groan, the steps held his weight and he took another step down the stairs until he was half way down and bent over taking a look at what was in the basement. From his point of view, he could see an old washer dryer pair, a water heater, boxes of Christmas decorations and a bench filled with tools and books. Next to the bench was another door leading into another room which was also dimly lit and from the looks of it filled with garbage.

Randal motioned for Ed to follow and together the two men stepped down the stairs until they stood upon a cement floor covered in dust, oil and trash. Ed pulled his flashlight and peered around the room looking for anything out of the ordinary taking

notice of the spider webs all along the pipes on the joists in the ceiling. "What a shit hole," Ed said and stepped towards the work bench aiming his light at the books stacked in a mess all along the back side of the railing. "Looks like an old encyclopedia and some text books from the forties." Ed said poking and prodding the pile. "These tools look like something my grandpa had in his shed from when I was a kid." Ed added. "This is storage all right," Randal stated. "None of this stuff has seen the light of day for years. The date on this encyclopedia is 1972." "We're not running some pickers show here you know," Ed said jokingly. "We're here for the trophy I'm gonna hang on my wall when I get what I came for." "Let's try the other room," Randal stated pointing at the doorway. Ed took the lead and with his flashlight lit up the path into the doorway allowing the men to step over the trash on the floor. The next room was actually lit much better due to a second light bulb at the other side of the room that lit up the beheaded remains of the homes true occupants who had been killed hours earlier by Eleonora Kabloutchko. "What the fuck?" Ed said pointing his light on the head on the floor. "They do this so that they don't turn every person they drink from into another vampire. It's their way of keeping the population down. If they didn't, the whole world would eventually turn into vampires." Then the lights go off and only the light from the flashlight fills the room. "She killed the power," Ed said trying to get around Randal so he could go back into the other room. "No she didn't." Randal replied. "I accidentally tripped the breaker," With a flick of a switch the two dim lights came back on as well as the light from the first room. "Dumbass," Ed said and scurried over to the stairs where they had come from. "We need to immobilize her first and if that doesn't work, get the dogs," Ed said to Randal and together they ran up the staircase, back into the hallway and over to the bathroom where the door was still shut and hair dryer still running. Ed opened the door and saw the hair dryer sitting on the bathroom counter and the open window with the towel hanging over the edge and a trash can on the floor set up for her escape. "Get the dogs!" Ed yelled and both men ran back to the front door and opened it to find their three dogs lying on the porch silent. There was no outward sign of trauma, but the dogs were not breathing and lying on their sides motionless. From the shed next door, the sound of a quad cycle burst onto the scene and out shot Eleonora Kabloutchko driving the 4-wheeler from the doorway heading towards the open field behind

the house. It was dark, and her lights were off, but they could make out her image in the moonlight heading off down a path towards a grove of trees surrounding a large pond.

Both men took off to their truck and jumped inside, Randal started the engine, turned on the lights, and put it into gear and took off after Eleonora Kabloutchko who had a long head start in the darkness of the back country.

Toolshed the ogre saw the light from Crystal's phone, bent over and smacked it out of her hand. "I think she just sent a text," Toolshed said to his half brother and fellow ogre Allan.

"Look at the phone and see what she sent," Allan replied.

Toolshed walked over to the phone, now lying in the grass and picked it up with his huge fingers. He poked at it and nothing happened and the lights didn't come back on.

"I think I broke it," Toolshed said in an oops like fashion.

Allan looked at Crystal and addressed her ogre to woman, "What did you send and who

did you send it too?" Allan asked

Crystal, still sitting on the ground holding her hand from having her cell phone knocked

out of her hand looked up at Allan and said, "Fuck you."

With that, Allan signaled to Toolshed and his half brother picked up Dan and put him

over his shoulder and turned and walked back towards the tree line that surrounded the pond.

Allan then looked back down at Crystal and said, "Your wish is my command baby," and

dropped to his knees and grabbed her by her shirt and tore it off in two quick motions.

"What are you doing?" Crystal asked as she yelled at the ogre stripping off her clothes.

"You told me you wanted to fuck me, I'm giving you a hand," he stated smugly and tore

her bra clips apart with a tug from his massive hands. Her bra fell to the ground

exposing her small yet firm breasts and she tried to scoot away when Allan grabbed her

by the waist band of her pants and tore them apart. He then flopped her up and down by

the cuff of her pants pouring her out of her pants until he realized her shoes were still on

and that's why her pants were stuck around her ankles. "Fucking shoes," he grumbled

and pulled them off one by one as Crystal struggled to get away. Once her shoes were

off he grabbed her bikini panties and tore them off with ease leaving her naked on the

ground under the moon light yelling for help.

For a moment, Allan watched Crystal squirm and realized that she may have more

spunk than he expected and might get away if he didn't come up with a plan. With his

left hand firmly wrapped around her right ankle, he used his right hand in a hammer fashion to come down and smash her right ankle rendering her incapable of running away. He smiled at what he had done and her screams now turned to muffled sounds of pain as she rolled back and forth absorbing the agony. "You came out here to fuck didn't you?" Allan asked with a grin, so let's fuck he stated pulling off his pants exposing his huge three foot long penis already erect from the arousal he felt stripping the girl. Crystal looked up at Allan and saw his huge member and gasped for air realizing what was about to happen. "Get the fuck away from me!" she yelled kicking at Allan with her good leg. Allan the ogre, grabbed her by that leg and then by the other and spread her legs far enough apart that she felt her pelvis pop. He leaned in and centered the tip of his penis over the opening of her vagina and shoved until he felt the hole widen and give enough that he could continue in dry. Crystal screamed in pain as the huge penis traveled up her vagina, into her uterus and tore up into her intestines into her stomach where the lining ruptured allowing her stomach contents to spill and his penis to enter her esophagus. Crystal, almost unresponsive and lying on her back, was now penetrated through most of her upper body with the three foot penis of Allan the ogre who was now raping the shit out of her. She was alive, but Allan didn't care, he had a mission and began to pump in and out watching her eyes as he fucked her. In and out and in and out Allan went until he felt the pressure and intense feeling welling up from his impending orgasm. In a flash, the ogre shot his load up Crystal's esophagus and out her mouth spraying Allan in the face with his own load. Crystal gagged a little and then went unresponsive as the now pissed ogre pulled out his penis and wiped his own cum off his face with her clothes. He sat there for a moment and looked at the girl he raped and probably killed and with a sense of satisfaction stood up and took her by the foot, dragging her across the grass towards the pond. When he reached the edge of the water, he picked her up with both hands and threw her as far as he could into the water landing with a splash. It was still dark out and the ripples from the moonlight cast circles from where her body now lay face up in the dirty water. Allan bent over and cupped some water from the pond and used it to wash the blood

and feces from his penis. When he decided it was clean enough, he turned back to where his half brother was and could no longer see him or Dan who were well into the trees by now.

Eleonora Kabloutchko, now driving on a what looked like a back farm road lined on both sides with trees sped as fast as she could away from the truck following behind her. At this point she had to turn on her headlights so she could maneuver through the trees and brush and not fall into any gullies that were lining both sides of the make shift road she was on. The quad cycle made almost a chainsaw like buzzing sound as it sped down the road and was the only noise she could hear in the night. From the truck that was following Eleonora Kabloutchko, Randal and Ed tried their best to keep on the road following her blinded by the dust picked up by the quad cycle illuminated by the trucks headlight beams. It was bounce after bounce and turn after turn trying not to fly off the road and land in the trees or gullies on either side. "Slow the shit down!" Ed yelled at Randal who was doing his best to keep up. "I've got this," Randal said as he plowed bumper first into Toolshed who was crossing the road with Dan over his shoulder. In a flash, Dan's body flew through the windshield and pinned both Randal and Ed to their seats as Toolshed bounced forward with the momentum of the hit and landed far enough away for the truck to run into him a second time. The wheels of the truck came to a stop as the truck high centered over Toolshed's body and the heat from the exhaust pipes burned into his skin. Still very alive, Toolshed tried to push the truck off, but even as strong as and ogre is, he was still unable to move the truck off his body and began to suffocate under the pressure of the weight bearing down on his chest. In a panic, Toolshed tried to rock from side to side finding a way to expand his lungs, but the truck had broken enough ribs and a few holes in his lungs were working against him and he began to fade into the blackness of death. It didn't take long for the ogre to suffocate and die, along with Dan who had broken his neck on the windshield frame before he broke the glass and ended up in Randal and Ed's lap.

Chapter 12

The Hotel

Kent Koperski stood at the entrance of the hotel room with his flame thrower ready to burn the place down and kill his cheating wife and boyfriend when he had a change of heart after seeing Shandy sitting on the bed. When he actually saw her with Mike, both

naked on the bed he realized he couldn't take another persons life and leaned against the wall looking at Shandy with her cell phone now in her hand. She looked up from the message on the phone and over to Kent across the room. "It's Crystal, she says she needs help," Shandy said coyly.

"Who the fuck is Crystal?" Kent asked shaking his head in disbelief.

"She works in the same building I do," Shandy replied. "We've been friends for over a year now."

"Why is she texting you at almost 3am asking for help?"

"I don't know, I'm not a mind reader," Shandy replied.

"Where is your car?"

"At work."

"How did you get to this hotel? Did dip shit here bring you?"

No reply.

"Where is this Crystal?"

"We left her out in the country with Dan Cooper."

"Is Dan Cooper her husband?"

"No."

"Does Crystal have a husband?"

"Yes."

"What kind of fucked up swingers club are you running hear Shandy?" Kent asked. "You are married, your friend Crystal is married and both of you are out banging other men?"

The room was silent as Shandy looked over her tits to the floor in shame.

"I'm sorry," she said knowing full well she wasn't. "How did you find me?" she asked meekly.

"None of your fucking business," Kent replied tipping the flame thrower up in her direction. "All you need to worry about is what I'm going to do with you."

Mike turned his head towards Kent and asked, "Can I put my clothes back on?"

Kent took a step closer to Mike and pulled out the Glock 40 mm pistol he had at his side and aimed it at Mikes face. From fifteen feet, it would be an easy shot.

"What?" Kent asked.

"My clothes," Mike said sardonically, "I would like to get dressed if you don't mind."

Kent, shocked at Mikes smug attitude lowered the gun for a moment as he thought and then raised it again as if he had a new idea. "Who are you?" Kent asked.

"Mike Reed, glad to make your acquaintance."

"How long have you and my wife been hooking up?" Kent asked.

"I don't know, maybe a month now."

"A month? Jesus, how did this happen?"

"You're wife fucking hates you dude. She says you ignore her, says you don't do anything around the house and that you're a selfish pig."

"And fucking you isn't a selfish act?" Kent asked. "What a fucking hypocrite."

"I'm just relaying what she told me. She says her whole family hates you, and that you never support her in anything she wants to do."

"Is that right?" Kent replied sardonically looking over at Shandy who was now in tears.

"Is this how you show me support honey?" Kent asked his wife of twenty years.

From the window of the hotel room, flashing blue and red lights began to paint the walls and the sound of sirens began to get louder and louder drawing everyone's attention to

the window. "Don't move," Kent stated and moved around the room to a better vantage

point and looked out the window to see several police cars park in the hotel parking lot

with full lights and sirens. The sirens quickly were silenced but the lights continued to

flash as officers gathered at a central point behind a trailer with the words "State Patrol

Investigation" painted on the side.

"Now you're fucked," Mike said with a smile.

"Don't be so quick shit head," Kent replied keeping an eye on the action outside his

window. "They may be here for anything, this hotel is on an interstate."

Then the phone to the room rang startling all three in a panic. "Nope, I'm pretty sure

they're here for you," Mike said jokingly.

Kent motioned for Shandy to move closer to the phone. "Pick it up," he stated. "See

what they want."

Shandy, still nude, scooted her large ass over the bed and picked up the phone and

said, "Hello."

The voice on the other side asked if she was ok and Shandy replied "Yes."

"We have a report of a man with military weapons in your room, can you confirm this?"

the voice asked.

"Yes," Shandy replied. "It's my husband, I think he's going to kill me."

"Is it just the two of you in the room?" the voice asked.

"No, there are three of us," she replied.

"Stay calm, we'll get you out of there. Can you put your husband on the phone?" the

voice asked and Shandy held the phone out for Kent to grab.

"You do the talking," Kent said. "I need to keep my hands free."

"There is a speaker button," she said looking at the bedside table with the alarm clock

and phone resting on top.

"Go ahead," Kent said and Shandy poked the speaker button with her finger. "What do

you want?" Kent asked out loud.

"I am police Sargent Stan McLean with the state patrol, we'd like to ascertain as to what

the situation is in the room with you and your hostages. What are your demands?"

"Hostages?" Kent asked in confusion. "I'm not some criminal out looking to make a

buck, this is my wife and her boyfriend out fucking behind my back."

"I understand," McLean replied. "We need for you to release your hostages as soon as

possible," the voice stated over the speaker phone.

"Didn't you fucking hear me?" Kent yelled back. "There are no hostages, just a whore I

call my wife and her lover who I caught red handed."

"When can you send them out?" McLean asked.

"I'm still working on the details if you must know. If you hadn't shown up, I may have let them go by now."

"Are you serious?" Mike asked from the bed.

"I was thinking about it," Kent replied. "It wouldn't do me any good to kill you two, fuck I don't own the bitch, if she wants to fuck up her life then so be it. Would have been nice if she were up front and honest about it instead of sneaking around behind my back."

"It's not too late," McLean stated listening to the conversation on the speaker phone.

"Let me chew on it a while," Kent said and turned off the lights in the room so the

snipers would have a more difficult time making a clean shot. He pulled up a chair out of

view from the window and sat down with his pistol in hand and watched the flashing

lights dance on the walls of the room casting harsh shadows of his wife on the wall. "I'll

get back to you when I make my decision." With that said, Kent signaled for Shandy to

hang up the call and she did.

Kent leaned back in his chair and tapped his foot realizing he had a lot of time to kill and

at the same time remembered a story from his past he wanted to share.

"Hey Mike,"

Kent said, getting the nude mans attention.

"What?" Mike replied almost depressed.

"When I was in high school, I used to work at this hotel in the housekeeping department

on the weekends."

"That's fascinating," Mike replied coldly.

"Actually it is. There was this one time when I was cleaning a room when I came across

a ladies purse buried under a blanket. I put the purse on the counter to try to find some

identification when I noticed two thousand dollars in travelers checks and eight hundred

dollars in cash in an envelope next to what looked like was two large bags of dope.

Back in those days, I hadn't seen that kind of money ever and wasn't sure what was in

the bags but I decided that I could use the money way more than she could and took

the money and bags of dope out to my car before turning it into lost and found."

"I never knew you did that," Shandy said.

"I know you don't think of me as the bad boy type, but I have done a few things in my

day. Wearing a leather jacket and not taking a shower for two weeks doesn't make you

a bad boy, although you women eat it up like candy. Anyway, they call the lady and she

comes to pick up her purse and flips out when she finds her money and drugs missing

so they call me into the office to explain exactly what happened. Of course I lied my ass

off and told her that I didn't even look in her purse let alone steal anything out of it and she looked at me like I was the biggest liar she had ever met." "This is so unlike you," Shandy said. "It gets better. They make me empty all my pockets and open my wallet and find nothing. Not good enough for her, she wraps her fat hands around my pant legs and starts feeling up my crotch looking for her dope. She demanded that I strip or she would call the police so the manager told me to do what she said. I told my boss that I wasn't going to strip for anyone unless I was getting laid and told them to call the police. Then fat woman has a change of heart and acts like it's no big deal and me and my boss are standing there with our jaws dropped wondering what the Hell is going on."

"How old were you when this happened?" Mike asked.

"Seventeen or eighteen I think. Back to my story, as soon as I walk out of the office she is standing by the counter and waves at me to come over. I took a deep breath and

walked over to this fat lady and before I could say a word she asked me to come outside so we could talk in private."

"Does this story involve a fat lady giving you a blow job?" Mike asked.

"If not, can you skip to the chase."

"Unfortunately no blow job, she tells me that the bags in the purse were HIV infected kidneys she had bought from a back alley surgeon for a thousand dollars and was going to resell them to some voodoo doctor for double her money. She didn't care about the travelers checks, all she really wanted back were the two bags."

"What in the Hell would a voodoo doctor want with HIV infected kidneys?"

"Why do people shove gerbils up their asses?"

"Touche'" Mark replied.

"So I'm looking at her thinking that she's playing me trying to get me to confess to a crime that I did commit, but waited for her to sweeten the pot."

"Twenty eight hundred free dollars wasn't good enough for a part time high school housekeeper?"

"At this time I thought I was the shit. I could do anything I wanted and was untouchable.

So I let her stand there and see if she would offer me anything else."

"Did she?" Mike asked.

"No, and I wasn't about to ask her for more because that would blow my cover and she'd know I stole her shit."

"So you never gave her HIV infected kidney's back to her?"

"No, I took them home with me after work along with the cash. I was going to open the

bags and take a look for myself, but the thought of it grossed me out so I fed it to my neighbors dog."

"You bastard," Mike said.

"Didn't hurt the dog any," Kent replied. "Damn dog lived another ten years I think."

"And what about the money?" Mike asked.

"I cashed in the travelers checks and used the money to buy my first car. Told my dad I

was making way more than I actually was. He bought it."

"So it's ok for you to lie to your dad but no ok for me to lie to you?"

Shandy asked Kent.

"That's correct," Kent stated. "It only works one way and that's my way. You fuck me

over and I fuck you over ten times as hard."

"I think I just wasted five minutes of my life listening to that story,"

Mike said. "I feel dumber for hearing it."

"What else are you going to do? Play word games? We have plenty of time to kill."

"Hey, take a look at that," Shandy said pointing out the window. "Over there across the street."

Kent pushed at dresser drawer set against the opposite wall so he could look out the

window without being in the line of fire of the snipers outside. He squinted and made out

the image of a game warden deputies' truck and a fork lift operator placing a very large

man in a power chair into the back bed of the truck. "You don't see that very often,"

Shandy said aloud.

Chapter 13

The Troll Bridge

Ury and Rita waddled back towards their home with a racoon, a rotten fish and three

toads for breakfast. The lesbian trolls were about a quarter mile from home walking

along the river bank when they spotted the game wardens truck cross the bridge and

slow to a halt. The truck backed up and slowly turned so the tailgate was lined up with

the cement bridge railing and stopped. In the back of the truck was large man sitting in a

power chair facing away from them partially hidden by the tail gate of the truck. It was

around 5 am and the sun was rising in the East casting harsh shadows across the land

illuminating the bridge and the men who climbed out of the truck and lowered the

tailgate exposing the rest of the power chair to view.

"What the Hell are they doing?" Ury asked out loud.

Both trolls stopped and watched as one of the men jumped up into the bed of the truck

and seemed to be conversing with the man in the power chair. With a few gestures and

the muffled sound of talking, the chair backed up and then stopped for a moment

slamming into the wheel well of the truck. It took a moment to figure out the controls, but

a moment later the power chair backed up over the lowered tailgate and fell thirty feet

backwards into the river with the rider still in the chair.

With a huge splash the man and the chair sank under the water and the men above watched to see if they would surface. Ury and Rita, freaked out by what they had just seen, took off as fast as they could over the sandy river bank trying to keep a hold of the critters they found for lunch. It was slow going for two fat trolls on soft sand and after a short run both were winded and had to come to a halt. The trolls watched the men in the truck pull forward and push the tailgate back into place and get back in the truck. A few moments later the truck made a hard right and lined back up with the road and headed back into town. Again Ury and Rita walked towards the bridge, not running this time, but keeping up a faster than walking pace. As they came closer to the bridge they tried to see if the man on the chair had come loose and floated to the top of the river. So far they couldn't see anything and they were beyond exhausted. "There!" Rita yelled pointing with a toad in her hand. "I see a floater." Ury, seeing the fat bloated body bobbing in the slow moving water took off running again knowing that the current would take him faster than she could ever walk and if she wanted to help this guy, she needed to get to him fast. But for some reason the body didn't seem to be taken with the current and bobbed up and down at around the same spot as it and the chair fell. It took a good ten minutes for both trolls to make it to the bridge and walk to the waters edge where they saw the body, still alive from what they could tell, floating in river. "I think his coat is snagged on the chair," Rita said aloud. "Go in there and get him." Ury, the larger of the two trolls and the better swimmer tossed her dead racoon on the sand and waded out into the cold river water. Ten feet out and she was up to her nipples shivering in the cold wondering if she could make it all the way to the man floating just out of reach. The river bottom was soft mud and her feet sunk in with every step but she kept going until she reached the body and tried to pull it close. She spun the man around until his face was facing her and Gary, the diabetic vampire looked at her and said, "It's about fucking time." Ury, scared shitless let out a scream but kept a firm hold on Gary's shirt. "I'm kidding," Gary said with a Patrickele, "Can you get me out of here?" he asked reaching out his hand to the troll. "Your jacket needs to come off," Ury stated and tried to wrestle the sleeve from Gary's arm. With a dunk and a bob his arm slipped out and he began to float with the current.

Ury had a good grasp on him and pulled him back as she backed out of the river onto the river bank behind her. In a minute, Gary was lying on his back on the wet sand and able to roll himself over up onto his knees.

"Thanks a million," Gary said with a smile. "Fucking game warden kicked me out of town."

"Why?" Rita asked.

"Hunting rules. Any vampire found hiding in a public or private residence will be forcefully removed and relocated to the city limits."

"Vampire huh?" Rita asked. "Sun is up, he should have let you go before he dumped you in the river."

"Yeah I know, I tried to tell him that before he pushed the stick on my power chair and sent me flying off backwards into the river. Asshole. Guys like that have all the power and can do whatever they want. What am I going to do? Turn him in?"

"Kind of a cruel way to get rid of you," Rita stated.

"He knew I'd survive it. My power chair on the other hand is fucking toast. The electronics can't take the water and I'm sure the frame is bent now."

Gary said with disgust in his voice.

"You can't get around without it?" Rita asked.

"Hell no, I'm four hundred and thirty pounds and if you haven't noticed, I'm missing my right leg below the knee."

"Wait, don't vampires regenerate missing body parts?" Ury asked.

"Yes, but it doesn't happen overnight. They took that leg at the hospital due to diabetic complications a month ago. I've managed to grow about a half inch back since then. By the time my leg is back, it will be over a year. I have to have my power chair and have it working or I'm fucked!"

"Where is the nearest power chair store around here?" Rita asked.

"Seventy miles away in Grant. They have a store and do repairs." Gary replied.

"So how does a one legged vampire go seventy miles to get his power chair replaced?"

Rita asked rhetorically. "Did you get yours there? Is it still under warranty?"

"I got it off a dead guy, there is no warranty left." Gary replied in disgust.

"Can you call them to come down and service it here?" Ury asked.

"They stopped house calls to Quakersville two years ago when Benton became over run with cannibals. They can't get here without going through Benton and they don't think it's worth killing a service guy to come fix any chairs here. Hell, I had to modify a car battery just to make this thing work because you can't buy replacements anywhere."

Ury and Rita looked down upon the wet vampire with pity and felt sorry for him. "I don't know what we can do to help," Rita said. "I know a guy with a tow truck that might be

able to lift your chair out of the river, but from then on, I don't know how to get it to the repair shop."

"If you can at least get it out of the water, I can find a way to get to Grant. Hell or high

water, I am getting my chair back in working order."

"This will take some time," Rita said, "We have to eat first. Can you crawl over to the bridge while we eat?"

"I'll give it a try, but this fat man only has one speed and that's slow as Hell." Gary said

and rolled onto his belly trying to pull himself across the sand with his arms and one

good leg. From what they could see, the trolls knew he would eventually make it to the

bridge, but it may take an hour or so. Plenty of time to skin a raccoon and eat some

frogs and a rotten fish.

Twelve hours later the clouds rolled in cutting back the harsh sunlight that once cast

hard shadows under the bridge. A tow truck lowered a cable into the river below and a

man from the towing company held his breath and tried to hook the power chair with the

hook end of the cable. Gary, who had been sleeping off the daylight was now awake, on

the bridge watching the crew try to raise his chair from the shallow bottom of the river. It

took several tries, but the chair was eventually hooked and the crewman in the river

gave the thumbs up sign telling the operator thirty feet above to start the motor and

raise the chair.

The cable became taut and with a grinding sound the chair started to lift off the muddy

bottom of the river bed and break the water surface dripping off dirty river water and

mud. Attached to the chair was a small box that had been knocked loose from the river

bed and attached itself to the chair with a length of bailing wire that also was dislodged.

The chair raised clear of the water and slowly climbed higher and higher until it reached

just below the bridge where it hung still waiting for a crew member to swing it out away

from the bridge so it could be raised the last ten feet. By now most of the water had

dripped off the chair and from inside the motor compartment and Gary was slightly

relieved but knew the repair job would be costly and take forever. But at least he had his

chair back.

Occasionally a car or truck would pass over the bridge and rubberneck the action to see

what was going on. The tow truck was parked with just enough clearance to allow most

vehicles pass if they crowded over by the cement railing. Then Eleonora Kabloutchko, fresh from her

sleep pulled up onto the bridge riding her quad cycle and pulled up next to the tow truck to see what was going on. She had about four hours till sundown when the hunting curfew started and was curious as to what was going on. She turned off the quad cycle and walked over to Gary who was sitting on the cement rail with his one good leg keeping his balance.

"What's going on?" she asked looking at the men trying to wrestle the chair over the railing.

"The game warden accidently tossed me and my chair into the river yesterday and I'm finally getting it back out," Gary replied shaking his head.

"Game warden?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"Yes, I'm a vampire," Gary replied deflated. "Caught my ass in the bar last night and got ran out of town on a rail."

"I'm not from around here. What game warden are you talking about?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"Mr. Acorn, game warden extra ordinary, if you know what I mean. He and his two henchmen love their jobs a little too much if you ask me."

"I thought game wardens were supposed to protect you from bad hunters, not pick on you."

"I have no idea what he does and he wasn't about to share his day with me. If he's out policing the hunters, he sure wasn't doing it last night." Gary looked at the girl standing before him and squinted trying to see her features with his near sighted eyes. "If you're not from around here, what are you doing out here?" Gary asked.

"I sort of have the same problem you do," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied.

"Holy shit no way," Gary replied. "Welcome to the club. Where are you from?"

"I don't really have a home," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "I've been crossing the country since I was fourteen."

"How old are you now?" Gary asked.

"Twenty six if you can believe it. I think I look twice that age."

"You look like you don't get much sleep. Being on the run like that can really age you fast. What happened? Did you run away from home?"

"Didn't have a choice, my home sort of ran away from me. My family was attacked by a gang of vampires only they didn't bother to kill me, they let me turn in hopes I'd join their gang. My mom, dad and sister all had their heads cut off and I got to spend the next hour turning into the undead."

Gary looked at Eleonora Kabloutchko and could tell she was very unhappy bordering on depressed.

"How long did you stick with the gang?" Gary asked.

"I didn't stay at all," she replied. "As soon as I could run I took off and never looked back."

"Are you on the run? I mean do they want you back?"

"They had a few chances but they never did anything. I think they were to lazy to really put much effort into me. Last thing they needed was a trouble making bitch that didn't take orders."

Gary noticed that the chair was now over the rail and the truck moved forward enough to set the chair back onto the bridge. With the turn of a lever, the chair lowered onto the concrete and sat upright on its four wheels. The box that was tangled in the bailing wire popped loose when the chair made contact with the ground and sat motionless a foot from the chair. "Looks like they got my chair out," he said pointing at the chair behind her. "Can one of you guys hit the power button on the chair arm and see if the lights light up?" he asked.

One of the tow company men pressed the button on the arm of the chair and nothing happened. "Do I have to keep pressing it down?" he asked Gary. "No," Gary said disappointed. "If it were working, it would come right on. Thanks anyway."

"What do you want us to do with the chair?" the company man asked.

"Do you think you guys could fix it?" Gary asked.

"Maybe, but we might need parts and they won't..."

"I know, they won't deliver because of the cannibals in Benton," Gary stated in disgust.

"Take it back to your shop and see what you can do, call me on my cell if you think there is a chance you can fix it. Otherwise I will have to make a trip somehow to Grant to get a new one or parts for that one." Gary then mumbled to himself, "If I can find a way to get there."

The tow truck crew raised the chair back into the air and pulled it in close to the truck binding it with come along pull straps. With the chair secure, the tow truck, along with the crew left the bridge and headed back into town, the very town Gary was kicked out of last night. Now as the sun went down, he sat on the edge of a bridge, four hundred and thirty pounds of fat diabetic vampire with one good leg and no way to move. He could try to turn into a bat and fly out, but due to his missing leg, flight was as dangerous as trying to walk.

"Maybe I can help." Eleonora Kabloutchko said. "I don't have anywhere to go and I could use a friend."

Gary, taken aback smiled and asked, "What's your name young lady?"

"Eleonora Kabloutchko," she replied and held out her hand.

Gary shook her hand and said, "Nice to meet you Eleonora Kabloutchko, my name is Gary. And my new friends down there under the bridge who saved my ass are Ury and Rita." With a whisper he added, "They're lesbo's and they're trolls but they seem real nice."

"Nice," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied.

"They have some racoon if your hungry, not the best food there is, but we can't live on blood all the time."

Eleonora Kabloutchko walked to the close end of the bridge and peeked down at the area Gary was

talking about. There she saw tow trolls sitting next to the river bank skinning a racoon

and tearing it into pieces. Next to the trolls were a couple of dead frogs and what looked

like a rotten fish. "Hello?" she yelled down to the couple below.

Rita looked up and saw the girl looking down at them from the end of the bridge and

looked to Ury who was biting the heads off the frogs. "Who the fuck is that?" she asked

shrugging her shoulders. Then she heard the more familiar voice of Gary from right

above say, "She's with me ladies, she's harmless."

Rita spit out a frog head and motioned for the girl to come down to the river bank and

join them. Gary sat up on the rail basically trapped by his own weight until they were

able to come help him down. It took a few minutes and a little balancing act to keep

upright as Eleonora Kabloutchko stepped down through the brush onto the sandy river bank and

joined the two trolls. "You like coon?" Rita asked.

"Are you going to cook that?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

Rita looked at Ury like she had just heard the stupidest question in the world. "Do we

look like girl scouts to you?" Rita replied sardonically. "The last time I rubbed two sticks

together, wait a second, I've never rubbed two sticks together," she said with a Patrickle.

"I have a lighter," Eleonora Kabloutchko said trying not to speak out of place. "Take about twenty

minutes to get a good fire going."

Ury, looking at the ground avoiding eye contact with Eleonora Kabloutchko said in monotone, "We

always have our coon raw. Who the fuck would cook a coon? You humans have to burn

everything to a crisp before you eat it. If you had some real teeth you wouldn't have to

ruin everything you eat."

"I wasn't trying to tell you what to do," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied.

"I just think it's safer to cook your

food. It keeps the food born bacteria from making you sick."

"Do I look sick?" Ury stated looking at Eleonora Kabloutchko with a yellow toothed smile.

"I wouldn't know," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied coyly. "I don't know what a sick troll looks like."

"Tell you what, since you are our guest tonight, you can go ahead and cook your coon. I

don't want it said that we didn't offer hospitality when strangers came a calling."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, now with a smile on her face nodded her head and started looking for sticks

and leaves to start a fire. "Thanks, I appreciate that," she said and gathered up a pile of

kindling. After a few minutes of picking up dry drift wood and all the sticks and leaves she could find, Eleonora Kabloutchko made a pile and used her lighter to start the edge ablaze. She looked up to Ury who was looking down at her and tried to smile and ease the tension. It didn't take too long before the leaves started the sticks on fire which in turn began to heat up and burn the drift wood. "Now I need to find a good stick to skewer the coon bits on so I can cook it over the fire."

"You're worried about coon bacteria but not about stick bacteria?" Ury said jokingly.

"Not really, but not to change the subject, how do we get Gary back down here?"

Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"How did he get up there in the first place?" Rita asked. "I didn't see him leave. Where the Hell was I?" she asked.

"We were in the bushes doing a sixty nine you dumb bitch," Ury replied.

"Am I that dull

that you can't remember having sex with me?"

"Oh yeah, that's right. Sorry," Rita replied confused. "Are you sure?"

"Yes I'm sure," Ury barked back. "Smell your crotch, what does it smell like?"

Rita looked down and sniffed her crotch and her eyes perked open. "That smells like rotten fish,"

"No shit," Ury replied. "I used the fish on you before I sixty-nined you. I swear, if there

were another troll around here, I'd leave your sorry ass."

"You have to admit, after as long as we have been together, it does all seem to run

together sometimes. It's not like we can dress up for each other or make it any different."

Ury, pissed tossed down her last piece of coon onto the pile, stood and walked away

from Rita in a childish pissy manner.

"What's wrong with her?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked Rita.

"She's getting her period, don't worry, it only lasts a month."

"A month?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked shocked.

"We're trolls honey, we don't all have the same plumbing as you humans. It takes us

longer to get the junk out and they don't sell tampons out here in the sticks. Actually we have to use sticks and leaves..."

"Never mind," Eleonora Kabloutchko stated in disgust returning to attend to the fire that she was

fanning. "Ten minutes and the fire should be hot enough to cook. Now we need to get

Gary down off the bridge before the sun goes down and the hunters come out.

Gary sat on the rail listening to the girls below bicker while he scratched his nut sack

and looked over at the box that still set on the bridge by the rail. He pondered the idea

of scooting his huge frame over to the box, but realized that every inch he scooted

towards the box was an inch he would have to scoot back in order to get to the end and crawl back down to the river bank below. Still, the box intrigued him and almost called out to him to take a look at it. "Hey Eleonora Kabloutchko!" Gary yelled from the rail. "Come here a second."

Eleonora Kabloutchko scurried up the incline from the river bank to the bridge and walked over to Gary who was getting a bed sore as they spoke. "I'll get you down, give me a minute to think..."

"No, I want you to get that box for me, see it over by the rail?" he asked pointing at the box.

"Yeah, I see it," she replied and scampered the twenty steps over to the box and picked

it up taking a quick look. By now the sun was fading and only the moonlight lit up the

bridge and the two vampires standing upon it. She walked over and handed the box to

Gary who looked to see if it had a lid. "It has hinges and a keyhole," Gary stated. Must

be a lid here somewhere," and with that said smashed the box onto the concrete

springing the lock and popping open the lid. "That should do it," Gary said with a smirk.

Eleonora Kabloutchko leaned over and picked the box back up and handed it to Gary who now

grasped the box by two sides with his thumbs on the inside. Without any effort, the box

widened under the slight pressure of his arms and then contracted when he pushed the

sides back together. "That's fucked up," Gary said examining the box. Then he looked

inside and noticed that the bottom of the box didn't end. It was like a square tunnel that

receded back until the light could no longer reach. He turned the box and looked at the

backside and saw that the back had a solid cover and wondered how the tunnel could

go past what he knew was solid. "Do you see this?" he asked Eleonora Kabloutchko. "When I pull the

box apart it grows, and when I push it together it shrinks and there is no bottom."

"Let me see," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied and looked into the never ending tunnel inside the box.

"Weird," she said shaking her head in amazement, "I wonder how wide you could stretch it?"

Gary handed Eleonora Kabloutchko the box and said, "Let's find out." Eleonora Kabloutchko

grabbed the box by each side and pulled it two feet apart making a rectangle. She then grabbed the other

two sides and pulled it two feet apart making it a square again. The bottom of the box

remained without end. "Holy shit," she said with a smile looking back at Gary. She set

the box on the ground and faced the opening towards her and Gary. She put her foot on

the side touching the bridge and with her two hands, grabbed the top side and lifted the box until it was as tall as she was. Now the box was over five feet tall, two feet wide and no bottom that could be seen.

"What is this?" Gary asked in amazement. "Is it a box, or a doorway, or a tunnel?"

From under the bridge the voice of Rita could be heard yelling, "Coon is done," and the

two vampires, almost in a trance seemed to not hear her as they pondered the magic

box found at the bottom of the river.

Chapter 14

Film at 11:00

The hotel phone rang again and Kent looked at the alarm clock before picking it up. The

time read 8pm and he was getting tired from sitting and watching news reports on his

activities all night long. Mike greeted the party on the other side of the phone and they

identified themselves as a local television producer from channel ten.

"What can I do for you Mr. Producer?" Kent asked sardonically.

"Mr. Koperski, channel ten would like to get an exclusive interview with you concerning

your hostage taking situation at the hotel."

"Channel four called three hours ago, what took you so long?" Kent asked.

"For a news

guy, you sure take your time. And by the way, it's not a hostage situation."

The phone was silent for a few moments as the producer gathered his thoughts. "Sorry,

channel four is the whore of the local news and will do anything for a story. We pride

ourselves on doing the news right."

"I'll say they're a whore, you wouldn't believe what I got them to agree too do," Kent said

with a grin. "They are bringing pizza, soda and a bunch of snack stuff and a cell phone

charger for my phone."

"Sounds great," the producer said with an obvious fake tone. "I would watch what kind

of pizza they bring you, they're probably working with the cops and are going to lace

your food with some sedative to knock you out."

"Already thought of that, the pizza isn't for me, it's for my wife and her boyfriend. I asked

for a bag of beef jerky. I can wash it off in the sink and be fine."

The producer paused again to regain his thoughts and think of a strategy to get Kent on

his station. "What else did they promise?" the producer asked.

"They are sending in that cute evening news reporter Kate Spree to do the interview live

at eleven tonight."

"So this is already set up to go, there is no way I can talk you into letting us do your

interview instead?" the producer asked.

"Make me an offer I can't refuse," Kent replied.

"I will have to consult with my station manager first and get back with you, but before I

do, may I ask what condition your hostages are in right now?"

Kent looked over at the chair leaned up against the bathroom door jamming it shut and

said, "I have them in solitary confinement right now, don't worry, they are fine."

The phone was silent for a few seconds and the producer got back on the line. "My

station manager has been monitoring the call and he says he would like to know what

you want in order to make this interview happen. We only have three hours till air time

and if this is going to happen, we need to get the crew and equipment lined up now."

Kent thought for a second and rolled the back of his head back and forth against the

wall behind him thinking. "I don't watch your channel usually, but I think you have that

morning girl that is hot but a real bitch. What is her name?"

"Sue Jackson?" the producer replied.

"Yeah, that's it, Sue Jackson," You get her here with pizza, soda and beef jerky, and

agree for her to do the live shot naked, and you have a deal."

"Naked?" the producer asked.

"I'm not running the risk of her pulling out a gun and shooting me on live television."

Kent said sternly. "I doubt she would pull anything out her ass if she were naked so

that's how it has to be. Naked or channel four."

"Did channel four agree to your terms with their reporter?"

"Not only did they agree, she is going to do a pole dance after the interview and give me

a blow job."

"Now Mr. Koperski, we both know that the FCC does not allow nudity on television and

that this would never work."

"Not if it's past ten I think. I need to Google it, but I'm sure there is a time when it is

allowed and eleven is pretty late. I think we can get away with it."

Frustrated, the producer replied, "Even if we could air the nudity at eleven, what makes

you think that Sue would agree to your terms? She is a professional, not some reporter

from a trash rag news outfit willing to do anything for a story."

Kent shook his head and tapped the phone on his temple for a moment.

"Fine, you lose,

if you change your mind, you know my number," and hung up the phone on the channel

ten producer. The television across the room was on channel four and showed a live

remote of the standoff at the hotel complete with shots of the window, the police cars

with flashing lights and a reporter who was trying her best to sound interesting on live

television. For a second Kent thought about shooting off a few flames from his flame

thrower just to get it on camera and liven up the scene, but decided not when he saw all

the curtains in the room and wondered how flammable they were.

At ten thirty, channel four news showed up to the hotel and parked the remote van next

to one of the police cars. Kate Spree and a cameraman conferred with the state patrol and suited up with bullet proof vests. After a short conference, they were allowed to approach the hotel and made their way across the parking lot to the out facing hotel door where Kent was held up inside with his wife and lover. Kate knocked on the door and Kent yelled for her to come in. In a flash, both members of the media were in the room away from the eyes of law enforcement waiting outside. "Set up the camera and you can go," Kent said to the cameraman. "I didn't bring a tripod," the cameraman replied confused. "Use the table in the corner, we'll do this shot sitting on the bed anyway. You can adjust the angle with some towels from the bathroom." Without saying a word, the cameraman set his remote video camera on the table and aimed it back towards the bed where Kent was sitting. He adjusted the zoom, peering backwards into the digital screen, and said, "Looks fine as is, I don't need to do anything if you are going to sit there. Is it ok if Kate sits next to you so I can frame you both in the shot?" "Sure," Kent said and motioned for Kate to sit down next to him on the bed. "You look just like you do on television," Kent said. "I thought you would look different in person." Kate sat down about eighteen inches from Kent on the end of the bed and the cameraman framed both people in the shot. The feed from the camera was wirelessly sent to the remote van where it was boosted and sent back to the station live. "How's it look?" Kent asked. "I'll flip the screen backwards so you can see yourself," the cameraman said and made it so both Kent and Kate could monitor the view from the camera. "Great, now you can go," Kent said pointing at the door. "They want me to stay, told me not to leave her alone with you." "Hand her the microphone and get the fuck out, I'm not playing this game with you." The cameraman plugged the microphone into the open jack on the camera and handed it to Kate and stepped back to the door. "Give me a mic check so I can check the meter." Kate held the microphone to her lips and said "Testing one, two, three." The meter jumped with every sound and the cameraman was satisfied with the sound, opened the door and left the building. "We have twenty minutes before we go live," Kate said. She sat with her professional skirt suit, perfect hair and make up and that fake reporter speak ready to be a super star on television once again. "Is there anything you can tell me that I can ask about during the interview?" "You want to fake this?" Kent asked.

"I like to be prepared. I don't like surprises on live television," Kate replied.

"What do you want to know?" Kent asked.

Kate sat and thought for a moment and a question popped into her head.

"From what

you told our producers, your wife and her lover are locked in the bathroom, is that

correct?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known your wife?"

"Well," Kent said thinking. "I met her at a Van Halen concert back in eighty two. I

remember it like it was yesterday. I made it through the gate and was heading towards

the auditorium but I had to take a piss really bad so I was running around trying to find

the bathroom and I asked this girl, who turns out later would be my wife, if she could tell

me where the bathrooms are. She points down the hall and says it's on the left past the

concession stand about a hundred feet away. I take off walking as fast as I can and

make it to the bathroom and there is already a freaking line to the urinals so I end up

standing there holding in my piss.

Next thing you know, this guy standing next to me starts looking at me in a very

uncomfortable way. I'm thinking, is this one of those guys that trolls the bathrooms

looking for a quickly in the stall or something? Now, let me tell you, I'm not gay and I

had no intention of having any sort of anything with any guy in the bathroom at a Van

Halen concert.

I look over at him and make eye contact and that changed everything. All of a sudden

he thought it would be perfectly fine to engage me in conversation and asked me how I

was doing. I said "fine" and went back to trying to ignore him when he whispered to me,

"Hey buddy, you want to do me a favor?" Now I'm sure he's going to whip out his dick

right there and try to stick it up my butt in front of everyone pissing in the bathroom. I try

to ignore him and act like I didn't hear what he said so of course he leans in closer and

asks again. This time I politely said, "What kind of favor?" He gets this big smile on his

face, like he just landed some sort of fish and says, "I want to get some pot into the

concert and I need some help." Now I'm thinking there is nothing unusual about trying to

sneak drugs into a concert, but he was already past the main gate, as far as I could tell,

he was home free, so I asked, "Why do you need help sneaking in pot? All you have to

do is walk from the bathroom to the auditorium and nobody is going to check you there

anyway. If you made it this far, then your fine." He looked at me like I was bat shit crazy

and said, "They have secret police here watching for pot heads and they have my picture on digital scanner. If they see my face, they will bust my ass right then."

So now I'm thinking this guy is some sort of paranoid schizophrenic and I get a little panicky. Especially when he pulls this rubber glove out of his jacket pocket and holds it up to my face. "I can put the pot in this glove and you can go into that stall and shove it up your ass," he tells me. I stand there in amazement at what he is saying looking at this glove six inches from my nose and wonder if it's been up his ass. Now this is where the story gets interesting.

"Is this where we get to your wife?" Kate asked.

"I'm getting there, keep your panties on," Kent replied. "So I take his glove, big mistake I find out later, and walk over and toss it in the trash can. This guy flips out and starts accusing me of stealing from me and now everyone in the bathroom is watching this nut case scream at me and all I want to do is take a piss. I tried to ignore him again, turning away and he walks over and stands right in front of me. I turn again and he gets in my face again. So I tell him to leave me alone and the next thing I know some guy I never saw grabbed me and shoved me to the ground. I have my face lying on the pee stained tile floor with a guy pinning me down with a knee on my neck and another freak yelling at me for stealing his glove.

"Who is this other guy?" Kate asks.

"Fuck if I know," Kent replied. "But he was determined to do a drug cavity search right there on the spot and tried to shove his finger up my asshole."

"With your pants on?"

"I was wearing jogging shorts so it wasn't too much of a stretch. Hell, it was July and hot as Hell out. Anyway, next thing I know, I have this guy digging in my asshole looking for drugs while another guy is digging in the trash can looking for a glove that he swears I stole."

"Did you scream for help?" Kate asked.

"Yes, but I think everyone was enjoying watching me be anally raped by some freak and his schizo boyfriend in the bathroom."

"Which Van Halen tour was this?" Kate asked.

"I'm getting my asshole reamed by some dude in the bathroom and you want to know which tour it was?" Kent asked sardonically. "I think it was the asshole rape tour."

"Go on," Kate said with a determined reporter like look on her face.

"After what seems like ten minutes, he finally pulls his dirty finger out of my ass and lets me get up off the floor. He pulls out his wallet and shows me his identification and it says, "Staff security" and I freak out. Turns out this guy works for the auditorium and

wasn't this nut cases friend after all. I asked him by what authority did he have to do a butt check on me and he said he was told by his manager to keep an eye out for any illegal drug activity he found and report it back. I asked him if that meant asshole rape and he said he thought so. He thought so? I told him I was pissed and I was getting a lawyer and suing him and his company for violating my civil rights." "Good for you, how did that go?" Kate asked. "He got real nervous and I think he thought he was going to jail, because he started stammering and trying to think of something to say. I told him to wait a minute while I took a leak and stepped up to the urinal and let it rip. Then he takes off running while I'm in mid piss and he's gone." "Are you sure he worked for the auditorium? I mean this sounds pretty iffy." "Oh, it gets better," Kent replied. "I get done with my piss and walk out of the bathroom and what do I see? The same girl, my current wife, is standing next to this freak over by the escalators talking and he's sniffing his finger and babbling a hundred miles an hour. I'm thinking, if this guy was really trying to get away, why didn't he run to the other side of the building or try to hide in the crowd, not stand thirty feet away in plain sight." "You call that better?" Kate asked. "Hold on, I'm getting to the good part." Kent said shaking his head. "I walk over to this prick and his girlfriend and push this guy backwards and yell at him again for violating my civil rights. He looks at Shandy, who is an eighteen year old hot as Hell sex kitten and signals for her to talk. She stands there looking at me like a stupid dog who doesn't understand English and I repeat the statement slower this time thinking maybe she's not from America." "Where is she from?" Kate asked. "Oh, she's from America, but that's not the point. She tells me that she wasn't the one who stuck her finger up my ass and that I shouldn't take my anger out on her." "I'm confused," Kate said sheepishly. "Why did he defer to her if she had no part in it?" "That's the kicker, he walked up to her randomly and started talking as if he knew her. She had no freaking idea who he was, just that his finger smelled like shit and that he was probably nuts." "Does this story have a happy ending?" Kate asked. "I did get a Van Halen guitar pick at the end if that's what you mean. I still have it in my safe at home. It has Eddie Van Halen's DNA all over it." "No, I mean with the guy with the stinky finger." "Not sure if happy is the right word, but the guy with the glove came out of the bathroom

and accused Mr. Stinky finger of hitting on me and the two of them got into the weirdest girly fight I ever saw to guys get into. They pulled hair, bit and scratched each other and when the real security guards finally broke them apart, the glove guy was balling like a baby and stomping on the floor like a child who lost his favorite toy." "And what does this have to do with your wife?" Kate asked looking at her watch.

"Oh, well she took off and I didn't see her again for a month." Kent replied.

"You went through this entire bathroom rape scene just to tell me you ran into your wife for like a minute? You really need to work on your story telling skills. When was the first time you and her actually had a date or real conversation?" Kate asked frustrated.

"That would have been about two weeks later I think," Kent said thinking hard.

"I got ten minutes, go on."

"Me and a friend of mine stopped at a national fast food restaurant on what I think was a Friday or Saturday night to get some burgers and something to drink." "So far this sounds like something from the Andy Griffith show, go on." "I don't think Andy Griffith would like this," Kent replied. "It was packed and there were three lines that went around the corner down the hall a bit. I knew it was going to take forever to get our food but I was starving and tired of driving around looking for pussy. We waited and waited and waited and finally we got about four people from the front of the line when I heard this guy yelling at the girl at the counter." "Was it your wife?" Kate asked.

"No, I'll get to her later," Kent replied.

"So it turns out this guy had walked in from outside after going through the drive through and was pissed because his order was all fucked up. He might have been drunk as well, I'm not sure. Anyway, the assistant manager walks up to the counter and tries to calm this asshole down and he just gets more and more pissed and she starts yelling back and the next thing you know he walks around the counter and starts fucking with the pop machine jacking it back and forth like he's trying to rip it off the stand."

"Did he knock the pop machine over?" Kate asked.

"It wasn't a "pop machine" like you see in a store, this is the kind where you put your cup under the nozzle and press the lever with your cup and fill the cup." "Yeah, yeah, I know, go on."

"Now after a few shakes he realized that this thing is bolted down good and isn't going anywhere so he moves on to the burger bin and starts grabbing and flinging burgers at the customers, at the drive through workers and back at the kitchen workers until the bin is empty. After he finished off the burgers, he tried to run back into the kitchen but was

stopped by the assistant manager so he went over to the drive through and pulled the headset off the drive through worker and tossed them out the window." "Where is your wife in all of this?" Kate asked. "Getting there," Kent replied annoyed. "Do you want to hear this story or not?" "Yes, we have five minutes to air, get on with it." "Ok, this drunk asshole again tries for the kitchen, only this time he spots the frier for the french fries and goes nuts. He pulls out a half cooked pan of fries and flings them at the crowd, boiling oil and all and splatters everyone near him. People are screaming and running away and somebody is yelling about calling the cops and the next thing you know this guy slips and his arm up to his elbow goes into the hot grease friar and starts cooking him. He didn't have his arm in there more than a few seconds but when he pulled it out the skin on his arm was already starting to sluff off like old yogurt." "Old yogurt?" Kate asked. "New yogurt doesn't sluff very well," Kent explained. "So this guy is screaming and holding his arm in agony when the cops finally show up to take this asshole down. By now, the lobby was almost clear except for the few of us hiding under the table, and we watched the cops try to talk this guy down and give himself up. It didn't take long before they figured out you can't really reason with a guy with a cooked arm who is screaming in pain so they tazered him and he fell backwards into the hot grease again and this time splattered his whole upper body with boiling oil." "That sounds awful!" Kate stated. "Not as bad as it smelled," Kent replied. "Ever smell burnt hair? This was like burnt hair squared. God I can still smell it to this day." "So now what happened to this guy?" "I know they had a Hell of a time getting him in cuffs, I mean there was grease everywhere and the cops kept falling down and slipping on the grease. It was pretty funny. Especially when they brought the gurney in to take him in the ambulance. They couldn't stop it from sliding back and forth on the tile floor and had a bitch of a time getting him strapped in." "Do we get to your girlfriend soon?" Kate asked looking at her watch. "Oh yeah, when they finally left with him in the ambulance, me and my friend got out from under the table and tried to leave but the cops told us they needed our statements. They directed us to go outside and stand by the kids play and wait until they got back to us and not to leave." "So what did you do?" "We were kids, Hell, we left," Kent replied. "I ain't waiting around for no cops."

A long pause and Kate said, "We have to go live in about ninety seconds, we can finish this story after the interview."

Kent shrugged his shoulders and said, "Alright, I was just getting to the good part, but I can wait."

Ninety seconds passed and the button on the camera lit up red. Kate spoke up in her fake sounding reporter voice and introduced the interview. "This is Kate Spree, channel four news live in the hotel with hostage taker Kent Koperski, I hope I pronounced that correctly."

"You did," Kent replied. "Most people fuck it up pretty good."

"Mr. Koperski, what exactly are you doing here, at this hotel right now?"

"To get right to the point, I caught my whore wife with her boyfriend fucking in this room

and I came here with the intent to kill them both and send them straight to Hell," Kent replied.

"So what are your demands?" Kate asked.

"Demands? I don't have any demands," Kent replied.

"I was led to believe this was a hostage situation?"

"You're pretty fucking stupid if you believe every rumor you hear," Kent said with a smile.

"You reporters, I hate you so much," he added with a giggle.

"Then why haven't you let them go?"

"Simple, if I let them go, then I go to jail, and I really, really want to put that off as long as possible."

"Oh, so what we have is a basic standoff situation?" Kate asked.

"Yeah, you could say that," Kent replied.

"What makes you think it will be any different if you give up now or wait till they starve you out?"

"Got me on television," Kent said smugly. "Might as well make the best out of this situation."

Disappointed, Kate looked to the camera and summarized the situation and signed off

the live report. The light on the camera shut off and she knew they were no longer on air.

"What's wrong?" Kent asked surprised. "Where you looking for a cock fight or something?"

"I was hoping for something with a little more bite to it, but we can't win every time now

can we?" Kate said winding up her microphone cord. "When was the last time you

checked on your wife and her lover?"

"Six hours ago I think."

"Don't you think maybe you should see if they're ok?" Kate asked in a superior tone of voice.

"Bitchy are we?" Kent replied. "Since when are you my momma?"

Kate sat and thought for a moment, looking like she had something to say but was

afraid to spit it out. Kent looked at her with a curious look in his eye and waited for her to

say something. "I have a proposition for you," Kate said looking at the ground.

"A proposition?" Kent asked with a lilt in his voice.

Kate looked Kent in the eye and took a deep breath. "What if I told you I could make this all go away?"

"What do you mean?" Kent asked.

"As it sits now, your options are limited. You can walk out and surrender and go to

prison, you can stay here until they force their way in and you go to prison, you can

shoot your way out and end up dead, all of which end up badly for you."

"Why do you think I've been sitting here for the last twenty hours?" Kent said smugly. "I

know this is a no win situation, I am enjoying my last few hours of freedom, or life as it may turn out."

"If you had any choice at all, what would you prefer to do? Other than the options I mentioned?"

"Personally, I would like to disappear in a poof of smoke and get past the blockade set

up out there in the parking lot. Unless there is a sewage tunnel under this hotel leading

to the river, I am basically fucked." Kent said shaking his head. "I'm getting tired and I

can't stay awake much longer, they will be in here as soon as I doze off."

"There in lies the issue, I can make that happen for you," Kate stated like she was trying

to sell Kent a vacuum cleaner.

"How?" Kent asked with a Patrickle. "Am I supposed to put on your skirt suit and walk out

of here like I'm you?"

"Sort of," she replied, "At least the walking out part that is. See, I'm a witch." Kate waited

for Kent to respond but he kept looking at her with his mouth shut. "I have powers and I

can get you out of here."

Kent nodded, knowing full and well that a witch could do something like that, but

doubted her claim that she was indeed a witch. "For the sake of argument, let's say you

are indeed a witch. How do you get me out of here?"

"First of all we have to make a deal," Kate said firmly. "This isn't a one way ticket. You

rub my back, I rub yours."

"And your terms?" Kent asked.

"For the service of removing you safely from this situation, you must agree to

impregnate my daughter and give me a grandchild."

Kent ran his tongue over his teeth and thought about the offer. "What does she look

like? Your daughter that is."

Kate looked away for a second and bit her lower lip as she tried not to laugh. "Not

pretty," she replied. "Does that really matter?"

"You do realize that if I were to impregnate your daughter, I would be just as guilty of

adultery as my wife was with that asshole from work. That would make me no better than her."

"Oh, but there is a difference. When you do your deed, you will no longer be attached to her and by all rights will be free to impregnate anyone who will let you."

"So it's a free ticket both ways? I get out of here alive, and I don't have to be a lying cheating asshole prick whore like she was?"

"Yes."

"Are you a divorce lawyer?" Kent asked

"In my scenario, you won't need a divorce."

"How long do I have to complete my part of the deal?" Kent asked.

"I will give you thirty days to make my daughter with child."

"And if I don't? Or can't"

"Then the deal is off and I make soup out of you," Kate replied. "I make great soup."

Kent stood up and walked to the window. He looked out at the state patrol cars lined up

blocking his path to freedom. He looked to the flame thrower lying up against the wall

and at the pistol and grenade he had tucked in his pants. Then back at Kate who sat on

the edge of the bed looking up at him like a sad puppy dog. "Show me a picture of her

first," Kent said.

"Why does it matter? I'm not asking you to marry her, I want you to fuck her and get me

a grand baby. Men like to fuck, what's wrong with you?"

"I grant you that men do like to fuck, but I do have standards Miss. I don't dip my pecker

into just any poonie. What if she looks like a greasy pig with skin issues?" Kent snapped

back.

"Put a blind fold on for God's sake!" Kate replied pissed. "It's still better than using a

blow up doll!"

"Does she look anything like you?" Kent asked.

Kate hesitated and scratched her nose with her long fingernail. "No, she looks more like

her dad."

"What does he look like?"

"He looks like a fucking troll ok? I said it, he's a fucking troll. I got drunk one night and

had sex with a hairy disgusting troll and got knocked up, are you happy now?" Kate

asked almost in tears.

"I've seen trolls," Kent said. "There are a couple that live under the bridge outside of

town. They look like Hell. I'd be better off screwing a pig in a pig pen, at least the pig

won't talk back to me. Oh my God what kind of an idiot do you think I am?" Kent said

laughing.

"What if I up the offer?" Kate said looking at the wall in embarrassment.

"I might be able to jizz in a cup and...like how?" Kent asked.

"What do you want?" Kate asked looking back at Kent.

"This is sort of like the genie and the three wishes isn't it?"

"I can't grant wishes, I'm a witch, not a genie."

"Then you need to tell me what you can do so I can decide."

Kate leaned forward and gathered her thoughts. "I can cast spells, stuff like that." she

said in a high tone raising her hands in gesture.

"Can you curse someone?" Kent asked.

"I can cast a spell that would make someone's life difficult, but that's not the same as a

curse. A curse lasts forever, a spell is a one time event."

"I see," Kent said in an evil way. "Well shit, can't you cast a spell that makes your troll

daughter look sexy and hot?"

"I never thought of that," Kate said in a now more perky manner. "I could cast a spell

that makes her look like anything you want and it would wear off as soon as you were

done."

"Not too soon," Kent said. "Gimme an hour to get out of town. If that's your offer, I can

go with that."

"Then it's a deal?" Kate asked.

"It's a deal," Kent replied and they shook hands over the deal. "Do I have to sign a

contract?"

"I'm not the devil, I don't do contracts. If you fail to make me a grandchild, I'll fuck you

over bad."

"Alright, now for my part of the deal, get me the Hell out of here."

Kate stood up and took Kent by the hand and walked over to the window.

"Take a look

at the police and remember what you see, ok?" She then walked over to the bathroom

door and put her ear against it to see if she could hear any voices.

Nothing. "Are you

sure you didn't kill them" she asked.

"Didn't touch them, not sure how good the ventilation is in there. Twenty hours in a

locked bathroom might not be good on the lungs." Kent replied.

Kate stood Kent at the door to the parking lot and faced him towards the outside. He

started to put up his hands like he was going to surrender and Kate pulled them back

down to his side. "You don't need to do that," she said comfortingly.

"You're not giving

up, you're getting out. Now open the door."

Kent grasped the door knob, turned it slowly and pulled in on the door letting in a puff of

dark smoke from the outside. "What the Hell?" he asked loudly.

"Keep going," Kate said and pushed him forward into the parking lot into the smoke

where he began to cough and cover his eyes because of the sting of the smoke. She

kept pushing him until the smoke subsided and before his eyes were a row of fire trucks

spraying water on the hotel from which he just came from. He turned to see his room

engulfed in flames and fire shooting out of the roof along with thick black plumes of

smoke that rose into the dark night. Together, they walked across the parking lot

towards one of the fire trucks and walked on past a fireman who didn't see or hear

them. It was like they weren't even there.

"What's going on?" Kent asked turning to look back at Kate.

"We are twenty hours back in time." Kate replied.

"Why is the hotel on fire?" Kent asked.

"This time you didn't have a change of heart and your burned them to death.

Unfortunately for you, you didn't make it out either."

Chapter 15

The Fortune Teller

Gary leaned back and looked over the rail at the river below pondering whether or not

he wanted to climb back down the hill to partake in some cooked coon.

With one good

leg it is a long and miserable trip for a vampire over four hundred pounds and he didn't

know if he was that hungry to risk it. Then a noise from down the road caught his ear as

he looked into the creepy fog that now covered the bridge and from the dense air and

mist he saw a black RV slowly creep onto the bridge from the left and stop next to

Eleonora Kabloutchko and him. The side door to the RV opened with a pop, and then under its own

weight, opened revealing a set of steps and a very dark interior. Gary looked at the

drivers window and all he could see was a dark figure obscured by the dark window tint

sitting behind the wheel.

"What the Hell?" Gary asked aloud. "How did they know we needed a ride?"

"I don't think they came to offer us a ride," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "That's one of those Gypsy

wagons."

"That sounds a tad racist don't you think?" Gary stated in a smart ass tone. "I think they

call them fortune tellers or soothsayers or something like that now a days."

The RV continued to pump out exhaust while the two vampires looked on to see if

anyone was going to come out. Minutes pass and the smell of cooked coon fills the

foggy air and still no one or no thing comes out of the RV.

"Are we supposed to go to it or are they supposed to come to us?" Gary asked.

"Hell I don't know," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied.

"Go over and see if there are instructions on the side of the RV."

Eleonora Kabloutchko handed Gary the magic box and slowly walked over to the RV and looked

along the side for any writing. She read, "Caution, high first step." next to the door and

nothing else. Not even a brand name as it looked like it had been spray painted black by

an armature with a spray can. "I don't see anything," Eleonora Kabloutchko yelled back to Gary.

"Go inside, see what they want," Gary yelled back.

"You're nuts," Eleonora Kabloutchko yelled back heading back towards Gary. Then she heard a voice

calling from inside the RV.

"We have come to serve you, come inside," the voice said through the open door.

Eleonora Kabloutchko stopped in her tracks and turned back to face the doorway. "Who are you?" she asked.

"Come in and I'll tell you," the voice said.

"You come out and tell me," she replied.

A long pause then the voice stated, "I can't, my oxygen tubing won't reach that far."

Eleonora Kabloutchko stepped closer to the RV and looked inside the best she could without entering the doorway. "This is as close as I get, now tell me what you want or I'm leaving."

The voice from inside took a deep breath and replied, "I am a medium, I am here to help you on your journey."

Stunned, Eleonora Kabloutchko cocked her neck like a rooster and replied, "How did you know about our journey?"

The voice from inside laughed, and coughed and laughed again and replied, "We are all on a journey of some sort aren't we?"

Eleonora Kabloutchko looked over to Gary who shrugged his shoulders deferring to her better

judgement. She looked back into the RV and said, "What makes you think we need your help?"

"This would be easier if I didn't have to yell so much," The voice said. "I can't catch my

breath the way it is, yelling makes it for more difficult."

"How do I know you're not faking just to get me to come inside and trap me?" she asked.

"Fine, forget it, people like you never believe anything anyway."

"Is this where I'm supposed to say, "oh no, I'm sorry, let me scamper inside so you can save me," and then you slam the door shut and rape and kill me?"

"Here's the deal missy," the voice said now more strained to speak. "You pay me five bucks and I will tell you everything you need to know to have a successful journey."

"If you are a fortune teller, tell me what my journey is, then maybe I will pay you five

dollars for your advice." Eleonora Kabloutchko stated in a superior tone. Another long pause and a clank and clunk from inside the RV. "Sorry, I'm changing my

oxygen bottle, this will take a minute." Eleonora Kabloutchko stood in the fog with her arms crossed, impatiently waiting for the mystery man to respond to her question. "Ok, that's better,"

the voice said. "You seek something, there you go."

"That's the best you got?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked mockingly. "I seek shit everyday. Could you be more vague?"

"Now you're being a jerk," the voice said. She could almost imagine the man shaking his

head in disgust. "You are seeking the best route for your journey."

Eleonora Kabloutchko thought for a second and realized that the answer wasn't too bad. Not what she

was expecting, but Gary did need a way to get past the cannibals in Benton to the power chair store seventy miles away. Maybe this guy was onto something. "Ok, I'll come in, but you leave this door open, you hear me?" "Yes, I hear you," the voice stated. Eleonora Kabloutchko looked back to Gary and said, "I'm going to see what this guy has to say. I'll ask him the best way for you to get to Grant to get a new power chair." Gary yelled back, "The towing company still hasn't called me back. They might be able to fix it yet. You better wait, let me make a phone call." Gary pulled out his cell phone and dialed up the towing company. It was late, but he hoped someone was still in the shop who could give him an answer. Nothing, no one was at the shop. "I got nothing," Gary said in disgust. "Go ahead and see what this guy says." Eleonora Kabloutchko grabbed the inside frame of the doorway, put her foot up onto the first step and lifted herself up into the RV. She peered around the corner and saw a dark figure sitting in the back and heard the sound of an oxygen machine whining in the background. "Come in and have a seat," the man in the back said. Eleonora Kabloutchko crept back slowly feeling for the furniture until she found the love seat facing the man with a card table in between separating them. She sat down and tried to use her vampire night vision to make out his face, but it was covered with old dirty bandages and he wore sunglasses and a old truckers hat that said, "Keep trucking" on the front. "Just so you know," the man said, "I don't take debit cards, cash only." Eleonora Kabloutchko reached into her pocket and pulled out an old fast food napkin, some change and a bug she found interesting and kept. "I have fifty two cents," she stated. "My readings are five dollars," the man stated firmly. "If you knew you didn't have five dollars, you could have said so before you got in here." "Gary has five bucks, he told me he's loaded." Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. With a deep breath of disgust, the man said, "Can you go get the five dollars from him and come back?" "Yeah, hold on," Eleonora Kabloutchko said and got up and crept back out of the RV and headed over to Gary who was sitting patiently on the cement railing. "What's the problem?" Gary asked. "I need five bucks," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. Gary dug out his wallet from his back pocket and fished out a five dollar bill from a stack of money so thick Eleonora Kabloutchko wondered how he got it in his pocket in the first place. "Here, take that," he said handing the money to Eleonora Kabloutchko. "If you have so much money, why don't you hire someone to go get you a new power chair? I mean, wouldn't that be easier?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"There are mountains to the left, there is a desert to the right, all there is, is a highway with cannibals or a river to get me to the power chair store and I don't trust anybody else to do it but me. The last time I hired someone to do something for me they fucked me in the ass."

"What did they do?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"I told you, they fucked me in the ass," Gary replied.

"What did you hire them to do in the first place?"

"Mow my lawn." Gary said flat.

"Alrighty then," Eleonora Kabloutchko said, turned and walked back to the RV. She looked back at

Gary for a second and back up inside she went. This time she knew where to go and

getting back to her love seat was pretty easy. She tossed the five dollar bill onto the

table and sat down. "There you go, five bucks" she said, "Now tell me what I need to know."

"You're journey will be long and hard," the man said.

"It's only seventy miles. Less than two hours by car." Eleonora Kabloutchko replied.

"You will face many difficulties along the way," the man said.

"I'll give you that one."

"You will meet new people along the way."

"Are you going to tell me anything I don't know?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"You may or may not succeed in your quest."

"Now you're just fucking with me," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "And I may or may not beat that five

bucks back out of you if you don't give me something specific I can use." "Your quest will be fulfilling," the man said in an almost script like manner.

"I'm not making a trip to the liquor store to get a keg here mister. You have one more

shot."

The man sitting in the dark across from Eleonora Kabloutchko paused and she could have sworn she

heard him fart. Maybe it was the oxygen machine, she didn't know for sure. But he

seemed nervous and anxious and now she felt she was on the defensive. "I feel a "T"

sound. Is there someone in your quest with a name that starts with a "T"?"

"No."

"Is there someone who has a beard?"

"No."

"I feel like someone passed recently, a friend or family member?" he asked.

"Are you asking me or telling me? If you're asking me I want my money back." she said

pissed.

"Fine," he said in frustration. "Just ask me a question and I'll give you the answer."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, now believing this guy is a total sham scoots towards the door a bit getting

ready to leave without her five dollars. "One question, which route should we take to get

to our destination?"

"Actually," the man said, "It's about the same whether you take the river or the highway.

The highway has cannibals, but is faster, and the river is safer, but slower, so it all depends on your time frame."

Surprised at his answer, Eleonora Kabloutchko perked up and said, "Wow, that was dead on, the first

thing you got right. How did you know we were heading to Grant?"

"My brother owns the towing company and he told me about the chair they fished out of

the river. How else do you think I knew you were out here? I don't drive around in the

fog all night for no reason. By the way, you're chair is fucked, bent frame and the

electronics are fried from the water."

"I paid you five bucks...never mind," Eleonora Kabloutchko said pissed and got up and left the RV.

"What did he say?" Gary asked as she walked over to the side of the bridge where he was sitting.

"He said your chair is toast so if you want to get another one, you better start making plans."

"Who does...?"

"His brother owns the towing company and told him." she said in disgust.

"Oh, that makes sense," Gary said under his breath. "You up for road trip?"

Chapter 16

The Quest for the Chair

6 am and Gary, Eleonora Kabloutchko and the two trolls are sleeping under the bridge when Gary's

cell phone starts playing "Smoke on the Water" his favorite message tone. Gary reads

the caller I.D. and opens the message from his wife Julie who is back at his house

wondering where he is. The text message reads, "Where the Hell are you?" with a frown

faced icon at the end.

"Who is that?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked groggy but awake.

"It's my wife, she wants to know where I am."

"You have a wife?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"It's sort of an open marriage, but yes, I am married," Gary replied.

"Why didn't you call her last night to come pick you up?"

"I did, she didn't answer as usual, probably drunk or getting laid." Gary stated as a

matter of fact. "Took her till now to get back to me."

Eleonora Kabloutchko rubbed her tongue across her teeth and felt the plaque that had been building

up and felt dirty. Her hair was a mess from sleeping on the ground and her clothes

hadn't been washed since the day she escaped from the hunters. "I need a shower,"

she said in disgust. "This living on the run business sucks."

"Go hop in the river," Gary said.

"Why? So I can smell like fish and sewage? No thanks." She listened to the river water

moving past her from the sandy bank and looked over at Rita and Ury snuggling

together in the tall grass next to the bridge pillar. "Can I use your shower?" she asked.

"I suppose," Gary replied. "If I can get my wife to come out here and pick us up."

"Will she care if you have a young woman with you?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked now feeling better about a shower.

"She might actually, she's a complete gold digger and might see you as a threat to her cash supply."

"Text her back and have her pick us up, I need to clean up bad."

Gary pushed his thick fingers on the pad of his phone and wrote out a message to his

wife and hit send. A few seconds later a message appeared and Gary responded to it.

Then another and another until Gary set the phone aside and said, "She'll be here in an

hour, with the van, with my spare wheelchair."

"Good," Eleonora Kabloutchko said with relief.

"I'm curious," Gary asked leaning back on his hands with his one remaining leg propped

out in front of him a few feet from the camp fire. "How long have you been running

around? I mean, are you homeless?"

"I broke up with my boyfriend a little over a year ago and I've been on my own ever

since," she replied. "I live the life of a nomad basically, breaking into houses, feeding on

the owners, stealing their clothes, using their showers."

"And you got away with this for that long?" Gary said impressed.

"I almost didn't get away with it the last time," she replied. "I came very close to getting

caught by a couple of hunters with their fucking dogs. To tell you the truth, I'm sick of

living like this and I want to find a place to live."

"Kind of tough when they have a hunting season for us," Gary said with a smile. "They

don't seem to think we fit in too well. Nobody wants a vampire living in their

neighborhood, makes the property values go down."

"So where do you live? You have a house right?"

"I live in a big house with a gate and guard dogs and a paid security guard and all sorts

of alarms and shit. It's not against the law for a vampire to fight back you know, and I

don't make it easy for them. It's the dumb asses who run around thinking they know

their shit that get whacked, stuffed and displayed in someone's trophy case."

"But that means your trapped in your own house? That can't be much better."

Gary took a deep breath and shifted his massive weight on the sand. "I usually don't

have a problem most of the time. People like me, I'm sort of the town clown and I tend

to buy a lot of rounds at the bar so people usually look out for me. When that game

warden came into the bar, everyone was surprised, not just me."

"If you are so popular, then why didn't anyone follow the game warden out here when

he dumped you in the river?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"Good question," Gary replied with a curious look on his face. "That game warden is an asshole, it's one thing to tell me when a hunter is near, but it's another to expect my friends to get involved in a law enforcement case. Once they find you in an unauthorized hiding spot, they have the right to take you to the edge of town. It's not illegal to be in town, but they don't want you running right back into the same spot they found you."

"That makes it easier for the hunters as well?"

"Yes it does, and that's why I chose to sleep under this bridge instead of hobble back to my house with one leg. Plus, once the sun is up, they can't hunt anyway, the time frame is from sun down to sun up and as of right now, I am no longer on the menu."

Gary looked at the clock on his phone and heard the grumbling from his empty

stomach. "What are your plans after your shower?" Gary asked Eleonora Kabloutchko.

"I don't have plans remember? I'm a nomad, a fucking cave woman."

"You're still invited to go along with me to get a new power chair if you want. We can call

it a business arrangement. I'll pay you a fee to be my personal body guard for the trip to

Grant and back and feed you along the way."

"What about your wife?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"What about her? I can hire anybody I want. She doesn't own me."

"You said she might get jealous and think I'm out for your money."

"Tough shit," Gary said kicking the sand with his one foot. "If I'm going to get to Grant I

have to get through Benton first and Benton is full of cannibals. At least that's what I've

heard."

"You can take the river and avoid Benton all together," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied.

"Yeah, but that would take all day, to get there, and I'd have to call the power chair store

and have them meet us at the bridge and take us in and then return us with the chair

and blah, blah, blah and that would be a huge hassle. I'd rather drive, it would take a

little over an hour to get there, and the power chair would fit right in the back of my van

like the old one did. I have a specially modified van with a lift gate and everything, pretty

nice."

"So the cannibals don't bother you?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"Don't believe everything everyone tells you honey," Gary said with a smirk. "I'll believe

there are cannibals when I see them. And if there are cannibals, that doesn't mean they

chase you down like zombies and eat your brains, it means you run a slight risk of being

eaten if you piss one of them off. I plan to drive through town like any other town, drive

the speed limit, use my blinkers and fade into the background. We should be through

Benton in less than ten minutes and on our way to Grant. It would be no worse than driving in a big city at night in a drug infested crime ridden area of town with a big white van with a wheelchair ramp on the back," Gary Patrickled. "You'll be my wing woman and fend them off for me."

"Who else is going?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"Me, Julie, you and I thought about asking the trolls over there if they wanted to go along. I don't think they get out much and it would be nice to take them out to lunch since they fed us coon last night."

"I can see why you're so popular," Eleonora Kabloutchko smiled. "You seem like the kind of guy that would give your shirt off your back even if you didn't have a dime to your name."

Julie picked up the group and they headed down the highway towards Grant on their way to the power chair store. In the drivers seat was Julie, still mute from the damage Gary did to her vocal chords when he turned her, and riding shotgun was Ury the troll who's feet dangled from the seat unable to reach the floor. In the second row of seats sat behind the Julie was Rita, the other troll and to her right was Eleonora Kabloutchko the young vampire. In the rear, in the specially modified wheel chair accesses port, sat Gary, the diabetic vampire strapped into his spare wheelchair. It was a relatively short drive to the first town of Benton, only thirty miles away, but the crew were nervous of what they had heard about the cannibal break out and no one was talking much. Then Gary spoke up and asked Eleonora Kabloutchko a question. "So what happened between you and your boyfriend that you ended up on the street?" Eleonora Kabloutchko tried to act like she didn't hear the question and watched the scenery pass by the window of the van.

"Hello?" Gary asked not liking being ignored.

"He kicked me out," She replied with her eyes glued to the window.

"Well, we got some time, can you elaborate?" Gary asked trying to get comfortable in his smaller unpowered chair.

With a sigh, Eleonora Kabloutchko turned to face Gary and said, "What the Hell, nothing like pouring salt into an old wound right?" She paused and started the story.

"Paul and I were living together for the last two years in his parents basement. We had

met through a friend of his and we hit it off right away and I think I moved in two weeks

later. His parents didn't really seem to be bothered by the arrangement and for the most

part we got along pretty well. Heck, his mom and I used to go shopping all the time and

for a while I thought we were like best friends."

"Then what happened?" Gary asked realizing there was a twist to this story.

"We got engaged." Eleonora Kabloutchko replied.
Furrowing his eyebrows, Gary asked, "Since when is getting engaged a bad thing? I would think she's be happy for you."
"I thought so too, but as soon as she found out she stopped talking to me. Well, not completely, but I could tell something was wrong and she avoided me like the plague.
The only times we ever spoke was when we had to talk, like about Paul, or the laundry, or bills, things like that. Turns out she wasn't all too happy about her only child getting married and possibly moving away from mommy. Hell, he was twenty two years old, he should have moved out by then anyway."
"So then what happened?" Gary asked.
"Well, I found out what she was doing while she wasn't talking to me, she was cooking up a plan to get rid of me and it's an ugly story. One night, when Paul was at work at the night shift, she comes downstairs and asks me to come up to talk in the living room. I said, "Sure" and when I get up there, the living room table has a bottle of wine and two glasses sitting on it. I'm thinking I'm about to get into some pretty heavy discussions with my fiance's mom about Paul, and this is her way of breaking the ice. So I sit down and we start talking."

1 year earlier
"How are you and Paul getting along?" Blanche asked pouring wine into two tall glasses.
"Fine," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied, curious as to what was going on.
"We're working on the plans for the wedding right now."
"Oh, how's that going?" Blanche replied feigning a smile.
"I've been working on a guest list and he's going to talk to the minister after work about booking the church. He's really excited about this and I'm surprised how much he's offered to take care of. I mean, usually it's the bride that does most of the planning."
Blanche handed Eleonora Kabloutchko a glass of wine and motioned for her to take a drink. "That's wonderful. Paul has always been such an attentive boy. I raised him right." she said almost pissed, then recovered and took a sip of wine.
"I have a book with wedding gowns downstairs, do you want me to get it? We can look at it together?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.
The question was like throwing a dart at Blanche's face and the pain was almost as real.
"Maybe later," she said taking another drink. "I have more wine and we have all night."
For the next hour, Blanche and Eleonora Kabloutchko took turns talking about Paul and the wedding plans drinking and finishing off the bottle. Blanche replaced the bottle with another and

the two continued to chat becoming more and more relaxed with every hour and every drink. For a while, Eleonora Kabloutchko thought that maybe she had misjudged her future mother in law and they started to laugh and giggle like school girls. Then the wine was replaced with shots of whiskey, and as it approached the midnight hour, Blanche moved over to the couch where Eleonora Kabloutchko was sitting and offered to show her the one secret she knew most everyone was unaware of. In an intoxicated state, Blanche smiled and asked, "Did you know I had a tattoo?" "No way," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied shocked. Blanche was a very conservative over bearing protective mother so there was no way she could imagine her with a tattoo. "I want to show it to you," she said and unbuttoned her pants and pulled down the zipper. With a tug on the sides of her jeans, she pulled her pants down to her knees and slipped her panties down exposing her recently shaved pubic area where a faded tattoo of a rose lay just above her clitoral hood. "Oh my God," Eleonora Kabloutchko said in disbelief. "When did you get that?" "About two years after college a friend of mine talked me into getting this. I wasn't married at the time and she had several tattoos and wanted me to be like her. So she talked me into it. I said only if it's in a place nobody would see." Blanche continued to hold her panties down and expose the tattoo and most of her shaved vagina and looked at Eleonora Kabloutchko to judge her reaction. "You want to touch it?" Blanche asked. "It's a tattoo," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "Doesn't it feel like skin?" Blanche reached over and gently grasped Eleonora Kabloutchko by the right hand and placed her finger on the tattoo and rubbed it gently in a circle. Eleonora Kabloutchko didn't offer any resistance and was almost in a fog after all the alcohol they had consumed. Blanche then slowly slid her finger down to her vagina and pushed her finger inside the lips of her labia and made the same rubbing motion. Eleonora Kabloutchko then took over the rubbing herself and Blanche let go of her hand and reached behind Eleonora Kabloutchko's head and pulled her in close for a kiss. The two women locked in a drunken kiss and began to make out as Eleonora Kabloutchko fingered her fiance's mothers pussy. Neither one said a word as Blanche removed Eleonora Kabloutchko's shirt and bra and pushed her back on the couch. Blanche took Eleonora Kabloutchko's breasts in her mouth and sucked her nipples as she squeezed them feeling the warm firm young breasts. Eleonora Kabloutchko laid back and enjoyed the attention and tugged at Blanche's shirt trying to take it off. Blanche sat up

and quickly removed her top exposing her breasts and then with a smile stood up and removed the rest of her clothes. She signaled for Eleonora Kabloutchko to stand up and she knelt down unfastening Eleonora Kabloutchko's pants and removing them allowing her to step out of her jeans and move closer to the couch.

"No, not the couch," Blanche said motioning for Eleonora Kabloutchko to come closer, "On the floor,"

She said taking Eleonora Kabloutchko by the hand and pulling her down. When Eleonora Kabloutchko was on her hands and knees, Blanche laid on her back on the soft carpet and signaled for Eleonora Kabloutchko to spin around and face in the opposite direction. She then wiggled her body towards Eleonora Kabloutchko and wrangle herself under the young woman with her face looking up at the young pussy just inches away. Without saying a word, Eleonora Kabloutchko lowered herself down and together the women buried their faces into each others vagina's and began to lick and suck with a harmonious humming that filled the room.

For ten minutes, the two women embraced in each others pussy and both felt the warm pleasure of each others tongues. It felt so right to both of them and Eleonora Kabloutchko felt that Paul's mother was a better lover than he was with his four inch erect penis. "Do you have a vibrator?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked pulling her face from Blanche's pussy. "I have several," Blanche said and rolled Eleonora Kabloutchko off her naked hot sweaty body. Blanche got up and quickly walked to the bedroom and rifled through her secret drawer and located her stash of sex toys. The toys she never used with her husband. She returned to the living room, sat down and showed off her toys and how she liked to use them when she was home alone.

Eleonora Kabloutchko, excited at what she was watching, grasped the exposed end a vibrator which was already deep inside Blanche and took control of the in and out motion kissing her on the neck as she went. From her neck she found her mouth and the two women kissed passionately as the vibrations tingled inside Blanche and on the fingertips of her now lover Eleonora Kabloutchko.

The clock on the wall now read 2 am and the two women were exhausted from the lesbian hook up. Eleonora Kabloutchko rolled off of Blanche and removed the vibrator after she was sure Blanche had cum for the third time and switched off the unit. "What about you honey?" Blanche asked. "Don't you want to try it?" Eleonora Kabloutchko could barley keep her eyes open she was so tired and thought about letting Blanche fuck her with the vibrator, but closed her eyes and laid back on the carpet and

moaned at how tired she was. "I'm sorry, I can't stay awake," she said lying naked on the floor.

Disappointed, Blanche took the vibrator from Eleonora Kabloutchko and set it in the basket with her other sex toys and started gathering up her clothes. "Maybe next time?" she asked.

"I don't think there can be a next time," Eleonora Kabloutchko said quietly trying not to anger Blanche.

"I think this was a one time thing. We can't let Paul know what we did, not like I have ever done this before. Not that I didn't want to try at least once." Blanche stood up, bent over with her breasts hanging down like bags of fat and picked up her box of toys from the carpet. She stumbled back into her bedroom and shut the door with a firm bang and that was the last Eleonora Kabloutchko heard from her. Eleonora Kabloutchko rolled over on her side, collected her clothes in a pile and headed back downstairs to her bed where she fell in a heap and fell asleep.

In the upstairs bedroom, Blanche sat down at her computer and checked the video from the two camera's she had in the front room recording her sex with Eleonora Kabloutchko. Both camera's recorded over two hours of hot steamy lesbian sex and now in her more sober state, she set the start and ending spots for the recording and began to render the video onto the hard drive. She figured about ten minutes of the hottest parts would do and when the video was done rendering, slid in a recordable DVD and burned the video to disc.

She sat back and watched the time bar as it showed the progress of the DVD video burn and smiled knowing that when her son came home from work in a few hours, this video would be made available for him to watch. She didn't care to hide the video and surprise him, she didn't care that she was in the video, all she cared about was that her son would see her and his fiance' locked in a sixty nine on the living room floor and cause him to end their engagement.

Present time, back in the van

"That's one Hell of a story," Gary said in shock. "How long after he saw the video did he kick you out?"

"He didn't have too kick me out, I left on my own when I saw him and his mom watching the video that morning. I don't think he even seen me standing behind the couch when I came upstairs. I slipped back downstairs, threw some clothes in a bag and took off out the front door. Never turned back."

"You never gave him a chance!" Gary said. "He may of told his mom to go to Hell and left with you if you would have given him a chance."

"It was embarrassing, and on video. It would follow me forever and I couldn't live with that. If he wanted me back, he could have found me, I didn't go that far. Not at first.

When he didn't come around, I decided to leave town for good."

"Not even a phone call?" Gary asked.

"My phone was worthless. She paid for it and cut it off as soon as I left."

"What about your parents?"

"Not that desperate. Long story, not going there."

"But you do have parents?"

"Yes, I do have parents," Eleonora Kabloutchko stated flatly. "And a brother and a sister if you must know, non of which I speak to anymore."

"Does it have anything to do with you turning into a vampire?"

"Like I said, long story, not going there."

"I get it, mom and dad told you to not hang out late and with the bad crowd and then you get burned by your friends and instead of admitting they were right, you take off." Gary stated like a father.

"Something like that," Eleonora Kabloutchko stated staring out the window playing with the magic box

they had found from the bottom of the river. Just then she noticed a abandoned car on

the side of the road, and another and another. "What's going on?" She asked and

looked out the window on the other side and saw more cars parked on the shoulder abandoned.

Gary looked out the front windshield from the back of the van and noticed in the

distance a faint but visible plume of smoke rising in the distant horizon. "What is that?"

he yelled up to Julie who was driving.

Julie put a voice amplifier to her neck and mouthed the words, "Don't know" in a buzzing tone.

"Better slow down, I don't like the looks of this," Gary stated and as they came over a

hill saw a line of abandoned cars lined up in the right lane parked for as far as the eye

could see in the direction of Benton which seemed to be on fire. "Fuck,"

Gary said, "Stop

the van, I want to check this out."

The van slowly pulled over to the side of the road and came to a stop.

Julie pressed a

button and the rear hatch of the van opened and a hydraulic ramp slowly lowered Gary

to the ground behind the van. He unclipped a belt and rolled himself back off the ramp

onto the highway shoulder and towards one of the abandon cars. Eleonora Kabloutchko got out of the

van and joined him.

"Doesn't the sunlight bother you?" Gary asked.

"Doesn't it bother you?" she asked back.

"Not really," Gary replied.

"Me either," Eleonora Kabloutchko said in surprise. "I thought I was the only one."

The two peered into the drivers side window of the abandon car expecting to see the worst. What they saw was a box of tissues and an empty seat. No body, no broken glass, no damage at all, it was like they had disappeared from the face of the Earth.

"Where are they?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "Why didn't they turn around and drive back?"

"I think I know," Gary said in a monotone looking deep out into the field adjoining the highway. Impaled on stakes six to eight feet tall, a small group of bodies hung upside down, barley in view over the tall grass. "Cannibals?" he asked pointing to the bodies.

Eleonora Kabloutchko walked around the car to get a better look and then jumped up onto the trunk and blocked the sun from her eyes taking a good hard look. She could see about six stakes with bodies stuck to them with clothing flapping in the wind. From atop the trunk, she looked back towards Benton at the row of cars parked on the highway, and for as far as she could see, the line didn't stop. Benton was on fire and she was sure that they chose the wrong path to Grant. "We better head back," she stated hopping off the trunk back onto the asphalt highway.

Gary pushed the wheels on his chair and spun himself around towards the rear of the van where the ramp was waiting for him. Eleonora Kabloutchko took hold of the hand grips and gave him a push helping him along faster to the van. The wind was warm and breezy and the area around them was very quiet except for the purr of the van engine.

"Why did they impale them?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "If they were going to eat them, why not eat them?"

"Maybe they were making jerky and had to dry them out first," Gary said lining his wheelchair up with the ramp. Eleonora Kabloutchko gave a good shove and the wheelchair rolled over the bump and up onto the ramp where Gary fastened the belt tight for the lift up back into the van. "Hit the button!" Gary yelled to Julie and with the buzz of an electric motor, the ramp rose into the air and placed Gary and his chair back into the van and clicked when locked in place. Eleonora Kabloutchko pulled down the rear hatch and shut it with a clank and walked around the van to her open door on the right. It was then she noticed the figures in the distance down the road on the highway walking towards them. She turned and looked behind her at the road they had been driving on and saw two trucks parked about a half mile behind them blocking both sides of the path. A shiver went up her spine as she realized they were trapped and needed to think fast to get away. She stuck her face in the van and yelled, "There are people coming down the

road from both sides, we need to get the Hell out of here!"

Ury, the troll who was sitting in the front passenger seat sat up and looked out the front window and grasped her seatbelt firmly. She swallowed hard and began to panic looking to the right and to the left for a way to get away. "What did you get me into?" Ury asked gritting her teeth.

"Maybe they don't eat trolls," Gary said from the rear. "They're supposed to be cannibals, not troll eaters."

"For my sake I hope your right," Ury stated. "If that's the case, I'll help them shove the stick up your ass and bar b que you Kansas City style."

Just then Eleonora Kabloutchko had a thought. She reached back and grabbed the magic box from her seat and stepped back onto the highway examining it. She flipped back the lid and gave the side of the box a little tug allowing it to widen a bit. "I need help," she stated looking at Julie in the drivers seat. Julie got out and followed Eleonora Kabloutchko to the front of the van where she motioned for Julie to grab one side of the box and pull. Eleonora Kabloutchko grabbed the other side and together they pulled the box about twelve feet apart. Eleonora Kabloutchko motioned for Julie to set the box down and meet her back in the middle where they grabbed the other two sides and pulled them apart another ten feet creating a box ten by twelve by ten inches deep. Only the box was as deep as the eye could see from the front like a long, square cave with no end in sight. Once the box was pulled apart, she tried to pull the end making it deeper on the outside but the wood wouldn't budge so she had to come up with another idea. She drug her end of the now huge box over to one of the abandon cars on the side of the road and propped it up so it was facing towards the highway perpendicular to the direction of the road. From the back, it looked like a large unpainted billboard propped up against a car, from the other side, it was a tunnel they could drive through and escape from the dark figures closing in on them. She did her best to make sure the box was level on the ground balancing on its ten inch wide edge, hoping the wind wouldn't catch the flat end and knock it over before they could get into it.

"I see what she's doing," Gary said. "She's either a genius or she's going to get us killed."

Eleonora Kabloutchko and Julie ran back to the van and jumped in slamming their respective doors shut. Eleonora Kabloutchko pointed at the tunnel and motioned for Julie to drive into it quickly. Julie put the van in drive and made a wide turn facing the van into the box, which was now a

tunnel they could hopefully escape into. "Are we all cool with this?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked before they drove into the box. Then a bullet smacked into the side of the van splattering on the bullet proof glass with a thud. Then another and another until it sounded like hail striking in a thunder storm. "Let's go!" Gary yelled from the back and Julie slowly pushed on the gas driving the van into the endless tunnel before them. Once the van was inside, it became dark very quickly and she had to turn on the headlights. Even with the headlights on, the tunnel was only visible for a few hundred yards and then turned black again. "What's going to keep them from following us?" Ury asked. "I can go back and tip the box over on it's face, that might keep them from following us," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "You do that and we go slamming backwards into the asphalt," Gary replied. "Unless the weight of the van will keep it in place. We don't know so lets go as fast as we can and outrun them." The van, still moving at about ten miles an hour started to slow as Julie was confused as to what to do. "Keep going!" Gary yelled, it's too late to back out now, we are committed." Julie pressed firmly on the gas and sped the van up to twenty miles an hour keeping an even spacing between the small clearance on each side. The deeper they went inside the tunnel in the box, the more the tunnel looked the same and the more confusing on the distance became. What seemed like a hundred feet could be a mile when you have no landmarks and all they could do was keep going forward and hope there was a light at the end of the tunnel. Eleonora Kabloutchko turned in her seat and looked out the rear window past Gary's head and watched as the light from the distance became dimmer and the entrance further and further away until it was gone. They were now trapped with only one way to go and no way out. "How much gas do we have?" Gary asked. "Enough to get to Grant and back," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied not looking at the gas gauge behind her. "Did anyone bring any food or drink?" she asked. "I got one of those huge two liter pop containers," Gary replied. "Full of warm brewed tea." Rita, the other troll, silent until now finally spoke up. "I don't think the trucks behind us were cannibals, I think those were poachers. The ones coming from town on the other hand, may have been cannibals." "Poachers?" Gary asked like it was a ridiculous statement. Then he thought about the

game warden and realized it was a very real possibility. If the game warden spent so much time trying to evict vampires from buildings during curfew, he probably wasn't as attentive to the people doing the hunting. For all he knew, that was the game warden doing the poaching. Corruption in law enforcement was not unheard of around these parts and it wouldn't surprise him if the game warden was watching him the whole time since he dropped him off the bridge a few days ago. But then why not shoot him when he took him to the edge of town, if he was going to poach, he might as well done it then and there. All the witnesses worked for him.

Chapter 17

The Deception

Kent heard a snap of a finger and awoke from a trance. Standing in the parking lot, across from the hotel were two police officers pointing guns at his face and Kate standing before him lowering her hand. In the place of the Kate the reporter was Kate the officer and next to the burned down hotel were EMT's pushing steaming burnt bodies into the back of an awaiting ambulance. It was Shandy and Mike, fried like chicken in a pan. In a daze, Kent tried to make sense of what he was seeing before him and it didn't take long to realize his hands were cuffed behind him and he was being escorted to the back of an awaiting police car. His head pushed down, he was shoved into the back of the car and the door was slammed shut. Kate stood outside the car watching the officers lock Kent in the back and started chatting with one of them. As his confusion wore off, it became clear that Kate was no reporter, or witch and that she had used some sort of hypnotic to put him in a trance and convince him to leave the hotel room without incident. Groggy from coming out of the trance, Kent felt his body push back against the seat as the police car took off out of the parking lot and onto the street with lights and sirens now blazing. "What the Hell is going on?" Kent asked in a fog. "You'll find out at the station," the officer driving stated. The car quickly sped down the street, made several turns and pulled into the Sally Port of the law enforcement center where the garage doors were lowered trapping everyone inside. Kent was allowed to exit the vehicle and with two police officers as escorts, was led to the booking room and uncuffed. He was stood up against a wall with height markers and told to look at the camera, a picture was taken and he was told to turn to the side and another picture was taken. His cuffs were removed and his fingerprints

electronically scanned and fed into a computer. Now more clear headed, he realized he was in deep shit and began to panic. The officer in charge took him by the back of the arm and led him to an interview room where he was shown a chair and asked to sit down. Two detectives entered the room and the door was shut.

"Mr. Koperski," the shorter, fatter detective said aloud. "We would like to ask you some questions about the death of your wife Shandy, and a Mike Reed who were found dead in the bathroom of the hotel you've been held up in for the last day. "Go ahead, ask away," Kent said staring at the camera in the upper corner of the room.

"Before I do, I want you to know you have the right to an attorney." "I am an attorney," Kent said with a smile. "Actually, I was a sitting judge for three years at one point, lost the election and had to go back into private practice."

"Would you like to have an attorney present now?" the officer asked. "No, that's fine," Kent said looking down at the table. "I think I got this."

The taller, thinner detective who was standing in the corner started off by asking, "How long did you suspect your wife was cheating on you?" Kent leaned back in his chair and shook his head in disgust. "I knew something was wrong for about the last six months, never suspected she was cheating on me. I just knew we weren't getting along like we used too. You know, the late nights and hidden texts, all the normal stuff."

"So why did you decide to tail her?" "I wasn't planning on tailing her at all, I bought a portable GPS and hid it in her bag and watched the whole thing unfold on my computer at home. It wasn't until I saw the marker on the hotel that I decided to go see for myself."

"How long were you planning on killing her?" the sitting detective asked. "You did bring some pretty mean tools with you, a flame thrower, a grenade and a 40mm Glock pistol. This had to be premeditated."

Kent bit his lip and nodded his head in agreement. "I can see how you would think that, but I had all those things in my garage for years. I didn't go out and buy that stuff to get back at her, I brought it along for self protection."

"Against what army?" the taller detective asked. "Listen guys, it's a simple story. I thought something was up, I used a tracker and showed up to see what was going on. I have the right to protect myself as a citizen of this country and brought along protection. I have rights."

"Yes you do," Mr. Koperski, but you don't have the right to take the lives of two innocent people."

"I'm confused," Kent said slowly. "What makes you think I had anything to do with their deaths?"

"You have no memory of what occurred over the last day since you took them hostage?"

Kent rolled his fingers on the table top over and over trying to think back to the last day and it was all a blur. He remembered coming into the hotel room and finding Shandy and Mike about to do the doggy style fuck job, but then it all gets hazy. "I can't recall what happened," Kent said trying to think. "Sometimes my medications do that to me, I have spells of amnesia."

The two detectives leaned their heads together and whispered something back and forth out of earshot of Kent sitting across the table. After a brief discussion, the taller standing detective left the room leaving Kent alone with the shorter fatter one. The fat detective leaned in close to Kent and said, "My name is detective Barnett and I have to inform you that I think you're full of shit. We have video surveillance of you in the bathroom, beating those two to death with the hair dryer from the hotel bathroom."

Kent smiled and smirked at detective Barnett and replied, "I know it's not against the law for law enforcement to lie to a suspect to invoke a confession. I may be a bit foggy on the details, but I'm pretty sure I didn't beat anyone to death with a hair dryer. That sounds ridiculous. If I brought a flame thrower, why the Hell would I do that?" Kent said with a Patricke.

The detective leaned back in his chair and realized Kent was no fool when it came to interrogation. The door opened and the other detective handed Barnett a manila envelope. He pulled the flap back and hung the opening upside down allowing photographs to spill out on the table top. There, in full color, were photo shopped pictures of Shandy and Mike from the crime scene covered in bruises and cuts from multiple contusions and abrasions. Not a sign of burnt flesh in any of the pictures.

"See, no bar b que," Barnett stated. "They were beat to death with a hair dryer."

"Can you link me to the hair dryer?" Kent asked like a jackass.

"You're fingerprints were all over it," Barnett replied. "And your clothes had their blood all over it as well."

"This is bullshit," Kent stated. "No one brings a flame thrower and ends up using a hair dryer, if you had a case, you'd arrest me on that charge. As it is right now, it's all circumstantial. For all you know, the maid did it while I was asleep and you can't prove otherwise."

Barnett, frustrated but professional stated, "We have you at the scene and it was your

wife and her lover. We have enough to book you on second degree murder at the least.

I don't like the whole, "amnesia" bit, sounds like something from a bad Perry Mason

episode, but I'll put it in my report. For now, you are under the arrest for the murder of

Shandy Koperski and Mike Reed, do you understand this?"

Kent raised his hands for the handcuffs to be replaced and stood to be escorted out of

the interrogation room into the holding cell down the hall. In an hour, he was dressed in

county jail orange and sitting in a room with three other men were housed, all dressed

alike in orange. Across the hall in the jailors lounge, a live television feed from the

courtroom upstairs was visible through the bars of the holding cell.

There was no sound.

"That's right," Kent said aloud to his two cell mates. "It's Thursday night, prime time

executions on the local cable channel. I used to DVR this all the time until they started

blurring out the good parts."

"Good parts?" one of the incarcerated men asked.

"The FCC made them cover up the action due to complaints about violence on

television. Now you can only get it on pay per view and I'm not paying thirty bucks every

Thursday night to watch a pedofile get his nuts chopped off live and in color."

"I'm a pedofile," the inmate stated. "You want to see my nuts get chopped off for free?"

Kent leaned back from the bars and tried to judge this mans facial expression to see if

he was serious or not. Sometimes kidding can reduce the stress in a situation. Kent

thought he'd make a joke back. "You have tickets?" he asked with a smile.

"You think I'm kidding?" the inmate said with a firm straight glare. "I'm in this holding cell

until they take me upstairs at seven and start the fucking show."

Now realizing this man was dead serious, Kent stepped away and sat down on the

bench no longer looking at the television screen across the hall. "Sorry man, didn't

mean to piss you off," Kent said in fear. "Why would they mix us in the same holding

cell? You've had your day in court and I'm waiting for mine, you'd think they'd have a

cell for each."

"Cheap ass mother fuckers," the inmate said. "Won't spring for an extra cell for guys like

me who like to fuck kids," he said with a laugh. "God I love a good ripe ten year old

asshole," the inmate said brushing his hand on his crotch repeatedly.

Six forty five on the button and the door to the cell opened with a clank. Two jailors

approached the holding cell and signaled for the three inmates to exit the cell and walk

down the hallway. At the end, they waited on an elevator and got inside, a few minutes

later, they were upstairs and the doors opened to a large television studio set of a courtroom complete with jury box, bailiff and a very pissed off looking judge behind the bench. The three inmates were led off to an area sectioned off for them where they could have their cuffs secured with an iron bar that kept them in place. They all had a good view of the stage and watched as the stage manager counted down the production and the proceedings went live on pay per view. "Bailiff, call your first case," the judge said in his shining robe and well lit hair. "The court calls for the sentencing of Ted Warren, convicted of five counts of sex with a minor, and two counts of sex with a vulnerable adult." The inmate to the left of Kent had his cuffs disconnected from the iron bar and was escorted to the plaintiffs table where his attorney stood waiting for him. Kent sat quietly in the back watching the proceedings, tapping his foot on the soft floor nervously, wondering what the Hell was going on. "Has the jury a recommendation to the court a suitable punishment?" the judge asked. The lead jury person stood and said aloud, "Yes your honor, we have." "What is your recommended sentence for this convicted pedophile." "The jury recommends the bowl, your honor." "The bowl?" Kent asked himself. "In all the years in the law business and as a judge, he had never heard of the bowl, he knew of the slide, and the pole, but the bowl was new to him." The judge took a moment to look important in front of the camera and act like he was making a decision. He rubbed his chin and looked around at the people in the gallery and said, "I concur, the bowl it is, execution to take place after the commercial break." Ninety seconds later the set was split in two equal parts, rolled back on large rails that were hidden under the seats. In the center of the room was a large, forty feet wide cupped shaped indent into the floor that looked like something from a skate park. It was polished white, reflecting the studio lights from above and at the bottom was an industrial sized set of interlocking metal grinding teeth that spun in unison. The audience was now behind a plexiglass safety wall, like that of any hockey arena and able to watch what was about to occur in the bowl. The bumper music from the show played on speakers and the crowd yelled in excitement as the announcer talked about the upcoming execution on a large screen television mounted on the far wall in easy view of the cameras. On the screen, a short video showing the horrific crimes committed by the pedophile was shown along with pictures of the victims and interviews with police and family members.

After a few minutes, the music stopped and a live announcer who was sitting close to the bowl began a play by play. A door opened on the rim of the bowl exposing the man to be executed, dressed only in white shorts with a solid wall behind him. The wall began to slowly creep forward forcing the man to step out onto a twelve inch ledge that rounded the entire bowl giving him his only place to stand. The crowd hushed as the wall behind the man became flush with the rest of the wall and he stood there with only this small ledge to keep him from falling into the bowl, and into the rotating cutting teeth below.

This was new to most of the audience and the announcer had to explain over the speakers how the execution worked. It was obvious that the man would end up in the teeth of the grinder eventually, but how nobody knew. Then, from small openings in the walls at the top of the bowl, just below the plexiglass, a slick clear oil started to flow down onto the ledge and down into the bottom of the bowl. The convicted man stood motionless, on the ledge, trying to control his breathing, not allowing any of the oil to get under his feet. It seemed as long as he stood still, he could avoid the grinding teeth below and stave off his eventual death.

For minutes the camera showed a close up of his face and a close up of his feet on the big screen and the audience watched screaming banging on the plexiglass trying to unnerve the convict and cause him to lose his balance. He stood like a rock, staring forward at the crowd behind the plexiglass ignoring the sounds and the action. He then closed his eyes and tried to tune out the crowd but felt a bit wobbly and opened his eyes again to regain his balance. It was a scheduled thirty minute execution, and the producers were starting to get nervous that their new killing machine wasn't giving the crowd what they wanted.

Then chanting started and the crowd began to beat on the plexiglass in unison shaking the bowl below. The crowd had somehow decided to take the lack of action into their own hands and fulfill their blood lust themselves. The bowl rattled and shook with every bang from above and the convict began to tip from one side to the other causing him to raise his arms to help keep his balance. The act of raising his arms was enough to move his center of gravity and his feet shot out from underneath him on the slick oil and he slid down the side of the bowl into the fast moving grinding teeth. He tried in vain to

push himself away from the metal grinding teeth, but the more he struggled, the more the teeth dug into his flesh and in twenty seconds, all the remained at the bottom of the bowl was blood stained oil and bits of bones and flesh. He was ground up and dead.

Kent watched the whole event on the big screen because he was too far away to see the action live. The reaction of the crowd and the sight of the horrific death made him numb and he sat in his chair in a daze thinking this was going to be his fate as well.

Then the announcer commented that they were out of time for this show and to tune in next week on pay per view for the next execution. Kent now knew that his turn was coming up and that he had only caught the sentencing and execution phase of the man before him. He had no idea how the court proceedings would go and if he would be allowed a lawyer or not. Would this be like a real courtroom trial, or one of those set up ones for day time television? This was all new to him since his practice had nothing to do with violent crime, he came from a background of contract law and torts.

Before Kent could be too happy, one of the security guards said, "The executions are always live, but the trial is taped and edited for time, so don't think you're going anywhere, it's your turn next."

"I don't even have an attorney yet!" Kent yelled.

"You will have one provided for you," the guard said smiling down at Kent.

"What about witnesses? And evidence? And..."

"It's all good," the guard stated. "This isn't no People's Court, they take this very seriously."

"I've been locked up for less than four hours and I'm already going to trial?" Kent asked in disbelief. "There's no way I'm getting a fair deal out of this."

Kent watched the studio crew push the set back together and cover the bowl with the seats from the gallery hiding the blood and gore below. It was amazing how quickly the crew could get the set back to the way it was before the execution and make it look like a real courtroom.

The guard shifted back and forth on his heels and looked at how nervous Kent was getting. "You're chances are pretty good actually, they can't give the audience what they want every week or they would get tired of it and quit watching. I think this was the first execution we had this year so far. Now that the home viewers have seen a child molester ground up on live television, they will be glued to their sets every Thursday for the next two months waiting for the next. The producers don't like the viewers getting to

desensitized, it's not good for revenue."

Chapter 18

Roadside Bar

Thirty minutes into the pitch black tunnel and a light is finally visible in the distance from

the outside world. Not a bright light, but a light none the less and quickly it gets larger and

larger as the van approaches what is no longer the end of the magic box, but now is the

magic tunnel. At the end of the tunnel the van slows down and stops before it exits and

everyone looks out the front windshield at the dark grey skies and pouring rain outside.

When they left a half hour ago, it was around noon, and now it looked like it was almost

9 pm going on sundown. The tunnel ended in what looked like a department store

parking lot filled with water puddles and shopping carts, but very few people. Slowly

Julie pushed on the gas and drove the van out of the tunnel and into the rainstorm

switching on her wiper blades and looking out for shopping carts.

"Where the heck are we?" Ury asked from the passengers seat. "This looks like Texas."

"Texas?" Rita asked. "When were you ever in Texas? This looks like parking lot to me."

"Yeah, a parking lot in Texas," Ury replied. "Look at the cowboy over there." pointing at a

bar at the end of the strip mall parking lot. "It says, "Roadside bar," right on the sign and

there's a picture of a cowboy on the sign wearing a pink scarf."

The van slowly crept along in the rain and the passengers looked around for any signs

of life but only saw the lights on at the Roadside bar and headed in that direction. Inside

through the windows, they could see people moving around and knew if they wanted to

get help this was the only place close by they were going to get any.

"What does the g.p.s. say" Gary asked from the back.

"It says unable to connect to satellites at this time," Ury replied.

"Must be the shitty weather."

"Pull into that bar and lets ask for directions home," Gary said having to go to the

bathroom.

Julie pulled up to the one handicapped spot they had at the front door and put the van in

park. She looked back at Gary and looked at him for directions.

"Who wants to volunteer to go in there?" Gary asked.

"I think we should all go or none of us go," Eleonora Kabloutchko stated.

"We don't know any of these people and have freaking idea where we are."

"Fine," Gary said. "Get me out of the van," he said and Julie pressed the button to open

the hatch and lower the chair to the ground behind the van. With a beeping sound, the

door opened and the cold wind blew inside the van creating a chill everyone could feel.

"Fuck I hope this goes fast," he said and the rest of the crew opened their doors and

exited the van.

Julie, hiding her head from the stinging rain, ran to the back of the van, unbuckled Gary and pushed his wheelchair around the van and up the entrance ramp out of the rain.

The wind was still blowing in cold gusts and it was hard to block the drops from sliding sideways under the overhang. "Open the fucking door!" Gary yelled and Eleonora Kabloutchko opened the door allowing Julie to push Gary inside. Ury and Rita followed behind and

Eleonora Kabloutchko slipped inside letting the door slam behind her.

Inside the bar it was hot and

loud with dance music playing over the speakers and men dancing on the dance floor in

skimpy revealing clothing. In the back there was a sign that said "Grill" and on the left

was a long bar with men sitting on stools talking to each other.

"What kind of place is this?" Gary asked holding back his urine.

"The kind of place that has bathrooms," Eleonora Kabloutchko said

pointing to the right. "See if you

can get him through the crowd," Eleonora Kabloutchko said to Julie who still had her hand on the

grips of the wheelchair. Julie pushed with most of her remaining strength and the crowd

begrudgingly parted allowing the huge diabetic vampire to make his way to the

bathroom. As he rolled along, Gary noticed men kissing and grinding into each other

against the walls and feeling each other up.

"The handicapped bathroom is in the back," one of the men said leaning over to whisper

in Gary's ear. With a lick, the man stood back up and continued to grope his boyfriends

ass.

"Now would be a good time to have a catheter," Gary yelled. Go back the other way, we

have to get to the rear," Gary yelled to Julie not realizing he had just said "rear."

Pushing the wheelchair by the row of bar stools was actually easier than trying to get

around on the other side because there was a little lip and railing that kept people on

the dance floor and off the bar. It seemed like a quick trip until Gary motioned for Julie to

stop when he spied something out of the corner of his eye. It was a nude male stripper

up on a corner stage shaking his hairy ass at a group of men who were holding out

dollar bills for tips. The dancer would squat down and let the men shove the dollars

between his ass cheeks and then would stand and drop them next to his stripper pole.

The pole attached to the floor. Not the pole projecting from between his legs.

"I'm going to be sick," Gary said and motioned for Julie to move on towards the

handicapped bathroom. It was then that Eleonora Kabloutchko stopped in her tracks seeing someone

who looked familiar. Way too familiar.

"Paul?" she asked over the loud music.

A man turned around from the bar who looked exactly like her ex fiancée Paul only he

had no shirt and a pink hanky tied around his neck. "Eleonora Kabloutchko?" he asked surprised and reached out and gave her a hug. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "I haven't seen

you in over a year."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, embarrassed and still in shock shrugged her shoulders and said, "It's a long story, we came here on accident really."

Paul slipped off the barstool and put his hand around Eleonora Kabloutchko's back and announced to the group at the bar that his ex was here. The men peered at her and looked her up and

down examining everything she was wearing and the make up she was wearing. In

disgusted jealousy, the men turned back and faced the mirror behind the bar and made

sure they were far better looking than she was. "We need to catch up and talk, are you

going to be here long?" Paul asked.

"We're taking someone to the bathroom, but we could stay for something to eat. I see

there's a grill back there."

Paul escorted Eleonora Kabloutchko to the back and found her, Ury and Rita a place to sit down in the

grill area. Gary and Julie were in the bathroom getting Gary up onto the toilet and

Eleonora Kabloutchko read the menu on the wall. Besides each item was a picture of a naked man

holding a sign that said, "Foot long hotdogs only one dollar"

"Who's buying?" Paul asked in a very feminine manner.

"Gary is, he's loaded," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "Is he single?"

Paul asked.

Eleonora Kabloutchko leaned back against the wall and took a hard look at what she thought was her

ex boyfriend. "Since when did you turn gay?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" Paul asked. "I've always been gay, you knew that."

Eleonora Kabloutchko opened her eyes wide and laughed. "You do realize we've had sex?" she

asked.

"Yes, what about it?"

"Did you happen to remember I'm a woman?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

Paul looked at Eleonora Kabloutchko like she was kidding and motioned his hand waving off her

comment. "Yeah, like you are a woman," he said and shook his head.

"I'm lost here Paul," Eleonora Kabloutchko said slowly. "I am a tad bit offended as well. Two years

together and you thought I was a man? We showered together, we had sex, you put

your thing in my thing."

Paul reached over and pulled Eleonora Kabloutchko's shirt out exposing her cleavage and let the shirt

snap back in place. "Oh, fucking God," he said. "I'm going to throw up."

"Do you want to see the bottom half as well?" she asked in disgust.

"No thank you," Paul said scooting back in his chair. "You must have had me high on

date rape drugs missy, I would never travel down that stank hole if you know what I

mean."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, pissed but calm, looked at Paul and asked, "What about your mother?"

"What about her?"

"Did she ever show you the DVD she made after she got me drunk and had sex with me?"

"Yes, it was so hot. Back then you had a cock and could fuck like a horse. Not sure what you did with it, but after I saw that, I wanted you so bad."

"I never had a cock!" Eleonora Kabloutchko yelled over the music.

"Something is wrong here and we need to leave. Where is Gary?"

Ury slipped off her seat and scampered to the men's room, there was no ladies room,

and peeked inside at the empty wheelchair next to the bathroom stall.

Standing by the

wall was Julie who was patiently waiting for her husband. "How long?" Ury asked.

"Give me twenty fucking minutes," Gary yelled back from behind the stall.

"That coon

was under cooked and it gave me the runs."

"Eleonora Kabloutchko wants to leave," Ury yelled back.

"Tell her to fucking wait a minute," Gary yelled back. "Order some mini taco's or

something and maybe some cheese sticks. I love those cheese sticks."

Ury waddled back to the table where Paul was now missing and sat next to Eleonora Kabloutchko.

"Where did your boy toy go?" she asked snickering.

"He went back to the bar to make out with his boyfriend from what I can see," Eleonora Kabloutchko

said looking over her shoulder at the bar. "What did I ever see in him?" she asked.

"That's not him," Ury stated. "This is some fucked up alternate universe where your

perfectly straight ex boyfriend is now making out with men in a all nude gay juice bar."

Eleonora Kabloutchko thought to herself for a second. "That has to be it, you're right. I can't be that

stupid. Paul hated pink, unless it was my pink and he loved that."

Thirty minutes later, Gary was finished with the toilet and the rest of the crew had eaten

all the mini taco's they could stand along with an assortment of tasty beverages. As a

group, they decided to try to find help somewhere else and leave the Roadside bar

behind them as a bad memory. Once again, Julie pushed Gary in his wheelchair

through the crowd of half naked dancing men towards the front door where they were

abruptly stopped by a large muscled man with a thick mustache and a whip. He was the

bouncer.

"Where do you think you're going?" the bouncer asked tapping his whip on his hairy

thigh.

"We decided we had enough fun for the night," Gary stated looking up at the man with

the dark eyes and metal studded neck collar.

The bouncer pointed his whip at a sign by the door and watched to see if anyone would look at it. When the group stood there like deer caught in the headlights, he spoke up and read the sign aloud, "No admittance until 1pm."

"Excuse me," Eleonora Kabloutchko spoke up in an accusatory manner. "We are not coming in, we are leaving," she said with a smug grin.

"You got it backwards honey," the bouncer said in a thick British accent. "There is no admittance to the outside from here," and he laughed at her like he had just beat her in a game of gay strip poker.

The group looked around and saw men looking at them like they were from a zoo whispering to each other and pointing fingers. "Is this some sort of joke?" Gary asked.

The music changed and the crowd erupted in cheers from behind the group and Gary struggled to turn his head and see what was going on behind him. In his low seated position, all he could see was the bare backs of men who were watching something going on the dance floor. He wanted to get out more now than ever and became very anxious hoping the bouncer would have a change of heart and let them leave. Then he felt his chair being pulled backwards and watched the crowd part as he was pulled from the front of the bar onto the dance floor by one of the dancers.

Gary, now sitting in his wheelchair in the center of the dance floor, surrounded on all sides by men watching him sit there, swallowed hard and panicked. He felt the unshaven face of the man behind him nuzzle his neck and reach around and stroke his chest. The dancer behind Gary continued to dance out of Gary's view and do a strip tease for the crowd whipping them into a frenzy to the loud dance music and bright lights. Gary sat in terror like a penguin at a petting zoo.

Then in an instant, the dancer came around to the front of Gary and to Gary's horror was only wearing a dog collar and a pair of wrist cuffs. In a gyrating dance move, the naked man approached Gary and started a close up lap dance grinding his privates into Gary's face and pretending to give him a blow job for the crowd. Gary looked up at the dancer in disgust and yelled for him to get away, but to no avail, the dancer kept getting close making Gary very uncomfortable.

Then the dancer, showing off for the crowd, turned and faced away from Gary in front of his wheel chair and bent over showing Gary his fuzzy butt crack. The crowd yelled and the dancer reached back and pulled his butt cheeks apart and started bouncing in rhythm to the music. In total disgust, Gary raised his one good leg and placed his foot

on the dancers ass and shoved him off the dance floor into a table
knocking drinks all
over the floor. The crowd gasped in shock as the dancer stood up crying
like a baby
covered with mixed drinks. Then the music stopped.
From the elevated D.J. booth, a tall man in cowboy chaps and dark mirror
sunglasses
walked down the steps across the crowd and onto the dance floor facing
Gary. Other
than the a pair of cowboy boots, a g-string and a set of guns on his
belt, the man was
naked. Gary looked up and saw the face of the game warden. The same man
that drove
him to the edge of town and dumped him off the bridge into the river.
"Who do we have here?" the game warden asked.
Gary sat in silence looking up at his reflection in the mirrored glasses
and shook his
head in disbelief. "Milk man," Gary said flat.
"Milk man?" the game warden asked rubbing his badge that was attached to
his gun
belt. "Do you know who I am?" the game warden asked.
"A gay cowboy?" Gary asked.
"I'm the law around here mister. And from what I have seen, you have been
disturbing
the peace."
"That guy was sticking his hairy ass in my face, I think my peace was
being disturbed,"
Gary replied defiantly.
"Nobody twisted your arm and made you come in here," The game warden said
with his
hands on his hips.
"Yeah I know, but nobody's fucking letting me leave either!" Gary snapped
back.
"That's city code, can't do a damn thing about it. Once you come in here,
you can't
leave till 1pm."
"What kind of fucked up law is that?" Gary snapped back. "I have rights
you know,
keeping me here is false imprisonment and I have a constitutional right
to go anywhere I
fucking please!"
"Do you?" the game warden asked with an evil grin. "Then head right out,"
he stated
pointing to the door which was blocked by a large group of sweaty men
lining the dance
floor.
Gary looked back at the game warden and quickly realized that the law
meant nothing
in this bar and that he and his group were trapped until they decided to
let them go.
"Tag him!" the game warden said getting the bar tenders attention with a
whip of his
finger. The bar tender reached down behind the bar and handed a hand tool
to one of
the waiters who walked onto the dance floor and stood next to Gary. Gary
looked up at
the man with the tool and shook his head telling the waiter he wasn't
welcome. In a
flash, the waiter grabbed Gary by the nose, pushed his head in the
opposite direction

and clipped an ear tag on Gary's ear the size of a playing card. It was bright orange and had the number forty two printed on it in black ink. Gary screamed in pain and blood dripped onto his shoulder after the tag was clipped to his ear. He reached up and grabbed the tag and tried to give it a tug but the staples in his ear held tight and firm. The tag was long enough that it hung down and brushed against Gary's shoulder every time he turned his head and this became immediately annoying to him. "I'm not some fucking cow!" he shouted pulling the tag around so he could see the number printed on the face. "Tag the rest of the group," the game warden said and turned to walk back to the D.J. booth where he continued playing dance music for the crowd. The waiter, with the assistance of the men lining the dance floor, tagged Ury, Rita, Julie and then Eleonora Kabloutchko in the same fashion and gathered them in a circle in the center of the dance floor. Over the loud speakers, the game warden, wearing headphones and grinding to his own beat said, "Kick them out!" Eleonora Kabloutchko looked at Ury and said, "I thought we couldn't leave till 1pm?" Then one of the bouncers grabbed Eleonora Kabloutchko and pulled her towards the front door and said, "You're a pig now girly, we don't allow pigs in our club." With that said, the group was forced out the front door back into the cold breeze with a slam of the door behind them. They stood under the awning and looked at each other with their ear tags hanging down and tried to tug them free only to cause pain and bleeding. "Let's get back in the van," Gary said. "I have a pair of pliers in the glove box." Julie pushed Gary back down the ramp and the group rushed back to the van to avoid the intermittent drops of rain that came with the cold breeze that whipped around them. In a few minutes, everyone was safely aboard the van and Julie set the heat to high after starting the engine. Julie looked back to Gary silent as to ask him where to go now. "Just drive," Gary said leaning back in his wheelchair tired and pissed. "Hand me the pliers," he stated and Ury dug them out of the glove box and handed them back. The van pulled out of the parking lot and headed back onto the main street where it was eerily quiet and dark. For a small city, there weren't many lights on although it was still light enough to see the storm clouds looming above and the occasional crack of thunder. "Take a left," Gary said and managed to bend the staples enough to feed the prong back out of his ear and remove the tag.

The van turned left and Julie drove down the street out of the business district into a residential area filled with old broken down houses and unkept lawns. House after house was a mini junk yard filled with old couches, cars and bags of crap strewn all over the porches. Still, no lights from any of them, it was like a ghost town complete with tumble weeds that blew across the lawns like in an old west movie. Nine blocks down the street, the asphalt turned into gravel and the houses were now further apart but none the cleaner. The area they were driving across now became more hilly than before as they seemed to be heading out of town into the country. "Turn around," Gary yelled from the back, I don't want to get us anymore lost than we already are."

"Lost?" Rita asked sardonically. "Do you have any idea where we were? Let alone where we're going?"

"I want to stick to town," Gary replied. "At least we can get food and gas if we need it. Who the Hell knows where this road leads?"

Julie spun the van in a circle at the intersection and headed back towards town.

"We need to go back through the tunnel and get back to where we were," Eleonora Kabloutchko said.

"I don't like this place."

"And drive back to the poachers?" Gary asked. "I'll take my chances here, if they worst they can do is stick a fucking tag in my ear, it's a step up from a bullet in my back."

"You are not the only one in this situation," Rita stated trying not to be a total bitch. "Ury and I came along for the ride, we had no intention of being stranded in some other screwed up dimension. We have a nice home and we'd like to get back to it eventually."

Gary stewed for a moment watching the country view turn back into city as the van headed back to town. "Fine, go back to where we left the bar, and take that street back to the mall parking lot where the tunnel is." Just then Gary noticed something out his window and yelled, "Stop!"

Julie slammed on the breaks and skidded on the loose gravel sending all the passengers in the van lurching forward. "Pull in over there, next to that house."

Julie pushed on the gas and turned the van to the left and pulled up along the curb next to piece of shit run down house with a mysterious figure sitting on the porch smoking a cigar. Next to the figure was a power chair with a sign that read, "For sale."

"This may be my lucky day after all," Gary said. "Get me the fuck out of this van, I've got a purchase to make."

Again, Julie wrestled with the buttons and ramps and got Gary back on the ground and pushed his huge frame across the gravel up onto the sidewalk in front of the house. The rest of the group sat in the van watching keeping out of the wind and sprinkles. "Mind if we come over" Gary yelled from the sidewalk along the edge of the street. The figure waved them over and Julie pushed Gary up to the porch as close to the house as she could get. The porch had a wheelchair ramp but it was far too steep for Julie to push Gary up, it was built for a power chair that could easily drive up the ramp and into the house under it's own power.

"How much for the power chair?" Gary asked getting right to the point. "Two thousand five hundred," the dark figure stated from under the brim of her wide hat. Gary, stunned, shook his head in disbelief at what he had heard. "Excuse me?" he asked. "That model isn't that much brand new, let alone used." The figure sat silent and sucked a drag of it's cigar. "Did you hear me?" Gary asked. "I heard you," the figure stated flat. "What if I make you an offer?" Gary asked. The figure continued to be silent and blow smoke out from under her hat. "Eight hundred," Gary stated, not asked. The figure shuffled in her seat a little and sat quiet. "Nine hundred," Gary stated upping the offer. Once again the figure sat motionless holding a lit cigar in her right hand.

"Does it come with the power chord?" Gary asked. "Yes," the figure replied. "But the warranty is expired and non transferable." "So you admit it's not a new chair?" Gary asked. "It belonged to my husband, he had it for six months before he died. The chair is practically brand new." "What did you pay for it?" Gary asked. "None of your fucking business." The figure replied. "I'll go as far as one thousand dollars and that's it," Gary stated firmly. "A used model like that would be eight hundred anywhere else." "The nearest power chair store is in Grant, good luck trying to get there." "You've heard of Grant?" Gary asked. "I thought this was some sort of fucked up second dimension where everything was backwards." "Not completely," The figure replied. "We do commerce with your dimension all the time, funny you would say that, how did you get here in the first place?" Gary, now shivering in the chilly breeze replied, "We found this magic box at the bottom of a river and it turned out to be a worm hole of some sort to this place." "Magic box?" the figure replied laughing. "There was a good reason why that was at the bottom of the river I'm sure. Somebody put it there for a reason, probably so nobody would ever find a way over hear again."

"About the chair," Gary stated getting back on topic.

"I paid twelve hundred for the chair but it's worth more than that because it's too dangerous to make the trip to Grant to get another one. If you can find a chair at a

better price, go buy it, I can wait." the figure stated.

Gary fished out his wallet and dug through his cash. "Is my money any good over here?" he asked.

"Sure, I can spend it on your side the next time I go over," the figure replied.

"Go over?" Gary asked. "Is there another way back?"

"Several," the figure replied. "But that information will cost you as well."

Gary looked back at the group sitting in the van and then back at the figure on the porch. He came to get a chair, and fuck it, he was going to get a chair.

"How much for the chair and the information?"

"How much do you have?" the figure replied.

Frustrated, Gary recounted his cash and stated, "I'll give you three thousand, that's it!"

The figure sat silent pondering the offer taking another drag off her cigar. "Do you have any men on that van?" she asked.

"I'm the only man here. Why? Do you need your toilet fixed?"

"No, I shit in the woods, but thanks for offering. My deal is this, two thousand five hundred for the chair, and you in my bed for an hour for the information."

Julie stomped her feet and shook the wheelchair getting Gary's attention.

"I don't think my wife here likes your offer," Gary said with a smile.

"She is one selfish bitch."

"My offer stands," the figure stated.

"You heard her honey," Gary said looking back up at Julie standing behind him. "We

can't get home unless I service this lady."

Julie pointed at the ramp and raised her hands as if stating there was no way he was

getting onto the porch even with her help.

"She has a point," Gary said. "There's no fucking way I'm getting up that steep ramp in

this wheelchair. You'll have to let me get in the power chair down here so I can get in the house."

"No chair until I get what I want."

"We seem to be at an impasse," Gary stated frustrated. "Is there any other way to get in your house?"

"You have one good leg, hop up the steps."

"Hop? Are you nuts? Four hundred and thirty pounds does not hop!" Gary snapped back.

"Get some help and take a run at the ramp. If you get enough speed, you can make it,"

the figure said.

Frustrated and pissed, Gary turned as far back in his wheelchair as he could and

motioned for the group in the van to come over. The doors opened and the passengers got out and walked over to Gary and Julie who were standing on the sidewalk in front of the porch. "What do you want?" Ury asked shivering. "You all need to get behind me and push me up this ramp," Gary said. "But back me up first, you'll need some momentum." Julie pulled Gary back about fifteen feet and lined his wheelchair with the ramp on the front porch. Eleonora Kabloutchko took and handle and put one hand on Gary's back, Julie took the other handle and put her hand on Gary's back as well. Ury and Rita stood back and watched because they had short legs and waddled and wouldn't be able to help anyway. "On three," Gary said. "One, two, three..." and the women pushed as hard on the wheelchair as they could getting Gary up to enough speed to get his front two wheels on the ramp and tip the whole chair backwards spilling Gary onto the ground smacking his head on the concrete. Like a beached whale, Gary lie on the ground, still in sitting position in the wheelchair moaning in pain. "I think I broke something," Gary said softly. "I feel real dizzy." "Do you want me to call an ambulance?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked looking down at Gary, face flushed red with blood rushing to his head. "Might not be a bad idea," Gary replied wheezing. "We don't have an ambulance here, just the mortuary to pick up dead bodies," the figure stated from the porch. "Then how do you get people to the hospital?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "There is no hospital here, not for years." "Where do the injured go? Who delivers the babies?" "Used to go to the doctor, but not anymore." "Why not?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "See that power chair? Used to belong to my husband, the doc." "We have to get Gary some medical attention, there must be someone you can call!" "First place I'd call would be a tow truck, he's going to be a bitch to get off the ground." "What if he punctured a lung? Or broke his spleen?" Eleonora Kabloutchko pleaded. "Give him an hour and call the mortuary, we do have a mortuary," the figure replied. "Do you have law enforcement?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked pissed. "No." Eleonora Kabloutchko stepped off the sidewalk, past the ramp and stepped up onto the porch next to the power chair and pressed the power button. The lights flashed on and she had a plan. "Where is the power chord? Never mind, I see it," she said and unplugged the chair from the orange extension chord that fished out the front door and lay across the

porch.

"What are you doing?" the figure asked.

"I'm taking the chair, and giving you three thousand from his wallet. If you don't like it, call the cops, oh, I forgot, you don't have cops here."

The dark figure set down her cigar, reached around her chair, pulled out a twelve gauge

shotgun and pointed it at Eleonora Kabloutchko who was trying to mess with the joystick on the power

chair. "Get the fuck off my porch," the figure stated calmly.

"He's no good to you now!" Eleonora Kabloutchko shouted pointing down at Gary on the ground. "Do

you expect him to fuck you with a broken back?"

The figure sat quiet and pondered what Eleonora Kabloutchko had just said and set the shotgun down

leaning it against the house. "Give me the money," she said.

Julie grabbed Gary's wallet and tossed it over to Eleonora Kabloutchko who then dug out three

thousand dollars and handed it to the dark figure sitting on the porch.

"That includes the information to get us back home."

"Fine. Go all the way back into town, go right at the gas station and then another right a

block later and pull into the self serve car wash. There is one bay that is never used and

has a construction barrier on both sides. That bay is a doorway back to your world."

"A carwash?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "I was expecting something more dark and sinister."

"Nope, hidden in plain sight. I use it every time I need to go shopping on your side. We

can't get anything good here anymore since our grocery store closed down. I don't like

getting all my food from the gas station snack isle."

Chapter 19

Lights, Camera, Justice

Kent Koperski sat at the defendants table along side appointed council Harold Bates

watching the stage manager get the court room in order. The camera's and lights were

distracting, and his attorney was busy fumbling with papers making him anxious waiting

for the trial to begin. He scanned around the room and saw the

prosecuting attorney

Ron Bates, Harold's cousin, chatting at the table to his far left and a jury box filling with

people he didn't know. The room was noisy with a full gallery of spectators that left Kent

feeling like a chicken on display at the county fair in his orange jumpsuit and leg cuffs.

On the wall a clock counted down from ninety seconds and a sign lit up out of the

camera view that told the crowd to be silent. Kent swallowed hard, counted down with

the clock to zero and jumped in his seat when he heard the opening music and

announcer over the speakers and the show was on, being taped for next weeks

episode.

The title of the show, "The executioners court" sounded a little bias to Kent, who felt that the title may influence the jury's decision, but he didn't really have any choice in the matter and decided to see how things would go with Mr. Bates by his side. The music over, the bailiff told the members of the court to stand and Judge Dallas Toban stepped out of the wings and walked up to the bench and sat down. He motioned for the audience to sit and everyone sat down waiting for him to address the court.

"According to the complaint, Mr. Kent Koperski, the defendant, is accused of the premeditated murders of his wife Shandy Koperski, and her lover Mike Reed. Mr. Ron Bates, you may call you first witness."

Attorney Ron Bates stood up from the prosecutors table and walked around with a sheet of paper in his hand. "I call Shandy Koperski to the stand" he stated reading from his paper.

From the side of stage, two men dressed in isolation gear carried the dead charred body of Shandy Koperski to the witness stand and plopped her dead carcass up on the chair. They shuffled her around and tried to prop her head up the best they could and left her sitting there still steaming and smoking from the fire. It had only been a few hours since they found her in the burned wreckage of the hotel. Kent, eyes wide open and jaw almost on the floor did a double take looking at his dead wife's body on the witness stand wondering what the Hell was going on.

"Your honer, we would like to use the services of the court appointed psychic if we may?" Ron asked.

"Granted," Judge Toban replied smiling for the camera.

From off camera, a tall thin woman, probably in her late sixties, dressed in a suit and skirt combo walked up to the witness stand and stood waiting directions. From her demeanor, she seemed to have done this many times before. Her stage name was Miss Psychic Linda.

Ron looked up from his paper and saw that the psychic was now in place and looked back down reading his first question out loud, "Mrs. Koperski, do you know the defendant?" he asked.

Linda the psychic looked at Shandy's steaming charred body and tried to read her thoughts. Linda put her hand to her forehead and closed her eyes for a moment and began talking as if the words were coming from Shandy through her mind and out her mouth. "He is my, or was my husband."

"How long were you two married?"

"Sixteen years," Linda, I mean Shandy replied.

"Of those sixteen years, how many were good years?"

"About ten I would say,"

"Was Kent abusive?"

"No."

"Did he cheat?"

"Not that I know of."

"Was he a good provider?"

"About average I'd say."

"Did you love him?"

"Yes, through the good and the bad, I always loved Kent," Shandy replied through

Linda.

"Now this may be difficult, but I want you to be as honest as you can ok?"

A few hours

ago your husband allegedly burned you to death when he found you and Mr. Reed

locked in a hot steamy sex wrestling match on a hotel bed. Can you describe in your

own words exactly what happened?"

Shandy's head flopped to the right and her jaw opened and the crowd gasped thinking

this was a sign from her. Linda replied, "I was at the hotel with Mike, but we were only

talking. I invited him to talk about Kent and the troubles we were having. Mike was a

good listener and gave me good advice."

"Advice? Like what?" Ron asked.

"He told me that I should be more patient with Kent, and that not everyone understands

his ways and that I should be more open to him."

"Did you and Ron engage in any sexual activity in the hotel room?"

"No, but he did give me a back rub, I can see how Kent could misconstrue that as sex,

he always had an odd definition of what sex was. To him, a peck on the cheek was sex,

to me, it was much more. Heck, if a penis didn't go more than two inches inside me, I

didn't consider that sex either."

"Were you in the habit of engaging in extra marital affairs?"

"I had friends, male friends, but no affairs," Shandy replied.

"So you were a good faithful wife who was only looking out for the welfare of your

husband and seeking advice from a friend?"

"That is correct."

Kent poked his lawyer in the arm and got his attention. He whispered, "Aren't you going

to object? That's her opinion."

Harold Bates, grudgingly stood up and said, "Objection, the witness is giving her opinion

of herself and not stating facts."

"Sustained," Judge Toban said adjusting his black robe sleeves.

"Mrs. Koperski," Ron stated setting his paper down on his table. "What happened at the

point when your husband came to the hotel tonight?"

"I was sitting at a table drinking a soda chatting with Mike, who was sitting on the edge

of the bed fully clothed, when Kent came running into the room with a flame thrower

shouting and calling me a whore at the top of his lungs. I tried to calm him down but he

was manic and pacing around the room like a chicken on crack shooting off his flame thrower trying to intimidate me. He can be such a fucking spastic sometimes."

"Did you manage to get him to put down the flame thrower?"

"No, he got really snarky with me and tried to make me look like a slut, but I kept my cool and let him rant. I think the fact I didn't argue back pissed him off more than anything."

"Did Mr. Reed do or say anything?"

"Mike tried to stay out of the squabble as best he could. He knew from our conversations that Kent had a very manic paranoid side and that he could be explosive if set off. I think Mike did a wonderful job of not getting involved and letting me handle the situation."

"Very good," Ron stated. "So then what happened?"

"Can I have a drink first? I'm very thirsty," Shandy said.

The judge nodded and the bailiff stepped up onto the witness stand and poured water into Shandy's open mouth. The water spilled out and the bailiff tried to prop Shandy's head in a better position but the water kept running down her charred front side and dripping on the carpet. Frustrated, the bailiff shrugged his shoulders and stepped back down and took his proper position by the bench.

Shandy continued, "Thanks, I needed that. So Kent tells me that he has this g.p.s.

tracker hidden in my bag and that he tracked me down to some farmers field and then

back to the hotel and that he had suspected that I had been cheating on him for months."

"Was there a tracker in your bag?"

"Probably, he's such a nerd, probably ordered it from his nerd science magazine. If he spent more time paying attention to me instead of his stupid nerd hobbies, this never would have happened."

"Go on," Ron stated.

"He throws my bag at my face and I go ballistic. I am so fucking pissed that he tracked me down like he owned me and then had the balls to throw my bag at me so I picked up the chair and threw it at him. I missed and he laughed at me and said if I was so fucking smart that I could cheat on him, why was I so stupid and couldn't hit him with a chair ten feet away. So then I picked up my bag by the straps and winged it at him and hit him right in the chest and called him a stupid fucker and that I should have left his ass years ago."

"Then what?" Ron asked.

"Then he set me on fire and I don't remember anything else. I was too busy screaming and trying to put the fire out."

Ron, with a smug smile on his face turned to face his table and said aloud, "No more questions," and sat down.

"Your witness," Judge Toban said to Attorney Harold Bates.

Harold stood and walked over to the witness stand and looked at Shandy's steaming cooked body. "Your honor, I think we can clear this up with a simple test if I may have your permission."

"What kind of test?" the judge asked.

"Seamen test," Harold stated creating an excitement in the audience. "I brought a simple seamen test, the kind you can get from your local clinic and would like to check to see if in fact, Mrs. Koperski had indeed engaged in extramarital coitus."

Ron Bates stood and shouted, "Objection your honor! The witnesses fidelity is not on trial here!"

The judge, always keen on keeping his ratings high pretended to ponder the objection and then stated, "Over ruled, it may lead to motive which may change the verdict, you can go ahead."

Harold Bates reached into his jacket pocket and produced a pair of latex gloves and a seamen kit. He put on the gloves and opened the kit pulling out a long cotton tipped swab and stepped up onto the witness stand where Shandy Koperski was sitting smelling like a pot roast. "If I may?" Harold asked of the judge. The judge nodded and Harold knelt down and attempted to pry Shandy's burnt jeans off her hips and ended up sliding her off the chair and onto the carpet with a thud. He then took advantage of the better position and straightened out her legs, pulled her jeans and panties off and spread her legs apart for better access. The members of the audience were glued to their seats watching Harold try to spread Shandy's labia apart and find the opening to her vagina. Harold poked her in various parts until he felt the swab penetrate deep inside and then rubbed around picking up as much of a sample as he could. In a moment, he pulled the swab out and put the wood end in his teeth as he opened the kit and opened the vile containing the testing chemicals. With the flip of a lid, he leaned his head over and placed the cotton end into the tube and mixed it with the liquid at the bottom of the tube and held it up waiting for a reaction.

Off stage, a large monitor showed a close up of the vile turn blue before everyone's eyes and the audience gasped. "Your honor, according to the directions on the box, blue is a positive sign for seamen. I want to add this into evidence."

"Granted," Judge Tobin stated motioning for Harold to hand the vile to the bailiff.

"Mrs, Koperski," Harold stated looking down at her body lying on the witness stand floor naked and spread like a wishbone. "Did you and your husband Kent Koperski, engage in sexual relations in the last seventy two hours?"

The crowd was hush and leaning in their seats awaiting her answer. "I plead the fifth," Shandy stated.

The crowd erupted in shock and the judge slammed his gavel down yelling at the audience to be silent or he would clear his court. Of course being on television, he would never really clear his court, but it sounded good on camera.

Ron Bates stood and yelled, "Objection, even if the witness engaged in sex with the entire mens basketball team, it still doesn't change the fact that her husband is a cold blooded killer!"

With that, a voice from the loud speakers announced a commercial break and the bumper music began to play. For the next ninety seconds, the lawyers conferred with other lawyers and the audience chatted among themselves while Kent sat with his eyes closed trying to wish this all away. The music started again and the announcer doing the play by play reintroduced the segment and the show went on.

"Call you're next witness," Judge Toban stated.

"I call Mike Reed to the stand," Ron Bates stated.

From the wings, two law enforcement officers carried three five gallon buckets up to the witness stand and set one on the seat and two on the floor in front of the chair. A long bone was sticking out of one of the buckets on the floor. The bailiff swore in the remains of Mike Reed and the questioning continued.

"Mr. Reed," Ron asked. "Is it true you're a dirty filthy bastard?"

Mrs Linda the psychic put her fingers to her forehead and tried to make a connection to the spirit of Mike Reed. For a few minutes the gallery was silent as she continued to concentrate and receive and answer from the three buckets on the witness stand. "I don't understand the question," Mike replied through Linda.

"Didn't you in fact lead Mrs. Koperski to the hotel under false pretenses and then proceed to rape her repeatedly?"

"No, it was her idea and we used her debit card," Mike replied. "Why are you trying to make me look like the bad guy here?" Mike asked.

"No further questions your honor," Ron stated and walked back to his seat behind the prosecutors table.

"You're witness," the judge said to Harold Bates.

Harold stood up and walked around the defendants table and approached the witness stand. "What is your recollection of the events of a few hours ago?" Harold asked.

"Nothing like hers," Mike stated. "When her husband Kent changed his mind and

decided to leave, she pounced on him when his back was turned and set off the flame thrower. He spun around and lit me up and that's all I remember. I spent the next ten minutes cooking like a Thanksgiving ham."

"So it was Mrs. Koperski who created the blaze that killed you and her and burned the hotel to the ground!" Harold Bates yelled pointing his finger at the ceiling. "Not my client!"

"That is correct," Mike stated. "Guess that's why your brother was trying to discredit me, fucker."

With a glimmer of hope, Kent opened his eyes and looked to the jury who were riveted to the drama and taking furious notes on yellow lined paper. He now knew with conflicting stories, there was no way there could be a unanimous vote and the trial would end in a hung jury. It was a "he said she said," and for once in his life, it benefitted him, not her.

"No further questions your honor," Harold Bates said and returned to his seat. The buckets of charred remains were removed from the witness stand and set off stage next to a boom microphone stand.

"Do you have any other witnesses?" Judge Toban asked of Ron Bates. Ron shook his head no and tapped his pen on the table top to the beat of Bon Jovi's, "Living on a Prayer." which was playing in his mind. Only he was playing the drums and had longer hair.

Judge Toban looked at the jury and addressed them with instructions. They had one week to come to a verdict, because in one week the live show would be broadcast and they needed to be able to reveal the decision. They were to give their verdict to the court appointed representative who would keep the paper locked in a safe until next Thursday night. As paid jurors, they signed contracts that was basically a gag order that would penalize them a thousand dollars and the cost of that weeks production if the verdict was leaked to the press before the live show.

With the instructions read to the jurors, the jurors filed out into the deliberating room and the audience was allowed to leave. Kent was escorted back to his holding cell until he could get a more permanent cell for him to stay in for the week till Thursday. The show was over for now, and for a week at least, Kent had the knowledge he would get three hot meals a day and a place to sleep for a while. He was confident he would survive and thought of this as a mini vacation at the tax payers expense. He had no memory of

driving to the hotel, and had no clue how either Mark or Shandy died. All he knew was his life would never be the same again.

Chapter 20

Six Months Later

Eleonora Kabloutchko parked the van at the curbside reading the ad in the paper checking to make sure she had the correct address. It had been six months since Gary, Julie and the trolls crossed back over into her "normal" world and four months since Gary and Julie went

missing one night and were never found. She had been living in Gary and Julies house

but now the state had taken over the property since there were no living heirs to inherit

the house and the taxes were past due. She did manage to fake a bill of sale and get

the van in her name and pay for gas expenses with a part time job.

Confirming the address, Eleonora Kabloutchko put the van in park and turned off the engine. She

grabbed her bag and exited the van, walked around the front and took a look at the

house she was walking towards. It was a nice one story ranch style house with a well

kept yard and attached garage with an "apartment for rent" sign taped to the front door.

She stopped at the door and rang the bell and waited for a response. A few seconds

later she heard sounds from inside the house and then a man approached the screen

door and opened it with a smile. "Hello," he said, "You must be the young lady that

called about the apartment?"

"Yes," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied with a nervous smile.

"Great," the man said. "My name is Kent Koperski and I am the landlord, come on in."

Eleonora Kabloutchko held the door open, walked into the house and looked around noticing how

clean it was and how nice the room was set up. "Is this the apartment?" she asked.

"No, it's a basement apartment, this is where I live. There are two ways downstairs, one

is by the back door from inside the house, the other is the back door itself but it's just as

easy to get there from here."

Eleonora Kabloutchko followed Kent to the back of the house and down a set of carpeted stairs to the

basement. She was surprised at how well lit the basement was and how nice it looked.

There was a small kitchen, a full bath and a few chairs and a couch set up in the main

room next to the bedroom.

"Do you have a bed? If not I have one in the garage you can use," Kent said.

"I don't have a bed, that would be awesome," she replied.

"If you want to take a look around, you sure can, I need to make a phone call."

"Yeah, no problem," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied examining the kitchen from the hall where she was

standing.

Kent turned and walked back up the stairs leaving Eleonora Kabloutchko alone in the basement to explore the rest of the living space. She opened what she thought was a closet door to find a water heater and a heating unit quietly humming away and a few furnace filters leaning up against the wall. She closed the door and walked into the bedroom and was very happy with the size of the room. There were no closets, but a large standing dresser set in the corner with plenty of room to keep her clothes. She was having fun imagining what she could do with the room, all along dreading the packing and moving her belongings stored in Gary's house. In six months, she managed to gather quite a pile of junk.

In the kitchen, she opened the refrigerator door to find it spotless and empty with more room than she would ever need. The price listed in the ad was a hundred dollars more a month than she wanted to pay, but now that she had seen how nice this place was, she had to find a way to afford it. More hours at work? Less spending? Her mind spun with thoughts of how to land this place before anyone else did.

Then Kent came back down the stairs with his phone in his hand. "Sorry, something came up, I have to leave in ten minutes, do you want to come back later?" he asked.

Shocked, Eleonora Kabloutchko scrambled for a way to secure the apartment before he left and gave it to someone else. "I want it," she said aloud.

"Uh, ok," Kent said. "You don't have to decide now, I'm not showing it to anyone else, you are the only one that called."

"No, that's ok, I want it, can I sign something before you go?"

With a smile Kent said, "Sure, follow me up to my office."

Eleonora Kabloutchko followed Kent up the steps and back into his living room where they turned into a fairly good sized office complete with a nice walnut desk, a picture of his dead wife and a fairly new power chair sitting in the corner. A power chair that Eleonora Kabloutchko recognized immediately. A chill went up her spine and she swallowed hard as her eyes shifted back to the photo of his dead wife on his desk. In a second the memories of news broadcasts from months ago shot into her memory. This was the guy who was on the televised court who was charged with burning his wife and lover to death and got off with a hung jury. In the corner was Gary's power chair, the one they had traveled through the tunnel to find and purchased from the dark stranger with the low brim hat.

"I have an odd question," Eleonora Kabloutchko asked as Kent shuffled through his papers on his desk. "What is the power chair for?"

"Oh that?" Kent replied with a smile. "That's part of my trophy."

"Trophy?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked swallowing hard.

"Yeah, the other two are ready to pick up and I'm heading over there in a few minutes to get them," Kent said giddy as a school girl.

"What kind of trophies are they?"

"Hunting trophies, you know, stuffed animals," Kent stated. "But that one fucker cost me a shit load, that fat fucker must have been four hundred pounds, you know how much it

costs to stuff and mount one that size?" he asked with a giggle.

"One what?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked slowly.

"Vampire," Kent replied with an uncausative look in his face. "You never met a vampire hunter before?"

Eleonora Kabloutchko's thoughts raced back to the day she was caught in the shower by two hunters with fresh kill in the basement. She had her fill of vampire hunters and now realized that

the trophies Kent was referring to were her missing friends Gary and his wife Julie who

were now stuffed and ready to be picked up at the taxidermist. "Do you stuff everyone

you kill?" Eleonora Kabloutchko stated now getting a little angry.

"Yes, I keep them in the garage," Kent replied. "You want to see them?"

Eleonora Kabloutchko, almost ready to faint gathered her thoughts and shook her head in disbelief.

She knew she couldn't give away the fact she was a vampire and knew she had to play

along. She looked up at Kent and feigned a smile and replied, "Sure, I'd love to see them."

"Great," Kent said with a grin, stood up and walked around Eleonora Kabloutchko leading her to the door to the garage. "I had the garage turned into my personal trophy room years ago.

I've had to park my truck in the garage for years but that's fine with me, wait till you see what I've done with it."

A few moments and steps later, Gary opened the door to the garage and flipped on the

light switch. With museum quality displays and mood track lighting, the mounted bodies

and heads of stuffed vampires filled the room in all directions. Formally a two car

garage, the space was quite large and the number of bodies and body parts seemed to

be just right, displayed with a lot of thought and precision. Eleonora Kabloutchko stopped in her tracks

and turned her head scanning the displays with the graphics and photographs that

added to the professional quality.

"How long have you been doing this?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"I started hunting at sixteen, my dad used to take me. This is only part of what we got

over the years, we have too much to display and keep most of them in storage."

Eleonora Kabloutchko turned to her right and walked along the wall of the garage where there was a

display case holding the mounted heads of a family of vampires propped up in scary

positions. "They use their actual skulls instead of foam mounts for the heads so the teeth are real," Kent said like the true professional he was. "Me and my dad got those on his fiftieth birthday, he said chasing the teenager was hard for a man his age but I think it was his most proud moment."

Eleonora Kabloutchko saw next to the teenage vampire's head the head of a young girl of about six years old. "And her?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "How hard was it to kill a kid?"

Kent looked at her with surprise in his eyes kind of shocked that she was making an accusation. "Are you one of those vampire huggers?" he asked laughing. "I don't see the sport in killing a child," she replied. "To each his own," Kent stated coldly, we had the proper permits and they were in season.

Eleonora Kabloutchko moved on to the next display where under glass arranged neatly in order were several weapons including a very nasty Bowie knife and an ice pick. "What are those?" She asked.

"Took those off a kill," Kent replied with pride. "Not everyone was a kid you know, there is a lot of danger in vampire hunting."

"How do you do it? I mean, how hard is it to hunt down a four hundred pound vampire in a power chair?"

Kent was now a bit pissed that Eleonora Kabloutchko was accusing of taking the lazy route. "It's not as easy as you think," he stated firmly. "You have to know the difference between a vampire and a non vampire, that's half of it."

"I see," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "And how do you do that?"

"There are several techniques you can use, you can use thermal imaging, you can use dogs..."

"Dogs?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "What sport is there in having a dog do your work for you? The dog flushes them out, you do the dirty work and let the dog fetch the kill for you? You're not the hunter, the dog is, maybe the dog deserves a trophy room!"

"I'm sensing a lot of hostility here Miss, maybe this isn't the right apartment for you," Kent said arms folded.

"I would like to see your new trophies actually if you don't mind," she replied with a slight fake smile. She had a motive and didn't want Kent to know what she was thinking. "Can I go over and help you pick them up?"

Kent leaned back and rubbed his chin with his hand thinking. He bit his lip and shuffled his body around trying to ponder her request. He looked back at her and replied, "Sure, I could use some help unloading them from the truck when I get them back here." Kent looked at his watch and turned towards the door motioning for Eleonora Kabloutchko to follow him.

They walked through the living room and out the front door to Kent's pick up truck parked on the curb in front of Eleonora Kabloutchko's van. They got in the truck and headed down the street towards the business district to the taxidermists shop saying very little to each other.

The truck pulled up to the taxidermy shop with the sound of Scottish bagpipes playing over speakers attached to the store. On the sign on the window, it read, "McNeil's Taxidermy" and in the alley next to the shop were a couple prostitutes smoking and chatting amongst themselves. Eleonora Kabloutchko got out of the passenger side and walked up to the front door, opened it and walked inside followed by Kent. The sound of the bagpipes were still playing on the speakers inside the shop which was filled with stuffed animals on the walls and in free standing displays. The ding from the door alerted the shop keeper who came from the back and met them at the counter. "How's it going?" Kent asked reaching out to shake the shop keeps hand. "Just fine, and who is this young lady?" the taxidermist asked smiling. "She may be my new renter, after she see's what I'm bringing home, she may change her mind," Kent said with a laugh. The shop keep motioned for the two to come behind the counter and join him in the shop at the back of the building. Eleonora Kabloutchko was horrified, yet curious to see exactly how the mounting process worked and was amazed at the assortment of pre molded animal forms stored in the back. There were foam deer, bison, fox and an assortment of birds ready to have skin attached and sewn back into the shape of the animal it came from. On a desk was an assortment of glass eyes and several taxidermy supply catalogs with more forms, eyes and accessories that could be ordered for any animal no matter how exotic it was. At first she was sickened by the thought of mounting dead animals, until she realized how much work and art went into the finished display. On the large table in the center of the workroom, set a foam form of a deer with a deer hide pulled up about half way into place. It seemed they had interrupted the taxidermist in the middle of a job when they arrived. Next to the table was a another table with a coffee machine and radio sputtering in and out the sounds of talk radio. She expected the room to smell of dead animals, but to her surprise, it smelled like leather and oil and wasn't all that offensive. "It's back here," the taxidermist said leading the couple to a room by the back door. "I

like to keep the finished ones back here because it's easier for my customers to load out in the alley." With the turn of a knob, the door opened and to Eleonora Kabloutchko's horror, the mounted body of Gary sat on a chair, complete with missing leg, with his arms extended as if he was getting ready to fight. Not a natural pose for Gary in any circumstance, he was a teddy bear. Next to Gary, in a standing mounted position was Gary's wife Julie, dressed in a ridiculous cliché vampire costume with her hands on Gary's shoulders. She had pale white glass eyes that gave her the appearance of a monster. In a former life, she had her moments as a bitch, but she was not the kind of evil that she was being dressed up to look like.

"That is fucking awesome!" Kent said with a grin from ear to ear. He stepped up to Gary's mounted body and looked for the seam where the head was reattached. He couldn't find anything. "How did you make it look like that? I mean, it was a nasty cut," Kent asked.

"Latex, and oil based paint. I did have to replace a large part on the right side where you had the hardest time getting through his neck. Did he struggle a lot?" "Oh yeah, after I came up from behind him and started cutting, he hit the run button on that fucking power chair and I had to take off running behind him while I cut. If he wouldn't have tried so hard to get away, it would have been a much cleaner cut."

"How long did it take to finish him off?" the taxidermist asked. "Once he got his wheel caught in the floor vent, he was fucked. Probably took me a good ten minutes to saw through the tough ligaments and bone, but I got his head and he was dead."

"How about her?" the taxidermist asked pointing to Julie.

"I'm not sure I want to say in front of the lady," Kent said with a smirk. "Let's say, she couldn't talk so I took advantage of that and had some fun before I finished the deed."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, sickened and almost faint turned away and left the room.

"What's wrong with her?" the taxidermist asked.

"Fucking vampire hugger," Kent replied in a whisper shaking his head.

"How much is the total cost?" Kent asked.

"Seven hundred and fifty," the taxidermist replied. "Her eyes had to be special made so they were fifty bucks more than usual."

Three days later

Eleonora Kabloutchko, tired from unpacking her things in the new apartment walked to the kitchen and poured a glass of ice tea. Upstairs, in the garage, the stuffed bodies of Gary and Julie now occupied a special corner of the display area complete with their own special

lighting and plaque displaying the date of their deaths. For a reason Eleonora Kabloutchko couldn't explain, she had helped Kent unpack the two displays and set up the garage spending as many hours as she could among her now dead fellow vampires reading about them and studying their lives. It was like she was drawn to the displays as if they were some family she never knew and desperately wanted to be close. She was tired of running from the hunters, and the irony that she now lived in the basement of one of the most prolific hunters in the area weighed heavy on her. Kent's total disregard for his prey bothered Eleonora Kabloutchko, reducing them to mere animals with no soul or personality. It was her mission now to change all that. Then she heard a knock from the door at the top of the steps and Kent calling down to her, "Are you busy?" he asked. Eleonora Kabloutchko stepped out of the kitchen, walked up the steps and opened the door to Kent holding two glasses and a bottle of wine. "I'm unpacking, you can come down," she said eyeing the bottle in his hand. Eleonora Kabloutchko walked back down the steps followed by Kent to the living room where boxes were open and household items were setting on the floor looking for a new place to set. It was quiet, there was no television or radio and for a moment it felt quite awkward. Kent squirmed a little and said, "I wanted to give you a little apartment warming to welcome you to my house. I don't usually bring wine to women I just met, and you are a lot younger than me," he laughed nervously, "But I wanted you to feel at home."

Eleonora Kabloutchko offered Kent a seat on one of the two chairs that came with the apartment and he sat down, she took the glasses from him and the bottle of wine and carried them to the kitchen and set them on the counter. She unscrewed the cap and poured both glasses with wine and brought them out and handed one to Kent. "What would be your most impressive trophy?" she asked, taking a sip of wine. "If you could have anything you wanted."

Kent sat and thought for a moment. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I have the best trophy case in this state, maybe the country. I don't think anyone has come close to topping what I have. Back in the 80's, back when my dad was still alive, the display was featured in a national magazine. I have a copy of the article framed in my office upstairs. It's one of the few things I have that me and my dad did together." "There is nothing you desire more than looking at your cold stuffed displays?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked provocatively.

"You mean like a vampire in a cage? Or a live zoo exhibit?" Kent replied.

"Yeah, something you could interact with, something that was different every day."

"The longest a captive vampire ever lived was like two years. They don't do well out of the wild."

"Why is that?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"Something to do with their diet, they can't live on table scraps or processed blood. They get weak and sickly and then slowly die over a few months."

"Have you ever held a vampire captive just to get it's thoughts? I mean, before you killed it?"

"That would be like trying to talk to a speeding car that's about to run into you and have a chat before it smashed your guts all over the highway. One thing my father taught me, was to kill fast and make sure the job is done right. You don't want a pissed off wounded vampire coming after you."

"Is that why you chased your last trophy into a room, cornered him in his power chair and cut his head off from behind?"

"Damn right," Kent stated like a true man.

"Sounds a little chicken shit to me," Eleonora Kabloutchko said.

"You know why I have the largest and best trophy case in the world?" Kent replied a tad

pissed. "It's because I followed my fathers advice and didn't wait around to get my ass whipped by one of those cold, blood drinking fuckers."

"Don't get me wrong," Eleonora Kabloutchko interrupted. "I admire your efforts. Most hunters use those dogs and as far as I can tell you don't even have a dog."

"Thank you!" Kent stated firmly and with much joy. "I do think of it as a sport and no I

don't use dogs. I pride myself on being able to identify vampires strictly on my talents and expertise."

Eleonora Kabloutchko, finding it ironic that Kent had not picked up on the fact she was a vampire tired

not to smile and give herself away. "Would you consider having sex with a vampire?"

she asked tilting her head. "I mean, it's one thing to kill one, but to seduce one would be a prize unto itself."

"The thought of crawling onto a cold clammy body and fucking it makes me sick," Kent

said in disgust. "Just because it can look me in the eye and spread its own legs doesn't

make it any more desirable. I don't go to the morgue to get laid, I'm not that desperate yet."

"It's been a while since you've been with a woman?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "Your wife has

been dead for over a half a year. That's a long time for a man to go without a good romp in the sheets."

Kent, puzzled by Eleonora Kabloutchko's comments paused a moment. Then he asked, "Are you coming on to me?"

Eleonora Kabloutchko laughed and shook her head to Kent's disappointment. "You are old enough to be my dad" she said and took another sip of her wine. "Why are you asking about fucking vampires then?" Kent asked. "Just curious, for someone who is so obsessed with them, I thought maybe you had a vampire sex fetish." "Would you fuck a vampire?" Kent asked. "Maybe I have," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "I would imagine a cold vampire cock would feel about the same as the cold plastic from a vibrator," she added with a sly grin. "I have an idea," she said and took Kent's glass from his hand and carried it to the kitchen and set it on the counter. "I want to see your museum again," she said in a seductive tone. "Again?" Kent asked. "You were there a few days ago, nothings changed." "I have an idea for a display, I want to move something around." The look on Eleonora Kabloutchko's face gave Kent some encouragement so he led her up the steps, across his back room and out into the garage display area. "What's your idea?" Kent asked looking around at his collection of stuffed bodies. "I want to move the new one around, and take the woman off the display." "I think she has metal bars in her legs that attach her to the pedestal," Kent stated. "She pops off pretty easy," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "I'm the one who stuck her there in the first place." Kent walked behind the display of Gary and Julie and pushed the two figures forward two feet. They were amazingly light considering their interiors were now made of foam rubber instead of meat, bone and water. Kent took Julie by the hips and lifted her off the pedestal and leaned her against the display case being careful not to blemish the glass. "Now what?" he asked. Eleonora Kabloutchko unbuttoned her jeans and slid them off her wide hips and down her legs showing off her smooth feminine figure. She kicked off her flip flops and stepped out of her jeans and removed her shirt exposing her black bra that matched her bikini style black panties. She motioned for Kent to remove his clothes as well. "You changed your mind?" Kent asked quickly removing his shirt. "Only if you have," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied slipping off her bra and panties. "What do you mean by that?" Kent asked not understanding her comment. Eleonora Kabloutchko stepped closer to Kent, took him by the hand, placed it on her firm breast and watched his eyes as he felt how cold she was. "What the Hell?" he asked. "I'm tired of running, you can either have me like this and keep me safe, or you can kill me as well and mount me on the wall with your others." "So that's what you meant by the ultimate trophy? My own vampire mistress?" Kent asked in total disbelief.

Eleonora Kabloutchko led Kent around to face Gary and pushed him down in Gary's lap. She then sat down on Kent's legs and began to kiss him and rub her breasts against his chest. She continued to grind and Kent offered no resistance as his body heat began to warm her and it felt more and more like a living person. He soon became erect and Eleonora Kabloutchko slipped his throbbing cock into her waiting wet pussy and began to thrust up and down like a machine. Kent looked up at her, with her cold dark eyes looking back down and for the moment forgot that she was a vampire and enjoyed the ride. "You can have this whenever you want," Eleonora Kabloutchko stated still bouncing up and down on Kent's cock. "But I want something in return." "What do you want?" Kent asked trying not to be distracted from the feeling of her wet pulsating pussy. "I get to live here, rent free, you take care of me like I want to be taken care of and keep me safe." Kent only made panting sounds and Eleonora Kabloutchko didn't like the fact he was thinking that hard about the offer and stopped bouncing up and down. "Yes, I agree," he replied and grabbed her by the hips and prompted her to start pumping again. "What guarantee do I have that you won't come down to my room in the middle of the night and cut off my head and have me mounted on your wall?" she asked slowly resuming the grinding motion. Kent didn't respond and Eleonora Kabloutchko stopped fucking him again, this time she stood up and let Kent's erect penis flop over to the side. "I don't like where this is going," Eleonora Kabloutchko stated and stepped back another step. Caught between his true love of killing vampires and fucking, he had no answer. He didn't want to make promises he couldn't keep and the irony began to soften his erection. "I suppose having my own personal vampire whore wouldn't be a bad thing," Kent said. "I mean, my collection is over flowing as it is, I don't need another trophy, I like your idea." "What is my guarantee?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked louder. Kent paused and took a deep breath. "There are no guarantees in life or death Eleonora Kabloutchko, you can live in the basement rent free and fuck the shit out of me for payment, but there may well come a day when I get so pissed at you that I come for your head. It's a risk you have to be willing to take." Eleonora Kabloutchko turned around and walked to the other side of the garage and looked down at a display case filled with clothes gathered from vampire kills collected over the years. Her arms folded and biting her lip, she thought hard about what Kent had just said. It was

true, he could never guarantee that he would never come for her in anger, and with his history of killing, would have no problem ending her life as a vampire. She turned around to face Kent, naked and standing two feet in front of her, holding a knife ready to lunge into her neck.

Chapter 21

Three's a Crowd

Ury sat quiet tapping on the screen of her laptop computer that Gary had bought her for going along on the trip to purchase the power chair. She was able to get wifi from a hotel down the highway that Gary set up just for her with a secure password. Gary was loaded and knew a lot of people so getting the transmitter set up in the hotel office was easy. Rita pretended not to be annoyed at all the time Ury spent online but it was difficult when for hours on end she sat alone bored with no one to talk. Then she decided to pick a fight so she would get some attention.

"What do you do on that thing all day?" Rita asked walking along the river bank towards

Ury. "And how do you keep that thing powered up?"

Ury tapped some more on the laptop and looked up at Rita who was standing over her

looking down in disgust. "Number one, it's none of your business, and number two,

Gary gave me a solar charger," Ury replied.

"You spend more time on that thing than you do with me," Rita said.

"You're addicted to that fucking machine."

Ury took a deep breath and slowly blew the air out trying not to become angry. "Excuse

me for entering the twenty first century," she replied looking intently at the screen.

Rita stood silent and held her ground, then in the most snarky tone asked, "Who is

Robert?" to Ury's shock and surprise.

"Have you been spying on my email you little bitch?" Ury asked gritting her teeth.

"How long have you and Robert been chatting with each other?" Rita asked.

"You tell me, you've obviously been reading my mail with him!" Ury snapped back.

"When were you going to tell me about your little boyfriend?" Rita asked in a rabid jealous tone.

"He's not my boyfriend, just someone I met online."

"Do you offer to suck all your friends cocks you meet online?" Rita asked. "I found your

chat box and read your chat history. From the sounds of it, you are tired of the same old

fish pussy and want to move onto some dick."

Ury, busted, tried to think of a way out of this situation with a lie.

She stammered, spit

and sputtered but nothing intelligent came out of her mouth.

"And your little meeting tonight? I know all about it. Wait till Rita falls asleep and then

you meet "Robert" out in the bushes up river. Who is this Robert anyway?"

"He's a troll," Ury stated firmly to Rita's shock.

"A troll?" Rita replied. "Where the fuck did you meet this guy? Where is he from?"

"He's lives twenty miles up river from Grant, about two hours away. We met in a sex

chat room last month and have been writing ever since."

"So that explains that," Rita said throwing her arms up in the air. "No wonder you quit

putting out. You used to cuddle with me every night, but then you started getting into

bed and rolling over and completely ignoring me. I swear you were picking fights with

me just to make an excuse not to let me close. When is Robert meeting you tonight?"

Rita asked.

Ury sat silent and pondered her answer. There was no easy way to tell Rita the truth so

she decided to not speak at all. That is until Rita kicked her in the leg and knocked her

laptop off onto the sandy river bank. "Watch what the fuck you're doing!" Ury yelled.

"You break that and you're getting me a new one!"

Rita ran over to Ury, distracted her, grabbed the laptop from the ground and flung it into

the river landing with a splash. Livid, Ury stood up and pushed Rita backwards and took

a swing at her face with her fist. Rita, short and stout, kept her balance and avoided the

punch waiting for a second and a third. Ury, frustrated, moved in close and grabbed Rita

by the hair on her head and pulled her towards her and dug her fingernails into her back

with her other hand. Rita let out a scream and yanked her head free losing a handful of

hair in the process.

"You bitch!" Rita shouted.

"Oh you haven't seen anything yet," Ury replied wiping the blood from Rita's back on her

leg. "You get your shit and get the fuck out now!" Ury shouted pointing down river.

"This is my place as much as it is your's," Rita replied. "If anyone's leaving, it's you!"

Still panting, Ury stepped back and gathered her thoughts. "When Robert gets here, I'm

gone and you can have this shit hole to yourself."

"Have you met this guy in person before?" Rita asked.

"Just online," Ury replied.

"And you're going to leave with a guy you have never met in person before? What kind

of fucked up way of thinking is that? This guy could be a killer, a rapist, a child molester."

"I'm willing to risk that if you must know, I'm not getting any younger and he can give me

something you can't." Ury barked back.

Rita shook her head in disbelief at what she was hearing. "You never told me you

wanted kids," Rita stated.

"Of course not you dip shit, I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but now I have a real

chance and I'm going to take it."

"When were you going to tell me?"

"I wasn't going to tell you," Ury stated flat. "I was planning on leaving you a note."

"Oh my God! After all this time you were going to dump me with a note and never come

back? What have all these years meant to you? Nothing?"

"I can't live in the past, I want kids and I'm never going to have them with you. It's simple biology." Ury stated.

"Did this Robert know about me?" Rita asked.

Ury bit her lip and tried not to answer.

"Did you tell him?" Rita asked.

"He has no idea you exist," Ury replied shamefully. "I didn't see any reason to tell him.

Actually, I thought it might turn him off."

"Nice," Rita said sardonically folding her arms in disgust. "You are a real piece of work

you know, a real piece of shit. I had the chance to fuck around on you many times

before and never crossed that line."

"Fuck around with who? There isn't a male troll around here for miles," Ury asked.

"Not with a male, with other females," Rita replied.

"Fuck that," Ury said laughing. "I got your pussy on demand, I don't care who you share

it with, we're not married you know. But now that you said that, I'm glad I cut you off

because who the Hell knows what kind of sexually transmitted diseases you could have given me."

"I said I didn't cross the line! I was faithful, which is more than I can say for you!" Rita screamed.

"Keep your voice down, you are embarrassing me," Ury said in a hushed voice.

"Really?" Rita asked in defiance. "You are a fucking embarrassment and I'm ashamed to

admit I let you use me for as long as I did. I gave you everything and how do you repay

me?" Rita asked with a tear in her eye.

"I gave you just as much as you gave me. It's a two way street you know," Ury replied

taking notice of Rita's emotional collapse. "Quit crying for God's sake, that's why I was

going to leave a note, I couldn't take the bawling and water works."

Rita turned around and covered her face weeping. She slowly walked over to the wood

bridge supports and leaned up against the pole snorting the mucus from her nose. The

only other sound was that of the river water splashing against the river bank and the

occasional car that drove over the bridge above them. Rita's life was now torn to pieces

and flipped upside down and Ury did very little to try to comfort her.

Reeling with grief,

she decided she wanted to be alone, dug her claws into the wood supports and climbed

up to her nest and laid down. Ury waded into the river trying to fish out her sunken

laptop to no avail. The currents were not fast, but strong enough to fling the flat faced computer down the river and out of reach.

Chapter 22

Never Piss Off an Ogre

Eleonora Kabloutchko screamed at the sight of the knife causing Kent to hesitate. He came at her

again so she raised her hands in a defensive position to fend off the blade if it came

down at her. Again Kent hesitated and stepped back. "Get away from me!" she yelled

looking for a way to escape. Behind her was the closed garage bay door and to each

side was a row of display cases and no where in sight was the door that led back into

the house. With no weapon to use against Kent, Eleonora Kabloutchko had to use her wits and think

of a way to get to Kent and make him let her go. She said the first thing that came to her

mind, "What's wrong with you? You can't kill a vampire unless you trap one in a room

with no escape?" she asked. "Is that how your daddy taught you? Where's the sport in

that?"

"Trapping is a sport bitch!" Kent barked back. "Takes skill to get your prey right where

you want them so you can kill them with less of a chance of getting injured yourself," he

replied.

"But I gave myself away to you," Eleonora Kabloutchko stated firmly. "You didn't trap me, you took

advantage of my offer when my back was turned. I came to you to make a deal knowing

full well what you were, that's not a sport, that's the chicken shit way. Like shooting fish

in a barrel."

Kent lowered the knife and looked hard at Eleonora Kabloutchko's naked body panting in fear with her

arms raised to block the knife if needed. "Do I look like I give a fuck?" he asked.

"If your father was here, he would be ashamed of you!" Eleonora Kabloutchko snapped back.

Kent knew she was right and kept silent for a moment thinking about his father and the

kind of man he was. "Touche," Kent replied. "My dad was a great man, took a lot of

pride in what he did."

"Was he a poacher like you?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked. "Gary and Linda went missing a month

after hunting season ended. The only way you could have killed them was out of season

and you know it. I'm surprised the taxidermist went along and didn't turn you in."

"He's a long time friend of my dads, he'd never turn me in," Kent replied. "He mounted

every display in this room all the way back to when I was in highschool. He wasn't

happy about my last two orders, but he stuffed them anyway. Why do you think he kept

them hid in that back room?"

"Did he tell you that your father would never poach and then run the risk of getting him

in trouble for being an accessory after the fact?"

"He did,"

"Did he tell you that your father raised you better than that?"

"He did,"

"Did any of that sink in?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

Kent paused again and let his arm rest at his side with the knife blade pointing at the

floor. He was visibly shaken and Eleonora Kabloutchko knew she had got under his skin. Taking a

deep breath, he took a step to the left and pressed the garage door opening button

creating a loud clank and rumble of the electric motor mounted on the ceiling of the

garage. The door rose steadily and the darkness of the night could be seen behind

Eleonora Kabloutchko's naked body. In a few seconds the door was completely open and Kent

motioned for Eleonora Kabloutchko to go. "Get the fuck out before I change my mind," he stated

folding his arms.

"My clothes ?," Eleonora Kabloutchko asked looking at the pile on the floor behind Kent.

"You're a fucking animal, go act like one you naked whore, you have two seconds to go

before I close the door and finish what I started."

Eleonora Kabloutchko stepped back out of the garage onto the cement driveway and kept her eye on

Kent who now in the process of pressing the garage door button again.

With the grind of

the motor, the door slowly closed till it shut tight and the motor went silent. She was now

free, but naked in the center of town, with no phone, or transportation or a place to go.

The only other place she knew where she might find help was the Roadside bar. Her,

Julie and Gary used to go there in the months before they went missing, and she knew

a few people who might be able to lend her a hand. Now she had to get across town

and to the bar with no clothes on and somehow get inside the bar without being seen. It

was 8 pm and the normal bar crowd wouldn't be there until around ten so she felt good

about not being seen by too many people. Shaking her head, she began the trip by

crossing the street and running between the houses on the other side of the block. As

long as no one had dogs, she felt she could hide this way and keep off the streets for

most of the trip to the bar. It would take her about thirty minutes to get to the bar and all

along the way she tried to think of a way to get in without walking in the front door

naked. Maybe that was her only choice, she wouldn't know until she got there.

Downtown it was harder to hide with no residential houses to duck in between. There

were more street lights and more cars driving up and down the streets. It wasn't a busy night, but a naked woman running would get most people's attention very fast. Timing her movements with the cars that sped by, she managed to dart into the alley behind the bar and walk the half block to the rear entrance where she found trash cans filled with empty beer bottles and empty beer boxes. A small light above the door was the only illumination casting harsh shadows on the surrounding buildings. She approached the back door and turned the knob and to her surprise, the door opened without any resistance. As the door slowly opened, the light from inside lit up her body and the sound of the music from the jukebox filled her ears. Luckily, this door led to the back room of the bar where all the supplies were kept and not to the dance floor where she would be seen by everyone. She slid inside the door and pulled it shut quietly and looked around for anything she could find to cover her naked body. She tried a few closet doors and found a small room with a mop bucket, cleaning supplies and a stack of cleaning towels. Towels too small to cover anything on her. The next closet contained shelves of used paint cans and brushes, and neatly folded on the bottom shelf, was a used linen drop cloth large enough to wrap around her. She grabbed the drop cloth and let it unfold shaking it out the best she could and wrapping it around her body like a toga. The dried paint stains looked like an abstract painting and made her feel dirty knowing the cloth had spent a good amount of time on the dirty floor, but it would do for now. Eleonora Kabloutchko slowly crept around the back room until she found the doorway that led to the back entrance of the counter where the bartenders worked. She peered around the corner looking to see how many customers were sitting around drinking when she spied Linda chatting with a customer trying to look interested in what he was saying. Eleonora Kabloutchko didn't know Linda well, but she knew she was a friend of Gary's and that made her feel more at ease. Eleonora Kabloutchko, feeling better, waved at the customer Linda was talking to and got his attention, in a moment, Linda turned and saw Eleonora Kabloutchko standing in the doorway behind the bar and her eyes popped open in surprise. Without saying a word to the customer, Linda stepped away from where she was standing and walked over to Eleonora Kabloutchko who had backed into the store room. "I have an odd question," Linda asked. "Why are you standing in my back room

wrapped in a drop cloth?"

Eleonora Kabloutchko, ashamed and embarrassed pulled the drop cloth tighter against her body and tried to explain. "I had to get away," she said looking Linda in the eye. "My landlord was

going to kill me so I ran."

Linda, used to people discussing their domestic problems to her nightly completely

understood Eleonora Kabloutchko's plight and without hesitation asked her if she wanted her to call

911.

"No, don't call anyone," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied. "I can handle this myself but I need some clothes. Can you help me?"

Linda, much larger than Eleonora Kabloutchko couldn't loan her anything, but she had a friend who

was about the same size so she pulled out her cell phone and gave her room mate

Kathy a call. Without much of an explanation, Kathy agreed to bring down some clothes

and Linda hung up the phone. "Wait here, I'll have some clothes here in about fifteen

minutes."

Feeling better, Eleonora Kabloutchko found a stool and sat down leaning against a counter filled with

old bar supplies. Linda turned and walked out the door back to the bar to tend to her

customer and all his personal problems.

Kathy arrived and brought Eleonora Kabloutchko a pair of jeans, a t-shirt, some underwear and some

shoes and socks, the fit was good enough and better than being naked. Now with

clothes on, Eleonora Kabloutchko and Kathy entered the bar area from the back room and sat at on a

stool across from Linda who was busy texting on her cell phone. There still wasn't much

of a crowd at this early hour, just a few ogres fresh from work in the corner talking and

drinking and a small group of people sitting at a table chatting away listening to the

music.

"So what's your story sister?" Linda asked looking up from her cell phone. "You forget to

pay the rent?"

"No, my landlord is some sort of fucking nutcase killer. Like that Dahmer guy only this

guy stuffs the bodies and displays them in his garage in some sort of sick shrine."

"What's his name?" Linda asked.

"Kent Koperski," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied.

"That guy from that court show? The one that supposedly burned his wife and her lover

to death?"

"What?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"You must not watch a lot of television," Linda said. "He put this town on the map, and

not in a good way. What did he do to you?"

"He wanted to kill me, stuff me and put me on display, but I told him he was a coward

and he let me go."

"Why did you call him a coward?" Kathy asked.

"Because he killed Gary and Julie and had them put on display in his garage next to his other sick freak displays."

"What?" Linda asked. "Gary? Linda? Oh my God!"

"You know them?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"Gary was a regular down here and his wife was the biggest bitch in town. He was a good friend of mine. I knew he was missing, but dead and on display in some guy's house?"

"He's a vampire hunter, him and his dad built this creepy ass museum and have been displaying their trophies for years. They have so many, they have to keep the extra's in storage."

"But that makes no sense, Gary and Linda disappeared well after hunting season was over," Linda said.

"He's a fucking poacher as well. I bet most of his displays were poached, he claims he has the biggest collection of dead vampires in the country, how else do you have that much luck killing unless you do it out of season?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

Then from the back of room in the corner, the two huge ogres approached the three women at the bar and as calm and polite as they could, stood waiting to break into the conversation. Linda looked at the ogre closest to her, a seven foot or taller monster with a brown beer bottle in his hand and waited for him to speak.

"Where is this guy?" the ogre asked. His name was Trainwreck.

"1505 Washington street, why?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked looking up the nostrils of the massive creature standing before her.

"Gary and I go back a long way," Trainwreck replied. "Nobody puts my friend on display," he added taking a gentle sip of his beer. "I think I need to pay this Kent person a visit tonight."

Eleonora Kabloutchko smiled realizing that Kent would finally meet up with someone or something bigger and badder than he was. "How about your friend there?"

"He hates who I hate, I'm his boss," Trainwreck said with a grin. "Anyone want to go with us?"

"Hold on," Linda said. "I want this guy as much as anyone else, but isn't this a job for the game warden? I mean if he's poaching that's who should be taking care of it."

Train wreck took another long drink of his beer and set the bottle on the counter next to

Kathy. "Call the game warden, if he gets there before I do, this poacher may live.

According to ogre law, I can kill whoever the fuck I want if I feel it's justified, and if I lay

eyes on Gary posed in some fucking stupid display, I will be justified."

"I want to come with you," Eleonora Kabloutchko said and hopped off her bar stool."

Kathy grabbed her by the shoulder and stopped her flat, "We'll both go, but I'll drive and follow our friends here, ok?" she asked Eleonora Kabloutchko. Eleonora Kabloutchko agreed and the two women and two ogres walked out of the bar leaving Linda alone to tend bar. "Call me and tell me what happens!" Linda yelled to Kathy as she walked out the front door. Linda wasn't sure she heard her request, but she knew her girlfriend wouldn't leave her in the dark on this one.

At the home of Kent Koperski, the ogres and the women parked their vehicles and approached the house. Kent's truck was gone and Eleonora Kabloutchko's van was still parked on the street, her keys still in the pocket of her jeans inside the house. "Do we wait for the game warden?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked Trainwreck. "Where is the display?" Trainwreck asked. "In the garage," Eleonora Kabloutchko replied pointing at the two bay garage across the lawn. Trainwreck and his friend stepped up onto the lawn and walked over to the concrete drive way with very few steps, they were huge and moved very quickly for their size. In a few seconds both ogres stood next to the closed garage door closest to the front door of the house and listened for any sound coming from inside. Nothing. Then the sounds of sirens as the game warden raced down the street in his game warden truck with lights and sirens blaring. The game warden pulled up in the driveway shining his headlights on the two ogres standing next to the garage door. Neither moved as the game warden exited his vehicle and shined his flashlight on Trainwreck. "Who are you?" the game warden asked. "I'm here to see if my friend is dead in this house, I didn't know if they called you or not, sorry," Trainwreck replied. "I need you to step back to the street, better yet, go across the street and stand in that yard," the game warden directed. Both ogres, well mannered, complied and walked around the patrol car and headed off across the street where Eleonora Kabloutchko and Kathy stood watching. When the ogres were safely away, the game warden walked from the driveway, over the sidewalk and up onto the porch of the house. He shined his light through the window and rang the doorbell. Nothing, not a sound from the house. Without a search warrant, the game warden was unable to open the door and start looking around, he was basically stuck on the porch until he could get a judge to issue a search warrant and usually game wardens took a very back seat to regular law enforcement. The judge wouldn't want to be bothered this late at night for something

that could be taken care of in the morning.
Then the game warden heard the sound of a long beep and the entire house, including the garage exploded in a burst of hot gas, wood splinters, glass, metal and flying body parts. A huge flame engulfed the house and garage and the four spectators across the street were peppered with debris that rained down from hundreds of feet in the air. The house was booby trapped and the doorbell set off the timer. There was no more game warden and no evidence of any poaching including the bodies of Gary and his wife Linda. And Kent was long gone.

Chapter 23

Don't Judge a Brick by Its Cover

Kent drove his truck to the seedier part of town and pulled up next to a storefront that had a bright blinking neon sign that read, "Palm reading and Medium." He looked to make sure the business was still open looking for lights and signs of life inside and exited the vehicle when he saw a lady sitting behind a desk by the front door. It was getting late and Kent had no idea how late this place would be open, but if he could get his foot in the door, he was sure they would take his money. Kent opened the tailgate of his truck and slid out a heavy object wrapped in an old blanket. The object in questions was about the size of a medium pizza box and about as twice as thick. Struggling not to drop the blanket and it's contents, Kent left the tailgate open and quickly walked over to the store front and kicked the door at the bottom getting the attention of the lady behind the desk. In a moment she was at the door holding it open for Kent allowing him to enter the building and set the blanketed object on her desk.

"Do I need an appointment?" Kent asked the lady.

"No, walk ins are welcome, what can I do for you tonight?"

"I need to speak to a Medium, do you have one available?"

"Yes, Mistress Irene can see you now if you like,"

"That would be awesome," Kent said with a smile, "Where do I go?"

"Follow me," the lady said waiting for Kent to scoop up his heavy awkward wrapped object.

Kent followed the woman to the back room and turned left down a short hall to a room on the right. Inside was a woman dressed like a Gypsy from the movies, complete with crystal ball and mood music. The woman entered the room followed by Kent and introduced them to each other.

"Mistress Irene," the woman said, "This gentleman would like to book a session with you."

Mistress Irene gestured for Kent to sit down but before he could, he set the heavy object

on her table and removed the blanket revealing a large block of cement. Kent then sat down, thanked the receptionist for her assistance and focused his attention on the woman sitting across the table from him.

"What can I do for you?" Mistress Irene asked in a low seductive voice. "I need to speak to my father," Kent replied tapping on the concrete block.

"I don't understand, what does this cement block have to do with your father?"

"It's concrete, not cement. Cement is an ingredient in concrete, people get that wrong all the time.

"Ok," Mistress Irene said slowly trying not to offend Kent a second time.

"Can you explain the connection between your father and this block of concrete?"

"Did you know that people often say that concrete dries? It actually hardens, there is a difference. If concrete dries out too fast, it won't harden correctly."

"Thanks for the lesson on concrete, but I do need to know why you think your father is in this block of concrete."

"Because he is," Kent replied as a matter of fact.

Mistress Irene paused and wondered if she was on candid camera. "Please explain,"

"My father died in 1980, and if you read the papers, you know that all the bodies in the cemetery were removed by some psycho ogre who burned them and incased them in

concrete blocks to keep them from crawling out of their graves and getting her.

According to the crime scene DNA test, my fathers remains are encased in this block of concrete. They took it from a wall she had built around her water garden."

"And you brought this to me why?" Mistress Irene asked.

"When I was in court, long story I'll tell you later, they had a medium speak for my dead wife and her dead boyfriend on the stand. If she could channel my bitch wife's soul from a steaming pile of burnt ham, then I figured you could channel my father from this block of concrete."

Mistress Irene looked at Kent like he was an idiot. "How long was your wife dead before the medium channelled her?"

"About six hours I suppose," Kent replied.

"Your father has been glued inside this slab for over thirty years," Mistress Irene stated.

"I'm not sure how much of your father is still in here. I mean that's a long time to stick close to a patio block."

"All I'm asking is that you try, ok?" Kent asked.

Mistress Irene looked long and hard at the slab of concrete and then held her hand a

few inches above closing her eyes and concentrating. She moved her hand in a circular

motion over the block and bit down on her lip trying to read anything she could from the

slab. "Your father's name, is it Hank?"

"Yes it is, dad, are you in there?" Kent asked reaching for the slab.

"Don't touch!" Mistress Irene snapped back. "The signal is weak enough as it is, please stay back. "Was Hank a short man, bald with a mustache?" Mistress Irene asked.

"Yes, that's my dad," Kent replied.

"He wants to know why you brought him here tonight."

"Tell him I blew up his vampire museum for good and that I'm sorry, but had to do it to save my ass."

Mistress Irene made a painful face and looked down at the table with her eyes closed.

Then a voice came from her mouth, the voice of Kent's father Hank. "What the Hell did you do that for?" Hank asked though Irene.

"I had to get rid of it, I didn't want anyone to find out how I got some of the displays. I didn't want anyone to know I was a chicken shit."

"And how would anyone find out?" Hand asked.

Kent hesitated and spoke like a child to his dad who was cussing him out.

"I told a girl."

Hank, livid replied, "Why in the Hell would you open your mouth? It doesn't matter how you got your displays, it only matters that you have the most displays. Hell, I found two of them dead by the railroad tracks when you were a kid. I never told you that because it didn't matter. It's quantity that makes you famous."

"By the railroad tracks?" Kent asked in disbelief.

"Yes, and that family we used to keep up front by the garage bay doors, the ones I mounted sitting at the dinner table, I killed those in their sleep. I beheaded the baby first while the mother was in the shower. What did you do that was so bad that she made you feel guilty enough to destroy what I built from scratch?" Hank asked.

"I cornered a fat vampire in a power chair from behind when his wheel got stuck in floor. It was pretty pathetic actually," Kent replied.

"That's called the acorn not falling far from the tree," Hand said in frustration. "I wanted that museum to be a monument to our family forever. How did you destroy it? Hank asked. "I packed it with C-4 and a timer booby trapped it to the front doorbell."

"So you blew up my museum and took out an innocent fuck in the process," Hank stated flatly. "Why did you bother to dig me out of the wall and tell me this?"

"Because I love you and I have nowhere else to go. You are the only person who ever listened to me and I need your help."

"I'm a block of concrete, what can I do?" Hank replied.

"You're more than that dad, you can give me advice and help me find a way out of this mess."

"Here's some advice, go turn yourself in, being on the run is no way to live and would be a worse punishment than going to jail or fried on the chair."

"The chair has been outlawed," Kent said.

"Well, whatever the fuck they do now to kill fucks like you. It's one thing to kill a vampire, but now you crossed the line and killed a human. That was fucking stupid."

"I wanted to make sure I would never come back, that was the only way I could ensure that," Kent stated.

"Maybe you should channel that poor schmucks remains and see what he has to say about that," Hank replied.

"You seem disappointed in me father, I kept up your legacy for decades after you died, I had so many stuffed vampires, I had to keep most of them in storage. Nobody ever came close to our collection."

"Let's drive back and visit it then shall we?" Hank asked sardonically. "Now it's a parking lot."

"I don't understand, I just wanted to please you," Kent said.

"If you want to please me, go find that girl you blabbed your mouth of too and make her pay for making you feel guilty."

Even more embarrassed, Kent said, "She was a vampire, I let her go."

"What? Did she sweet talk you into letting her go? Did she offer you fuck you in exchange for the door?"

"Not exactly," Kent said, "You know, I should really be getting you back to the cemetery.

There is a wall that's missing its block.

"Do what you want son, but don't let any woman talk you down. Have pride in what you've accomplished and hold your head high. Sometimes the means do justify the ends and in the end you are the one with the keys to the prize, not them."

"But what if they say I cheated to get the prize?" Kent asked.

"Dangle it in front of their faces and smile," Hank replied. "A bird in the hand is worth shit in theirs. Now do the right thing and get the girl, she owes you and me something."

Kent nodded his head in agreement and looked around the room for a second thinking about something. "While I got you on here, there is a question I've always wanted to ask you."

"What is it?" Hank asked.

"Remember "Uncle Roy"? Mom told me a few things about you and him that..." Kent

paused not knowing how to finish the sentence. "I remember when we would go on

hunting trips, you and "Uncle Roy" would always share a tent and I had to have my own, and mine always had to be way on the other side of the campfire."

"What's the big deal with that?" Hank asked. "I didn't think children and adults should

sleep in the same tent. It would look bad, you know?"

Kent chewed on that answer for a moment and came back with another memory from

his past. "Then why did you share the same sleeping bag?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Mom said you never packed a sleeping bag on your hunting trips, only a tent and a pillow."

"What does your mother know? Stupid bitch," Hank replied in disgust.

"She told me she was pretty sure I wasn't your kid. She said she had to sleep with one

of her client's husbands in order to get pregnant with me."

"She is full of shit, don't believe a word she says," Hank replied smugly.

"She told me you and her never had sex and that Roy was your boy toy. She hated Roy,

still does. Did you know Roy is living with a guy now? Seems he came out as

homosexual a few years back."

"Homosexual? I'm shocked," Hank replied. "I had no idea."

"So are you really telling me you had no idea Roy was gay?" Kent asked.

"I had a few inklings now and then, but nothing positive. But then I'm not one to make a

big deal out of someone's sexual preferences anyway. Are you some sort of gay hater?"

Hank asked.

"No, not at all, I just wanted to know if you were my real father or not actually. Kind of

makes a big difference in my life if you know what I mean. I'd like to know if I've been

living a lie or not."

"You are my son, that's what matters, don't listen to your mother, she's always been an angry woman."

"I was thinking about having a paternity test done," Kent said quietly.

"A paternity test?" Hank asked. "That is the most offensive thing you could ever say to

me. We had fourteen good years together before my heart attack and for those years I

was your father. If you want to disprove that and make yourself feel better, go ahead. A

father isn't always who supplied the sperm, the father is who loved you and raised you."

Kent, feeling guilty as Hell swallowed hard and shuffled in his chair. He looked at his

watch and back at the woman sitting across from him channeling his father and said, "I

think they're about to close dad, I better get going."

"Fine, you can come back when you get the results from the paternity test and rub it in

my face, better yet, you can dump me in the river on your way home. Oh, I forgot, you

blew up your home. I'm done talking to you."

Kent leaned over and covered the concrete block with the blanket and waited for

Mistress Irene to come out of her trance.

"I can't see anything," She said in Hanks voice. "Someone covered my eyes."

Kent stood up, leaned over the table and shook the woman's shoulders until she came

out of her trance. "Sorry, I need to go," Kent said. "How much do I owe you?"

Mistress Irene took a moment to gather her thoughts and said, "Thirty five dollars and tips are welcome."

"Do you take debit cards?" Kent asked.

"Of course we do," Irene replied. "You can pay the receptionist on your way out," she added with a smile.

Chapter 24

Squid Rodeo (Three days later)

Mid summer and it was once again time for the annual Squid Rodeo and Country Music

Festival. Eleonora Kabloutchko was working her part time job cleaning and maintaining the portable toilets that crowd used to relived themselves throughout the day and her back was

aching from mopping out the crap and toilet paper left behind by the drunk, uncaring fair

goers. She wore a gray jumpsuit and a long pair of yellow rubber gloves that kept the

disgusting parts and bacteria from getting on her skin and had a industrial size breathing

mask and face shield for her face.

She hadn't seen Kent since his house blew up, and for all she cared, he was out of her

life for good. Little did she know that Kent was looking for her ready to create Vampire

museum number two with her head as lead exhibit. Since the house was gone, the only

way Kent knew how to find Eleonora Kabloutchko was from her job, a job that she had disclosed to

Kent on the rental agreement. Now he was prowling the grounds, looking like Neo from

the Matrix with his long leather coat and jet black sunglasses which concealed a razor

sharp machete. At his side, he held a waterproof bag to hold her head and in his belt

was a 40 mm Glock pistol loaded, cocked and ready.

Part of Eleonora Kabloutchko's job was to flush and refill the chemicals in the toilets after a few hours

of heavy use. She would drag a siphon hose off the back of the honey wagon and dip

the end into the blue mix of shit, piss and water and then walk back to the truck and turn

on the suction. It took less than thirty seconds to suck out all the waste. She would then

spray water in the basin, get the extra chunks off the sides and into the hose end to be

removed with the power of three horses. It was a horrible job, but it was work.

"Excuse me ma'am" an annoying woman yelled at Eleonora Kabloutchko while she was sucking out

the shit. "Can you help me? I think I dropped my ring in one of the toilets and I was

hoping you could help me get it out!"

Eleonora Kabloutchko raised her face mask and lowered her air cleaner so she could talk. "What do

you want me to do about it?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked, hot tired and pissed.

"Can you put your hand down in the water and feel around for it?" the woman asked. "I

would really appreciate it."

Eleonora Kabloutchko wiped the sweat off her face with a rag from the back of the truck. "Which toilet

is it?" she asked.

"I don't remember, they all look alike to me," The woman replied embarrassed.

"I'm not going to stick my hand in a bunch of toilets looking for your ring Miss," Eleonora Kabloutchko

stated. "That's not part of my job."

"Well, who is your supervisor?" the woman asked in an angry tone.

"We are not responsible for lost or stolen items," Eleonora Kabloutchko added.

"What kind of service is that?" the woman huffed back. "I'll never shit in one of your toilets again!"

Eleonora Kabloutchko turned and ignored the woman and put her face gear back on. She wrapped

the suction hose around the hose reel and grabbed a wash bucket and rag. Now for the

fine cleaning. She had a basket full of toilet paper sitting at the end of the row of toilets

ready to refill at anytime. She kept a keen eye on how much was left at anyone time and

tried to keep a few extra rolls inside each stand up toilet to keep her customers happy.

It was getting later in the day and the sun was on it's way towards evening. In a few

hours the headlining bands would take the stage in the open concert area and in the

enclosed livestock building, the squid rodeo would begin.

Kent continued to walk the fairgrounds staring out behind his dark sunglasses looking

for any sign of Eleonora Kabloutchko. With her work outfit on, she was hard to identify, and she wasn't

the only one there wearing that style of uniform. Kent kept a firm grasp on his machete

well hidden under his jacket and continued to stalk around like a secret spy agent. He

passed vendor after vendor selling snow cones, soda, t-shirts, and all sorts of crap.

Lying in the warm sun with barley a stitch of clothing on, women of all ages bared

themselves in their vain attempt to stay beautiful in the rays shining down upon them.

Kent looked out of place with his heavy dark leather jacket next to the bare skin of the

crowd standing around him.

For as far as the eye could see, people were sitting and lying and standing and chatting

while the band played a few hundred feet away on the outdoor stage. No sign of

Eleonora Kabloutchko, just a lot of tit and ass and too many fat hairy men near by. As he slowly crept

from on area to the next searching, Kent took his time checking out the nice tail

available all around him. It was like going to a strip club for free.

"Would you mind putting some sun tan lotion on me?" a woman asked from the ground

scaring the crap out of Kent. He looked down to see a super hot twenty something

woman with long brown hair, clear blue eyes and a white smile. She also had on a pair

of bikini bottoms and no top.

"Sure," Kent replied and got down on his knees to help the woman out. The tip of his machete touched the ground and almost came loose from under his jacket. He grabbed it quickly and secured it back into place, shuffling his body so he could get a better handle on the woman lying on her back. She handed him the lotion and pointed to her large round perky breast and asked, "Can you rub some right here and here? And take your time, I have all day." Kent, getting an erection, dabbed some lotion onto his hand and rubbed them together before placing them firmly on the woman's breasts. She smiled as his hands caressed her tits and seemed to moan a little. Kent looked around to see if anyone was watching, and to his amazement, everyone was watching. He gave a little nervous smile and continued to rub the lotion all around the breasts. "Don't forget my nipples," the woman said with a smile. By now her nipples were rock hard and poking a half inch into the warm breeze. Now way too nervous, Kent began to squirm with all the eyes looking at him and began to scoot his butt back away from the woman. He put one hand down on the ground, steadied himself and stood up leaving the woman in his shadow. "How was that?" Kent asked. "Is that all?" she asked. "I wanted to you lotion my ass next," she said pulling down on her bikini straps. Kent looked around to the crowd who were looking back at him to see what he would do. He stood there like a dork, turned and walked away. "What a fucking idiot!" Someone yelled from the crowd. Kent stopped and placed his hand on the handle of the machete hidden under his jacket and looked for the person who made fun of him. He couldn't tell who had said the words so he removed his hand from the handle and started walking again. Then he heard the same voice yell, "Only a queer would walk away from that, fucking homo!" Kent turned back again and this time pulled the machete a few inches out of his jacket leaving the blade hidden beneath the leather. "I didn't come here to be your entertainment," Kent yelled, "I ain't no queer, I just have something I gotta do." With that said, Kent replaced the machete and began to walk away. Then he heard, "Pencil dick!" and spun around throwing a dart at the first person he could see. The dart stuck in a man's eye and the man screamed in pain holding the dart in place while blood and eye juice poured down his arm. "He didn't say it" the voice said, "I did you stupid fucker!" Kent could not see the person who was talking, apologized to the man with the dart

stuck in his eye and left the scene ignoring any further comments from the crowd.

7pm and Eleonora Kabloutchko's shift at the porta pottie job was over for the evening. She removed the protective clothing and gear, packed it up in the back of the honey wagon and changed into her street clothes. It was time for the squid rodeo and she wasn't going to miss this for the world. There was no line to get into the rodeo, people had been coming and going all day to the different events and Eleonora Kabloutchko used the free day pass she got from her boss to get in. Once she entered the building, she looked around at the vendors who lined the outer circle of what looked like a modified hockey rink and walked up the steps to the seating area. In a large rectangular circle, filled with water, were rodeo clowns spinning in circles on jet skies getting ready for the next rider. At the far end, a series of metal rails and gates kept the squid in line and ready for the next rider. Eleonora Kabloutchko sat down on a nearly empty bench and watched as the squid riders mounted the beasts with the help of other event staff. Locked in a small gated area, the rider tightened the ropes around his hands and clamped his boots against the slimy body of the huge tentacled creature. The announcer gave the name of the squid, the name of the rider and in a flash the gate dropped straight down into the water and the squid took off into the pool with the rider holding on for his dear life. Up and down and in circles the squid bucked and jolted trying to throw the rider off. The rider dug in his spurs and held on tight until the force of a spin pulled his hand from the rope and tossed him through the air and into the water with a splash. The rodeo clowns cranked the power on the jet skies and took off to protect the rider who was now bobbing up and down in the waves caused by the wake of their own movements. In a flash, the rider was surrounded and pulled up onto the back of the jet ski and the squid was rounded up and returned to the main corral to wait his next rider. Eleonora Kabloutchko looked up at the huge video screen above the water at the center of the pool and watched the video of the next rider come into view. Dressed in a vest, chaps and cowboy hat, the rider dismounted from another larger jet ski and scaled the metal pipe fence getting into position to mount his squid. The name of the squid was "Dances with eels" and the riders name was Bobby something. The rider, with the help of the rodeo crew, got into position above the squid and lowered

himself onto the giant animals back. The squid bucked and shoved Bobby against the back rail, but he was fine. With a gloved hand, Bobby slid his hand under the rope that surrounded the great slimy beast and squeezed down hard getting a firm grip. The squid bucked again and this time slammed Bobby hard against the back rail. Bobby called for a helmet and the crew exchanged his hat for a padded helmet that was not only safer, but looked really cool. Bobby gave the ok signal, in a second the gate dropped and the giant squid bucked straight up and caught Bobby's head on a beer sign, as the squid dropped, so did Bobby without his head. The squid created a huge splash and then darted out of the starting pen dragging the headless dead body along with it only supported by the hand under the rope. Blood quickly turned the blue water of the pool pink and a honk was shot over the loud speakers indicating an emergency situation. With a thrill of excitement, Eleonora Kabloutchko watched the emergency crew and rodeo clowns take off after the squid dragging the dead body along for the ride. Up and down and all around the squid tossed the body trying to break it's grip from the rope until the rope loosened and the body drifted on the surface towards the left side of the pool. The first rodeo clown on the scene tied a rope to the riders foot and dragged it back to the starting gate where emergency crews pulled it from the water and placed the body on a stretcher along with his head. The crowd gasped with excitement as the emergency crew shuffled the body into the awaiting ambulance and slammed the doors shut. Up on the big screen, in super slow motion, the scene of Bobby's head being torn off repeated over and over and the announcers kept talking about it over and over until Eleonora Kabloutchko started to get bored with the whole thing. From behind, Eleonora Kabloutchko heard the sound of a child ask his parent a question, "What do they do with all the blood?" he asked in an innocent childlike manner. "Nothing, they have chlorine in the water so it makes it safe." "Like at the city pool?" "Yes, without all the squid," his mother replied. "What if some of his guts are still floating in the water?" "I'm not sure," his mother replied. "I guess that's a risk they have to take. Sometimes kids pee in the swimming pool and you don't mind." "They do?" the kid asked. "Not always, just sometimes, now watch the show, the next rider is coming up." Then Eleonora Kabloutchko felt a tap on her back. She turned to see Kent sitting behind her still dressed in his leather coat and sunglasses holding onto something hidden from view.

Surprised she asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I had a talk with my father a short while ago and he told me that I made a stupid

mistake and needed to rectify it immediately."

"What mistake?" Eleonora Kabloutchko asked.

"Letting you go," Kent replied. "My father wants me to build a new museum, bigger and

better than before and make you the first and greatest attraction."

Eleonora Kabloutchko felt a panic attack come on and a flash of heat race up her spine causing her to

perspire. She thought she was rid of Kent forever and now he was back to finish what

he had started just before they parted the last time. "Right here in front of everyone?"

she asked. "It's not even close to hunting season, and there are witnesses as far as the

eye can see."

"Think I give a shit?" Kent asked. "It's a family tradition." Kent stood up and pulled the

machete from under his coat arched it back in a ready position to swipe down and cut

off Eleonora Kabloutchko's head. Eleonora Kabloutchko bolted forward into the people in front of her and landed

hard on the cement foot rest. Gathering her wits, she stood up and ran to the stairs and

headed down as fast as she could towards the pool not knowing if Kent was right

behind her or not. The crowd took notice of her running and the camera from the event

shifted from the squid pen to her racing around the plexiglass barrier between the pool

and audience looking for a way to get in next to the pool and maybe a staff member that

could help her. She found a set of steps that led up to the pool with a gap in the

plexiglass and ran up to the narrow edge that separated the plexiglass from the pool of

water. There wasn't enough of a lip to walk around so she jumped in the water and

began to swim towards the side of the pool where she saw a rodeo clown parked

waiting for the next rider.

Noticing her in the pool, the rodeo clown hit his throttle and spun around in the water

heading towards Eleonora Kabloutchko who was now like a wet cat in a bathtub. He helped her up

onto the back of his seat and headed back to where she had jumped in the pool

creating much distress in Eleonora Kabloutchko. She yelled for him to turn the other way seeing Kent

standing at the top of the stairs holding his machete at his side ready to slice at her as

soon as she was close enough.

The rodeo clown saw Kent and spun the jet ski in the opposite direction spraying pink,

bloody pool water all over Kent's nice leather jacket. Again the jet ski spun around and

this time Kent was gone. Eleonora Kabloutchko scanned the crowd to no avail, the man who wanted

to make her the first display in his new vampire museum was lost in the crowd. She shuttered in fear, dripping wet and humming on the back of a jet ski.